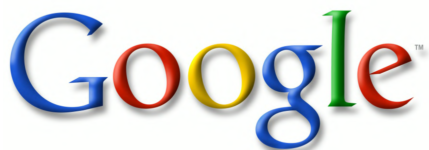

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NEW SERIES

EDITED BY WILBUR L. CROSS

VOL. VII

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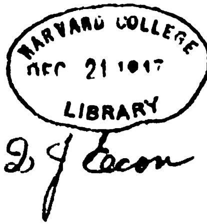

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THE FOURTH YEAR OF WAR

By Simeon Strunsky

IN reality two wars have been fought in Europe since August 1, 1914. The first conflict came to an end with the defeat of Germany in the battle of the Marne on September 10, 1914. The second war began two days later on the Aisne and has now entered upon its fourth year, which promises also to be its last. The circumstance that only forty-eight hours intervened between the termination of the first war and the commencement of the second cannot do away with the fundamental distinctions of method and purpose between the two. The first was a contest which Germany hoped to win by means of a second Sedan. The present struggle is one which Germany hopes, or professes to hope, she can bring to a conclusion by means of U-boats and machine gun emplacements. In no better way can we recognize that we are dealing with two different trials and issues than to ask ourselves what would have been the meaning of German victory if Joffre's army had broken on the Marne, and what a German victory can possibly mean in the contest now under way. Victory for the Central Powers is, for the purpose of argument, conceivable to-day; but it is a victory that will have to be proved by circumstantial evidence. It will be like a Supreme Court decision by a five to four vote

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which counsel must analyze before it is known who won. There would have been no need for a close study of the verdict if Foch had given way at La Fère Champenoise, or Manoury on the Ourcq.

It has become a commonplace to say that German success in holding out against superior numbers and resources for more than three years is due to the fact that Germany was prepared for war, and her opponents were not. But this is true only of the war which ended with the Marne. Germany was prepared for a short war and an old-style war like the wars by which the Empire had been created. In 1866 Prussia defeated Austria in nineteen days and in 1870 she crushed France in forty-five days. The thunderbolt method was to be tried again in 1914. It is true that Bernhardi—a famous name once upon a time three years ago—had prophesied a different kind of struggle, a long trial of endurance in which Germany for various reasons would win. It was the war which began on the Aisne that Bernhardi was predicting; but we have the word for it of the Germans themselves that Bernhardi was not taken seriously in his own country. The Kaiser's General Staff had in mind the old formula. Act I, lightning mobilization; Act II, lightning concentration and the preliminary blow for the enemy's wind; Act III and climax, the famous flanking pincers around the enemy and his capture or destruction: all this carried out by the timetable. That this was the scheme is shown by the simple fact that the delay of a few days brought frustration. Belgium had not been foreseen. The Russians were in East Prussia sooner than expected.

Now the wonderful and dramatic thing is that in this war for which Germany had prepared and which, in spite of a certain hitch in the schedule, was still a short war fought on the Prussian model, Germany was defeated. She was beaten, in the last result, by her own methods. It is beside the purpose to enter into the subtle argument as to whether Manoury's flank attack on the Ourcq would have succeeded

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if Foch had not held firm in the centre, or whether Foch could have driven through the Prussian Guard if Manoury had given way. The fact remains that the battle of the Marne began with a threat against the German right flank, a manoeuvre for which Joffre had made his try earlier in the course of the retreat from Belgium; and the battle thus begun ended in victory. To be beaten after six weeks of war in an encircling battle was for Germany to be defeated with her own weapons. Joffre sprung no surprises on the enemy comparable to the heavy howitzers with which Germany began her rush. His was the old-fashioned surprise of bringing up an army in an unexpected quarter. The battle of the Marne was an old-style battle; of decisive battles probably the last in the classic mode. Heroism, genius, good luck may have entered into the result. The astonishing fact remains that in a contest fought on established strategic principles, of which superior preparation was supposed to be the essence, the less prepared antagonist won.

Only less astonishing than the miracle of the Marne has been the nature of the German effort in the subsequent three years. Germany lost a war fought after her own choosing. She has not yet lost a war fought by improvised methods. After the Marne we were arguing that Germany was doomed to ultimate defeat, and by ultimate we meant a much shorter time than the three years which Kitchener alone foresaw. Partly we argued from fairly sound a priori principles. Partly we were under the influence of established preconceptions which are now disproved. Since Germany's plans called for swift victory and her efforts were all directed to that end, it was more than a fair presumption that the failure to achieve an immediate victory meant final defeat. We were misled by the familiar phrases about the German military machine. When the human mind meets an obstacle it finds the way around. A machine, we argued, once blocked can only lumber back, if not too badly damaged. Resourcefulness was a quality which we denied the Germans, under the

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influence of all that had been said of the Prussian drill sergeant and the goose-step. Yet the simple truth is that in the essential characteristics of the war that began with the trenches of the Aisne the Germans have done quicker thinking than the Allies. The machine has shown itself, on the whole, more resilient and supple than the human forces to which it is opposed.

In this I am not thinking merely of the technical methods on the front in which the war since September 12, 1914, stands differentiated from the war of the Marne by a greater distance than that earlier struggle stands from the wars of a hundred years ago. It is a question rather of what the Russians call the "rear" of the battle-line, by which they mean every weapon and device and circumstance of carrying on the war, back to the munition factory three thousand miles behind the battle-line, the conscript roll, and the home garden. In the exploitation of the secret of the trench the Germans were perhaps not so forward as we think. It is true that by digging themselves in on the Aisne they showed that they had learned the lesson of the Manchurian war a little sooner than their opponents. But it is doubtful whether they foresaw the siege warfare of the last three years. The trenches on the Aisne were a precaution, but once dug in the Germans were first to recognize the possibilities and implications of the firing pit. They do stand out as pioneers in the development of the machine gun. They were ahead in the matter of high explosives. They were earlier in the air than the Allies. They showed the way with poison gas and liquid flame. Where they did not invent, they were quick in learning from the enemy. They seized upon the British demonstration of the efficacy of heavy guns against trenches and barbed wire at Neuve Chapelle in the early spring of 1915, and they applied the lesson with terrific effect against the Russian line in Galicia less than two months later. And on the seas they sent forth the U-boat.

These, however, are, as I have said, only the technical

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aspects of one phase of the new warfare. When we study this second war as a whole, from the Aisne to Ypres; to Verdun; the Somme; Arras and Lens; Russia; the Balkans; Asia; when we study the new war on sea as well, that is to say, the war of the submarine against the merchantman as distinguished from the old sea-warfare of battleship against battleship,—what is the generalization that will embrace the vast detail, what is the character of the new strategy as opposed to the old strategy which ended with the battle of the Marne? The answer is that we cannot discover the only unifying characteristic unless we turn from the battle-line, whether on land or sea, to the rear of the line. The formula we are after is familiar enough. The present war in the common phrase has not been a contest between armies but between nations. It is a war in which military principles and leadership have given way to the factory system. It is not only that the management of modern armies has become a business of day labor, card catalogues, and telephones. The nations themselves have been put to day labor and subjected to the card catalogue. In other wars it has been true, no doubt, that armies have been the barbed head to the spear shaft of an entire people. But in this war we have reached the point of almost admitting that there is no blade to the spear at all, that it is the stoutness of the shaft alone which counts. We have given up fighting with spears and are fighting now with the most democratic weapon in the world, with the blunt, heavy stave. Everywhere it is the commonplace that victory will not be won on the field but in the factory and on the farm.

What distinguishes this war from all other wars is the emergence of the Common Man. In other wars, kings and emperors and war ministers have paid their peoples the compliment of assuring them that by the devotion and capacity of the common man for sacrifice has victory been made possible; but always there has been the implication that the common man's effort is the subsidiary factor. For

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him to pay taxes, give recruits, and take orders; for the leaders to fashion these weapons into instruments of victory. It was a contract in which parties of the respective parts guaranteed their respective shares to the general fund. You contribute the effort and the sacrifice. I will find the way to victory.

To-day we have gone far beyond that. The whole problem of victory has been "put up" to the common man. The war leaders hardly make any pretense that a decision will be attained by the armies or the navies. We get, of course, the classic perfunctory references to our dauntless field-grays in the trenches, our sea-dogs on the watch in the mists of the North Sea, the forward sweep of our brave armies on the eastern front, the heavy toll exacted by our splendid U-boats; but seldom is there the belief that our armies sweeping forward in Russia, our dauntless U-boats, our heavy guns battering the German line in the west will bring victory. Always there is the condition that while the armies are marching or battering, while the U-boats are sinking merchant ships, the nation at home must "hold out." If we would note the change which has come over the spirit of the war in this respect we need only compare the exultation of the Teutons in the summer of 1915 when their armies were driving deep into Russia, with the feeling two months ago when these armies began once more to press on the heels of a demoralized Russian army. Then the armies were marching to victory; then victory was an achieved fact if only you looked at the map. To-day invitations from Germany to look at the war map are half-hearted; to-day the defeat of the Russians is not victory but only an added inducement for the German people—to "hold out." So with the U-boats. As late as last February it was still possible to promise the German people that the U-boats would bring victory. The pretense has not been kept up very long. Yes, the U-boats will bring victory—in time, as Von Tirpitz has put it. That is to say, if the German people will "hold out" long enough.

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Just what the war leaders mean by calling on the people to "hold out" we shall see in a little while. For the moment the simple fact stands out that war has become altogether too big a job for the war leaders and the governments. The war has got away from them. In the sweep of the battle-line over three continents; in its extension over land, sea, under the sea and in the air; in its consumption of fighting men by the scores of millions, it has become a task beyond the finite intelligence of any man or set of men. That is why there has been such an enormous wastage of war leaders and cabinet ministers in every belligerent country with the exception of America, which has not been long enough in the war to undergo this process of attrition. It is not so much that Lloyd George knows better how to carry on the war than Asquith knew, that Hindenburg is a greater strategist than Moltke or Falkenhayn, that Pétain is a more efficient leader than Joffre. It is simply a case of the earlier men being first caught in the wringer of the war and squeezed dry and tossed aside. Had Lloyd George begun the war for England, it is Asquith who would now be conducting it; had Pétain won the battle of the Marne, it is Joffre who might now be storming against the German trenches; had Hindenburg ordered the march into Belgium, it is Moltke who might now be conducting Germany's strategic defensive.

The magnitude and complexity of the war are a commonplace. Everybody has spoken of it as a World War from the beginning. We are all the time recapitulating the scores of millions of men in battle, the billions of treasure, the thousands of miles of front. And yet in so much of the criticism which in every belligerent country is directed against the conduct of the war, it appears startlingly that men still fail to visualize the war in its infinite involution. Why are you not building more aeroplanes, one set of critics cry. Why are you not combating the U-boats? Why are you not piling up heavy guns? Why are you neglecting medical precautions in Mesopotamia? Why don't you put more men

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into the fields to raise food? Why are you not saving food by suppressing beer? Why are you fomenting labor unrest by suppressing beer and so cutting off the supply of munitions? Why are you starving the Salonica front? Why are you weakening the blockade? Why are you depriving France of the coal she needs? Why are you not doing every one of the thousand and one things that clamor to be done, with 100 per cent efficiency for every one of the thousand and one things?

Take a single illustration of the magnitude of the task which the so-called organizers of victory in every belligerent country are facing. Of late in this country the idea of victory through the air has caught the imagination. We have appropriated the sum of $640,000,000 for aeroplane construction and organization. Well-informed persons are skeptical about the winning of the war with an armada of 100,000 aeroplanes; but let that pass. For the moment it is of interest to ask what does a simple thing like aeroplane construction involve? We get our hint in a statement made some time in the early summer by Dr. Addison, at that time minister of munitions in Great Britain. "A growing number of workers," said Dr. Addison, "are employed in the aeroplane factories, the increase in the last five months being 25 per cent on the previous total. Along with this the replacement of skilled workers by women has gone on, the dilution percentage having risen from 19 per cent to 37 per cent. To meet the demand for labor, special schools have been started all over the country, where a training of about two months qualifies a pupil to carry out some simple process in aeroplane manufacture. . . . The needs of the aeroplane programme are enormous, almost passing belief. For our present programme of construction more spruce is wanted than the present annual output of the United States, more mahogany than Honduras can supply, all the linen of the type made in Ireland, and the whole of the alloyed steel that England can produce. As for flax, to meet the needs

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of the Air Service, the Government has actually to provide the seeds from which to grow the plants essential for its purpose."

To visualize the effort and apparatus that go into the business of war we may translate Dr. Addison's summary into some such formula: If you represent the Conduct of the War as 1, then the Army is 1A and the navy is 1B. The aeroplane that scouts for the army is then $1A^1$. The process then goes on: $1A^2$, the aeroplane factory; $1A^3$, the school for the training of the aeroplane worker; $1A^4$, the timber for the erection of schools for the training of aeroplane workers, etc. In another direction from $1A^2$, the aeroplane factory, runs $1A^3$ diluted labor, that is, women workers; $1A^4$, *crèches* for the care of the babies of women aeroplane workers; $1A^5$, the training of ordinary housemaids into nurses for taking care of the children of women munition-workers; with a final step, perhaps, to $1A^6$, the replacement of the housemaid in her ordinary occupations by the invalided soldier from the trenches, who, being at the same time 1A and $1A^6$, completes the circle of modern warfare. And if you start once more from the aeroplane factory and seek your raw material for aeroplane construction, you find Government concerned with supplying the seed that is to grow the flax that is to make the linen that is to build the wings of the aeroplane that is to spot the German gun that stands in the way of the advance of the British infantryman. When Government is asked why it has committed a diplomatic blunder in the Balkans or neglected hospital accommodations in East Africa, Government might reply that at the moment it was concerned with the problem of whether the good ship Arethusa should go to Honduras for mahogany for the aeroplane factories or should go to Cochin-China to fetch the coolies that work in the fields of France and so release Frenchmen for other uses.

In the House of Commons the statement was made some time ago that it needs a man and a half behind the line to keep one man in the trenches; and that is only at the front.

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How many men, women, and children at home are needed to keep going the man with the rifle and hand grenade, we can only conjecture, but if we say ten civilians to every fighting man we shall not be exaggerating. This is what is meant by Civic Armies and National Organization. But do not imagine that this "organization," this replacement of the old-style war of armies by the modern style of war on the factory system, means only a transfer of leadership from the battle-field to the rear. Before the brain-racking complexity of this organizing task at home the genius of the civic leaders has been functioning with as moderate success as the military talents of the leaders on the front.

In the final count, the war depends not on the ability of the leaders to lead, nor so much on the capacity and willingness of the common man to be led and organized, as on the common man's capacity and willingness to suffer and sacrifice. It is not so much a question of what the common man can be made or induced to do, but what he will consent to do without. He has been asked to do without his customary amount of bread and drink, without his customary amount of leisure and recreation, without the safeguard of the labor union regulations which he has built up for himself in the course of years, without the laws for the protection of women in industry, without schooling for his children who are needed for work in the fields. We speak of national organization as if it meant only the utilization of waste and avoidance of maladjustment. National organization in this war has meant really the abandonment by the common man of many of life's necessities and his subjection to maladjustment; no other word will correctly describe the transformation of a mother of children into a munition-worker. In the matter of national organization Germany took the lead. We have spoken much of German efficiency in the regulation of the country's food supply. It would have been regulation if the entire machinery of bread cards, meat cards, fat cards, and shoe cards were effective in supplying the common man

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with his necessary minimum of bread, meat, fat, and shoes. What organization in efficient Germany has really done is to supply the common man with only half his elementary needs, and its justification is that without organization he would be utterly lost.

This, then, is the essential characteristic of the present war of "holding out." It presents the spectacle of a war carried on by a combination of the most modern methods and the most primitive, of the latest discoveries of science and human ingenuity and the earliest device known to humanity—namely, clenching one's teeth and tightening one's belt. On the one hand the sixteen-inch howitzer, the aeroplane, the submarine, liquid fire, poison gas, wireless and teleophotography; on the other hand the capacity to starve. And of these it is the latter that really counts. If the war had been one truly of military leadership and preparedness in the old-fashioned sense, Russia should have been out of the war two years ago, as the Germans at that time under the influence of the old ideas expected her to be. If the war had been one of superior organization in the older sense, in the marshalling of normal national resources as usually understood, Germany should have long ago succeeded in crushing Russia into peace. But since the struggle has resolved itself into one of elementary endurance, Russia after three years is still in the war. When it comes to living on half-rations, to women sweating in the fields, to children doing the work of men, Slav inferiority disappears. The mujik can starve as well as the most highly trained Prussian.

In this sense more than in the sweep of geography and numbers, this has been in fact a world war. It has established the common traits of humanity in the face of unparalleled sacrifice. For the purposes of this war there is little distinction between German and Frenchman, Austrian and Russian, Serb and Bulgar. In this respect America, supposedly soft with prosperity and sloth and security, will show herself like the others if it should come to the test. In the first

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months of the war we were under the full spell of the ancient generalizations on national and ethnical traits. We harped in absurd fashion on the German method of attacking in solid formation as something unsportsmanlike, as almost an essential of frightfulness. The war is being fought to-day by all the nations in solid formation, in the most solid formation imaginable, men, women, and children all roped together after the fashion of the ancient Cimbri when going into battle. We spoke on the other hand of Britons going into battle as on a cricket field. We spoke of French *élan* and individual resourcefulness, matched it against the German solid formation, and silently we wondered whether with French enthusiasm would go the necessary qualities of steadiness under defeat or postponement. The event has shown the absurdity of such ethnical particularization. All the combatants have gone bravely to the attack and have shown fortitude in disaster. Differences of degree there may have been in the fighting line. But there has been no distinction among the peoples in the matter of "holding out" at home, to which the war has reduced itself. The big fact is that there is no decision after three years of war; and the reason is that the sameness of the nations has outweighed their differences. Being a war waged by common men with the weapons of abnegation and endurance, it has befooled all the predictions based on old-time strategy, organization, leadership, or folk-psychology.

If I have dilated on this factor of the rôle of the common man in the war, it is not only because I find it to be the outstanding characteristic of the three years' struggle, nor yet because it is becoming still more the dominant trait with the beginning of another year of war, but because of the obvious conclusion that the end of the war, the outcome, and the aspect of the world after the war will be shaped by the needs and ideals of the masses. When it comes to the framing of the new world order, they who have paid the piper will insist on calling the tune. In this sense we are indeed fighting to

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make the world safe for democracy. The common man has become articulate in the three great events of the last six months which have summed up the past of the war and at the same time cast the horoscope of the future. These three events are, of course, the Russian Revolution, the entrance of America into the war, and the rise of an audible voice among the German people in the Reichstag declaration of last July for a peace of reconciliation without annexation and without indemnity.

Why is it that from Russia should have come most appropriately the message that has thrilled the world not only by its sheer dramatic values, nor by its significance for the future of the Russian people, but by its implications for the future of humanity as a whole? The reason is that the Revolution of March, 1917, came to Russia because of conditions which the war had brought upon all of Europe but which in Russia existed in peculiarly aggravated form. There governmental chaos and corruption left the war entirely to be carried on by popular suffering and sacrifice. There the lack of military leadership put a heavier burden on the Russian soldier than elsewhere in Europe. Because his Government failed to supply him with munitions, the mujik soldier, as has been said, was compelled to tear at the enemy's barbed wire with his bare hands. The Russian people had shown its willingness to "hold out" as long as necessary for victory. The Russian Government on the other hand had not only failed to supply its share of leadership and organization, but was on the point of nullifying the labors and sacrifices of the nation by a separate peace with Germany to be followed by internal repression. That the Revolution has been frowned upon in respectable quarters as working harm to the Allied cause, that the desire for peace in Russia has expressed itself more strongly than in any other country, are developments from the fact of revolution itself. Its impelling motive remains what we knew it from the first, an assertion of the people's demand for recognition of its stupendous efforts in

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the war. The common man in Russia has come into his own; with a speed, to be sure, that has been a little too much for his own wind.

That the Russian Revolution has not done harm to the Allied cause is patent from the simple consideration that the downfall of Tsarism hastened the entrance of America into the war. Let it be conceded that our joining the Allies was inevitable, though there is room for an argument. It is possible to maintain that if the German Government had not known of the coming of the Revolution as early as February and if it had not counted upon the consequent elimination of Russia as a factor in the war, the U-boat challenge would not have been flung at us. But that Russia hastened the inevitable, that she made it easier for Mr. Wilson to take us into war, cannot be denied in face of the sudden swing which Russia gave to our moral outlook, to the sudden precipitation in the minds of men from doubt to the conviction that the war was worth while, was necessary. To the aims of the world war was now added the necessity of safeguarding for the Russian people its newly conquered liberties.

What has America's going in meant so far? This: By the very fact of our going in, as so many critics deplore, *unprepared,* we re-emphasized the character of the war as one carried on by mass effort and mass sacrifice. It was not a ready army that we threw into the scales but the promise of America's "holding out." We began immediately upon the familiar process of "organizing" the nation, that is, by calling upon the common man to gird himself for the now familiar efforts and sacrifices, for wheatless days and meatless days, for conscription and taxation, for diluted labor, and the rest. Rarely even in the newspaper headlines has there been an echo of the vainglory of other wars, any hint that our men in khaki will make a mouthful of the Kaiser when they get ready. We do not look to the genius of our war leaders to solve the problems of the trench which Joffre and Pétain have struggled with for so long. We recognize

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that it is a business of half-rations and spade work and blood we have let ourselves in for. We think of victory as attainable not primarily when we have killed a sufficient number of Germans, but when the Germans have killed a great number of our men only to learn that behind these there are more and more and more, enough to outweigh them in the sinister competition of sacrifice which is modern war. We call it a war of attrition, and rightly. We have long felt that as far as a "decision" is concerned, the war might as well have been fought in Kamchatka or in the moon as in northern France and Galicia. It is not conquered territory that counts but the capacity and readiness for mass sacrifice.

It is this consideration which makes a jest out of the cheer-up homilies in the German press, to the effect that the war will be over before America can begin to count. From the moment we entered we began to count, and the war cannot be over unless we are willing to accept defeat without making a try for victory. That is why at the beginning of the fourth year of war Germany stands beaten, even if the highly improbable should come to pass and Russia should fall out of the ranks. Germany will still be facing the mass action of western civilization including a new levy of 100,000,000 souls who have as yet to bring to bear the strategy of "holding out." That is why the majority of the German people has spoken out through the Reichstag against a policy of criminal stupidity or criminal recklessness which has brought America down on their backs. The Reventlows may talk themselves blue in the face demonstrating that America will never get her men ready or her munitions or her ships. Three years ago they were proving that England had no men or munitions to throw into the game. Two years ago they were proving that Russia was out of it. Last year they were proving that France was bled white. To-day Germany's white-bled enemies are accused of cherishing dreams of conquest! By this time the Kaiser's subjects have taken the measure of these metaphysicians of

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victory. When they are told that America does not count they refuse to believe, and not only because they have been deceived before this. In their hearts of hearts they know that if they, the people of Germany, have suffered and sacrificed almost beyond human endurance to avert defeat, so will America. "If there are no American armies they will be created; if there are no guns they will be cast; if there are no ships they will be built; somehow, but they will be there. And in the meanwhile America will hold out, even as we, the Germans, have been holding out."

That is why I regard it either reckless folly or blind ignorance to dismiss the July uprising in the Reichstag as an event of little importance, as another move in the transparent game of Hohenzollern duplicity. The technical argument that the Reichstag is without a mandatory voice in the German Government is beside the point. Whether the Reichstag, that is to say the majority of the German people, is able to enforce its will on the Kaiser is a minor consideration. The essential point is that the majority of the German people has for the first time given utterance to a will of its own. Once it is shown that the German people and its rulers do not think alike, then the war has already been won by the Allies. Mr. Balfour gave the truth when he said that the Allies can speak peace only with a powerless Germany or a free Germany. But a free Germany is one in which the consciousness has been born that it is the people that has been fighting the nation's battles, and the people's sacrifices that have so far saved the rulers from punishment for their crimes. The question which the Allies must ask themselves is this: Will the Junkers, if we should make some kind of a compromise peace, be able to say to the German people: "We have not quite brought you the victory we promised, but see how near we came to it, and see, at the worst, what we accomplished against a world of enemies." If the German people believes that it is the Prussian system which saved it, then the Allies dare not make peace. The world will, indeed, be

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unsafe for democracy. But if the German people should turn upon the Junkers and quote their own words against them, namely, that the country has been saved by the devotion and suffering of the common man, then the Allies can afford to make peace. They will have brought about that fall of the Prussian system which they set out to encompass. And events at the moment of writing show that the process within Germany is full under way.

Thus at the beginning of the fourth year of war we find the first certain steps towards a peace of reconciliation being taken in either camp, not by the formally established organs of Government, but by the representatives of the masses who have fought the war. On the Allied side the impulse comes from Russia whose Government is only the delegate of the recently emancipated masses. On the Teuton side the Reichstag has spoken. It is not mere accident that the earliest spokesmen for peace without conquest should be on both sides the representatives of the two international popular forces, namely Socialism and the Roman Catholic Church. We may explain the activities of the Socialists in Germany, in Russia, in France, and in this country as dictated in large measure by party considerations. If peace is to come, it would be fatal for the Socialists as the party of the common man, to let themselves be anticipated in preparing the way. Similarly we may explain the rally of the Roman Catholic Church to a peace without conquest. The fact is, peace is in the air and the popular parties are losing no time in advocating it.

The peace that will come will be forced and shaped by the masses who have carried on the war. Everywhere this thought is stirring to-day: if the established tradition of diplomacy broke down so utterly at the very beginning of the war; if the established technical methods of war have broken down, so that the war has really been waged by the nations and not by the armies and General Staffs; if the established laws of finance have gone overboard so that Germany can go

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on raising loans by shifting moneys from the left pocket to the right to the outrage of every well-trained economist,—then it is time to abandon that other tradition by which peace treaties are the outcome of clever bargaining at the council table. It is time to dictate the nature of peace by an outspoken declaration of its fundamentals. The Russian formula of peace without annexation and indemnity, now endorsed by the Reichstag, has imposed itself on the world. As yet the Governments, outside of Russia, have accepted it with ifs and marginal notes; our Government among the others. This thing is not annexation and the other is not indemnity. But plainly the trend is towards the elimination of provisos that rob the main text of its meaning. To-day it may be said that the only valid exception to no indemnity is reparation for Belgium, and the only just exception to no annexations is some concession to France in Alsace-Lorraine. Other claims and demands will not be allowed to stand in the way of peace.

But even more important in the mind of the world than a peace without conquests and impulsive forgiveness is a peace of permanent reconciliation. There must come into being a visible instrument of reconciliation, a world compact, tribunal, league, that shall offer a fair guarantee against the recurrence of another such world tragedy as that we are living through. Let it be noted, incidentally, that the establishment of some such world order would make the adjustment of the other problem of conquests and indemnities far easier. Governments which fear the thought of returning to their peoples from a peace conference with empty hands after so enormous an expenditure of life and treasure, could face their audiences with good grace if they might offer them as the first payment for their untold sacrifice, this new promise of a safer world. We are unable to bring you, they might say, this strip of frontier and that colony and trade concession, but we can offer you something far better, a pledge that your children shall not be called upon for such a self-offering as we have required from you.

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Such an outcome is demanded by the state of feeling among the masses in every belligerent country that has "held out," that is to say, the masses by whom the war has been really carried on. They must have assurance that, as far as is humanly possible, they or their children shall not be called upon to "hold out" again to the extent of ten million dead, hundreds of billions of wealth destroyed, and years of privation. Either it is that or else the world is in a more perilous state than ever. The new technique of war has become a greater menace than its predecessor. Under trench warfare a pirate nation may "get the jump" on its neighbor, dig in, and stand on the defensive for years. On the political side the world will be full of dynamite. It has truly been a war for small nationalities. Russia alone has brought a whole brood into being—Poland, Finland, the Ukraine, possibly the Caucasus. But this means the creation of an immensely magnified Balkan problem. If the nationalities, new born and restored, are to live in safety to themselves and without peril to the world, there must be brought into existence the only conceivable guardianship—the protectorate of a reconciled world.

To the diplomacy of the old school such a settlement may seem phantasy, just as to the war leaders of the old school there is, presumably, still no safeguard against war other than the classic armaments and the old strategy. But for the common men who have waged this war, the professional diplomatist, like the professional strategist, stands convicted of monstrous presumption and ghastly failure.

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MÉDITATION SUR LA NUIT DU TROIS AOÛT
(1914-1917)

By Emile Cammaerts

[The translation, "Thoughts on the Night of August the Third," was made by Madame Cammaerts.—The Editor.]

—Que faites-vous assis, la tête dans votre manteau?
—Que faites-vous accroupis, le menton dans la main?
—Que faites-vous couchés, les yeux levés vers le ciel?
—Nous attendons que le soleil se lève sur les eaux.
—Et qu'à la veille succède le lendemain.
—Nous attendons que les morts se réveillent.

Les soldats montent la garde autour du tombeau.
Ils ont roulé la pierre, ils ont posé les sceaux.
Dans la nuit étoilée brillent leurs baïonettes
Et ils portent des casques à pointe sur la tête.
Ils parlent une langue que nous n'entendons pas,
Une langue précise et lourde comme leurs pas.
Même au seuil du tombeau, ils ne baissent pas la voix.
Et ils trébuchent en jurant sur les croix. . . .

Que manque-t-il, mon pays, à ta Passion?
N'as-tu pas eu ton agonie dans le Jardin?
N'as-tu pas dû subir les caresses de Judas,
En cette nuit d'août où la trahison
Te baisait la joue en te tordant la main?
N'as-tu pas dû, comme Jésus, faire ton choix?

Que manque-t-il, mon pays, à ton Calvaire?
N'es-tu pas tombé trois fois sous la croix,
A Liége, à Namur, à Anvers?

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T'ont-ils épargné leurs injures, leurs crachats,
Leurs railleries et leurs coups?
N'as-tu pas saigné sous la couronne d'épines?
N'as-tu pas senti s'enfoncer les clous:
Dinant, Termonde, Andenne, Tamines?
N'as-tu pas demandé à boire
Et goûté le fiel de l'éponge dérisoire
Tandis que tes bourreaux, à tes pieds,
Se disputaient ta robe à coups de dés?
N'as-tu pas eu faim et soif de Justice?
N'as-tu pas mangé le pain de la captivité?
N'as-tu pas bu jusqu'à la lie le calice
De l'esclavage et de l'iniquité?

Pourtant la terre n'a pas célébré ton deuil,
Les cieux ne se sont pas obscurcis,
Tu n'as pas eu de mains amies
Pour te coucher dans ton cercueil.
Voilà non trois jours mais trois ans que tu tombas,
Comme un fruit trop mûr, dans ton tombeau.
Trois ans qu'ils ont roulé la pierre et posé les sceaux
Et les morts ne se réveillent toujours pas. . . .

—Que faites-vous assis, la tête dans votre manteau?
—Que faites-vous couchés, les yeux levés vers le ciel?
—Que faites-vous accroupis, le menton dans la main?
—Nous entendons les moissonneurs qui aiguisent leurs faux.
—Nous humons les parfums des prairies maternelles.
—Nous regardons pâlir l'étoile du matin.

—What are you doing seated there, with your head wrapped in your cloak?
—What are you doing crouched there, with your chin upon your hand?
—What are you doing lying there, with your eyes fixed on the sky?

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—We are waiting for the sun to rise upon the waters.
—And for the morn to follow on the night.
—We are waiting for the dead to awake. . . .

The soldiers are watching around the tomb,
They have rolled the stone in place, they have set the seals.
In the starry night their bayonets gleam,
They are wearing pointed helmets on their heads.
They speak a speech we do not understand,
A language harsh and heavy as their steps.
By the very grave, they lower not their voices,
And they stumble on the crosses and they curse.

What is lacking, O my Country, to thy Passion?
Hast thou not had thine agony in the Garden?
Wast thou not forced to take Judas kisses,
That night in August when treason
Kissed thy cheek and wrung thy hand?
Didst thou not, like Jesus, have to make thy choice?

What is lacking, O my Country, to thy Calvary?
Didst thou not fall three times beneath the cross—
At Liége, at Namur, and at Antwerp?
Wert thou spared their spitting and their insults,
Their mockeries and their blows?
Didst thou not bleed beneath a crown of thorns?
Didst thou not feel the nails pierce thy flesh—
Dinant, Termonde, Andenne, Tamines?
Didst thou not ask to drink, and taste
The gall on mocking sponge,
While underneath thee, at thy feet,
The soldiers cast upon thy vestures lots?
Didst thou not for Justice thirst and hunger?
Didst thou not eat the captive's bitter bread?
Didst thou not drink unto the very dregs
The cruel cup of shame and slavery?

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And yet the earth did not join in thy mourning,
The heavens were not overcast and black,
No loving hands were near to lay thee
Tenderly in thy tomb.
And now, not three days but three years have passed
Since thou fellst, like too ripe fruit, into thy grave,
Since they rolled the stone in place and set the seals,
And still the dead have not arisen again. . . .

—What are you doing seated there, with your head wrapped in your cloak?
—What are you doing lying there, with eyes fixed on the sky?
—What are you doing crouched there, with your chin upon your hand?
—We are listening to the reapers sharpening their scythes.
—We are breathing in the perfume of our country's fields.
—We are watching the paling of the morning star.

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THE WAY TO DURABLE PEACE

By Bruno Lasker

WE used to think of peace and war as contrary and incompatible conditions. This absolute distinction is no longer possible as we witness the citizens of nations avowedly at peace forced to defend themselves against destruction of ships and lives, and at the same time the armies of nations which are nominally at war committing apparently no hostile acts for many months. Of course, we should never have looked upon the two terms as more than relative. Some recent discussions of the peace which is to follow the present war seem to anticipate relationships little less bellicose than those existing between hostile countries. Perhaps it will save confusion if we refuse to give the name of peace to a mere armistice, however much and for however long guaranteed, unless it is accompanied by certain essential conditions.

One of these is free intercourse between nations at peace. This is not a more or less desirable by-product of peace but of its very essence. It may be argued by advocates of "war after the war" that a reduction of armaments and an effective protection against future aggression, setting free in each nation forces which can be employed in economic betterment and social uplift, are boons which cannot be valued too highly, and that this comparative freedom will create an enthusiasm for experimentation in private and public enterprise which must result in a wave of progress such as the world has never known. But if this security is acquired at the cost of mutual intercourse and exchange, if it results from wilful limitation of national spheres of activity, it is not the security of peace; and the progress which it ensures is not in the direction of that highest development and flower of humanity which we prize most. Even if it could be permanent, we would not have it; for, to abolish the natural

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survival of the fittest without substituting for racial strife some new evolutionary stimulus, would bring even greater dangers than those from which we have suffered. The effects would be inbreeding, poverty of resources, atrophy of the higher faculties, and, above all, a wholly arbitrary interference with the natural growth of living organisms. But, short of assuming the possibility of an end to the human race, it is impossible to conceive of such a condition as permanent. A guaranteed peace which heightens the wall separating one nation from another must carry in it the provocation of new and more formidable hostilities. Such a peace must sooner or later collapse.

The contemplation of a peace by wilful insulation is not altogether academic. In Mid-Europe a feeling is now widely prevalent that the threatened exclusion of the German people from the world's markets and friendly relationships may perhaps be welcomed as a means of strengthening and purifying a culture and destiny which have their roots deep in the national origin and tradition. On the other hand, the drawing together of the British colonies to the motherland also has renewed the vision of a self-sufficing colonial empire bristling with tariff-fortified frontiers not only against present adversaries but against the rest of the world. Some recent interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine—that most convenient instrument for reinforcing new programmes with historical sanction—represent the Western Hemisphere as a political and economic entity which must be separated from the rest of the world, if need be at the cost of lasting enmity to the European powers which have retained a foothold on American soil or seek new resources and new markets in her unexploited regions. There is a tacit understanding among the imperialists of Europe and America that the growing populations of the East must not look for expansion beyond the island-girded seas to the south and east or beyond the great central plains of Asia. Finally, it is very generally believed that the new frontiers to be drawn on

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the continent of Europe at the end of this war by an all-wise and all-powerful council of the nations must be respected for all time as limitations to the growth of the nationalities which they enclose, whether these be historic or newly recognized.

Against the political philosophy which underlies these various manifestations of nationalistic ingrowing, and especially against the possibility of treaties and conventions which would create a new, petrified political map of the world, it is the purpose of this article to protest—not only in the interest of durable peace but in that of an even greater common cause, the progress of mankind. The greatest epochs in history have been those of new and intensive contacts between peoples. The spiritual awakening of Europe in the Renaissance was ushered in by a period of discovery and international trading which stimulated the imagination and brought new ideas and incentives into the confined social and intellectual environment of the white races. The great modern empires waxed and waned as their romantic quest for world intercourse became absorbed by a sordid search for world domination. A new world governance enforced through power, even though this be wielded by an international league, will not bring in a human renascence unless with it there enters the old spirit of adventure. The stronger we forge our new league to enforce peace, the more rigidly we provide in the coming partnership of nations against the infringement of rights, the more keenly we must watch for dangers which threaten the very foundations of world peace from the imprisonment of national impulses and desires. We must guard against speaking and thinking too lightly of an isolated Germany or of a new Poland, a new Bohemia, a new Serbia, a new Zion, impeded from the outset in territorial expansion and commercial advancement, forced—as the maintenance of her independence has forced Switzerland—to lose the best part of potential population by birth control and of actual increase of population by emigration.

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There is no law in nature or religion which would lay down that one nation must for all time remain a mountain people, another a fisherfolk inhabiting the barren rocks of some island group, another draw sustenance from the rich but narrowly confined soil of an alluvial marsh—while a dozen or so great nations, happening to wield the power of vast possessions at the time these international agreements are entered into, shall continue to hold sway over the greater part of the habitable globe.

We are told that by securing the colonies around the Caribbean Sea now held by European powers as a material recompense for participation in the present war, and by extending the wing of her protection over the less stable republics of Central America, the United States would "round out" her territory, sphere of influence, and commercial resources in such a way as to make her climatically all-inclusive and, therefore, economically independent of international intercourse. This may be so. And it may be that by pursuing similar imperialistic policies the other great powers also may attain to that self-sufficiency which renders mutual aggression less promising in beneficial results and, for that reason, less likely than it has been in the past. But let us not flatter ourselves that by such means a durable peace can be secured. No lasting equilibrium can result from any system of control over the world's natural wealth that perpetuates present inequalities, however these may be justified historically and by the variation of governmental talents in different races. There will be wars so long as genius anywhere is debarred from fruition, so long as fraternity between nations is a mere flourish of rhetoric to be brought out at state banquets but kept out of sight in the council chamber.

If there is such a thing as the "international mind," let us apply it now to the greatest task of statesmanship which has confronted the civilized world for a century. Let us free ourselves from that narrowing fear for the traditions in

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which we have grown up, or which we have learned to love as most closely embodying our personal ideals. However much he may feel capable of sacrificing for his country, his race, or his brothers in arms, the citizen is untrue to his highest opportunity and duty who does not try to perceive what really are the qualities which thus thrill his imagination, and who does not devote himself to their furtherance wherever they may be found. He cannot be true to French valor by denying it to other peoples, to British perseverance by breaking down the self-respect of other nations, to American liberalism by helping to prevent the self-government of weaker republics. Whether he re-interprets his conception of patriotism in the light of the newer experience of humanity, or throws it into the dustbin of outworn criteria, the good citizen can no longer confine his altruistic cares and deeds within the boundaries of his native or adopted country—any more than the good father can neglect his duties as a citizen to advance the well-being of his family.

A durable peace which sets up new mountain barriers to life is not a peace which the world can desire. Such a peace would be too dearly bought even if it sheathed every sword and were guaranteed for eternity. Not diversity alone but growth and fertilization are of the very nature of life. The peace of the future must be raised on a foundation of respect for the laws of life rather than for rights of possession, if it is to liberate as well as to protect. A mere political pacification, in a narrow sense of that term, will not do. America will not have achieved the purposes for which she is fighting by the side of her valiant allies, she will not have made "the world safe for democracy," unless from this struggle there emerges safety on every continent, not only for national existence but also for national expansion. But how, it may be asked, can this be brought about without perpetuating competition for territory and power? It can be the result only of a world organization which aims at helping and not hindering mutual integration of the nations, which elimi-

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nates a purely geographical conception of national sovereignty and substitutes for it the grander notion of an interdependent commonwealth of free nations. This change will necessitate a break with age-long delusions; but if we are not prepared for such a break, we are not prepared for either democracy or human brotherhood.

The present division of the earth's surface into a number of more or less precisely defined domains under absolutely independent sovereignty does not answer the modern cultural requirements of the race, and it does not promise well for a future durable peace. It has its origin and justification in a feudal régime which cannot remain if genuine progress is to be ensured. Kings and emperors may hold regions won by the sword, not for the good of humanity or of their subjects, but for their personal aggrandizement and the advantage of favored classes. A democracy cannot reign in isolated splendor. An exclusive citizenship which forces the Italian peasant into the uniform of the house of Savoy, his emigrant brother into that of the American republic, and his cousin into that of the Hapsburg dynasty—which has no relation to his interests interwoven in the fortunes of several countries—does not answer the requirements of modern society. A fiscal policy which bars out German chemicals from the United States where they would aid in cheapening production, which makes the retail prices of American food stuffs cheaper in London than in New York, which enriches the Hungarian landlord and looks on while the Hungarian laborer—a potential progenitor of generations of American citizens—is undermined in health by starvation, emphatically does not ensure the best interests of national development any more than it ensures peace.

National insulation in the modern world is no longer possible without severe suffering for the masses, without cutting off vital organs of progress, and without withering the finest bloom of culture. Nor is such a policy necessary to develop national cohesion. The free-trade Belgian, even though his

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national history dates back but eighty years, is no less possessed of that sense of nationhood than the protectionist Frenchman. The Englishman who allows all the world to contribute to his table and who enriches all the world by the product of his craft, is not an emasculate cosmopolitan. If one fact stands out prominently to-day from the conflicting phenomena of a world at war, it is that in our time national self-sufficiency means, economically and culturally, national self-mutilation.

The patriotic motive for a protectionist policy rests on misconceptions which have been fostered deliberately by interested circles in every land. This is true of Germany. "Foreign trade," Paul Arndt, a free trader of that country wrote in 1899, "rests, as must be emphasized for a thousandth time, on division of labor between the nations. The boon of such a division within a country is universally acknowledged; but international division of work still meets with misunderstanding everywhere. And yet in both cases the advantages are the same." There is much discussion just now of an economic alliance after the war between the Entente powers, or some of them, and their colonies. Does anyone seriously believe that an agreement of this kind, discriminating not only against Germany but against such neutrals as Holland and the Scandinavias—not to speak of the South American republics—can endure or can in any way be reconciled with a desire for durable peace? Such an economic war would not only ruin the German people with whom, according to our President, we are not at war, and many neutrals, but it would be only slightly less disastrous to the Allies themselves. It would set up an artificial bar to free international competition and exchange far stronger than any which has existed in the recent past, and would expose the wage-earners of these countries to a conspiracy by the controlling interests strong enough to rob them of the last cent not needed for the support of bare existence and to crush out their last hope of emancipation. There would be

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inevitable reactions, revolutions fought not for political rights but for daily bread.

It has been said that without this economic alliance the Allied countries would be threatened after the war with a dumping of German manufactured goods on a scale hitherto unknown. Such an argument, to hold good in justification of permanent policy, would concede to the Germans an industrial superiority which they do not possess. This is not to say that for a time immediately after the war such attempts by Germany to utilize her industrial war equipment for the purpose of re-opening trade relations may not be possible or even probable. These attempts will naturally result from the unbalanced development of her industries under the impulse of military necessity before and during the war. But no scheme of dumping, whether with or without government subvention, can be made permanently a means of national economic advancement. In so far as it will be temporary, it can be fought by temporary measures of defense. The proper remedy for unfair competition beyond this short period of mutual readjustment is the offer of legitimate opportunities for building up trade on equal terms of competition with the other nations wherever the nature of her own resources and of her own requirements makes it desirable for Germany to trade. In a world freed from tariff boundaries there would be no dumping because each country would understand that its wealth is measured, not by the value or quantity of its exports, but by the surplus of commodities over the necessaries of life which its population can consume or store.

One has, of course, to reckon with the fact that, whatever the merits of the case, universal free trade will still appear to many, especially here in the United States, a mere dream—beautiful or unlovely as the individual's private interests, real or imagined, may happen to color it. Yet, since the outbreak of the war even more distant dreams have entered political reality. The League to Enforce Peace is now,

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for practical purposes, in existence; the great democracies of the world are united in a fight against tyranny; a joint international control of the world's resources in food and raw materials is on the point of coming into being. Great necessities have given birth to heroic measures, some of them inconceivably remote but a few years ago. A similar necessity will confront the world in the economic disorganization after the war.

The appalling destruction of capital and property in this war fills every thoughtful citizen with the earnest desire that means be discovered for rapidly replenishing the exhausted stores and for reconstructing the outworn machinery of production. The new sense of friendship for their European brothers in arms will make it impossible for American and British colonial workingmen to view with satisfaction or indifference a fiscal order which safeguards their own standards of life at the expense of unspeakable misery for their comrades in the Old World. In millions of homes which now eagerly contribute by their abstemiousness and by their efforts to supply with food the homes of France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, there is growing up a new sense of responsibility for the welfare of distant populations, a harbinger of a deeper international consciousness. From most of the belligerent countries there comes strong evidence that it will not be the secret diplomacy of small cliques but the desires and yearnings of the common people which will dictate the terms of the new world organization. It would be childish to prophesy that universal free trade will spring into life at the end of this war or at all in our own generation; but it is more than probable that it will gradually come into being as, under the stress of a universally felt need for economic co-operation, the futility of encircling each country with a Chinese wall of custom duties must become more and more evident to the common understanding.

In the meantime, there are other forms of international economic co-operation which must in some measure be made

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part of the peace treaties if these are to be in line with the professions made by both of the belligerent groups, but especially by the Allies—if the map of Europe is to be re-drawn on lines of nationality. We speak all too glibly of an independent Polish kingdom, of a free Bohemia, of possible "buffer" states at various fronts between great powers, without fully calling to our imagination what exactly the economic texture of this new Europe is going to be. Some contend that Poland must have an outlet to the Baltic Sea—which could only be secured by giving her territory not inhabited by Poles and cutting into halves the socially and racially homogeneous population of East Prussia. The distress of Switzerland, on the other hand, hemmed in as she is by great powers on every side, and dependent on one group of belligerents for food supplies and on the other for much needed iron and coal, makes her a warning example rather than a model of a successful free republic. Is it really in the interest of peace or democracy or any of the ideals for which the Allies stand that there shall be created new independent states in many parts of Europe and Asia Minor, nominally free and, under some form of military guarantee by all the liberal powers, reasonably secure against aggression—but in reality hopelessly dependent upon one or several of their neighbors? May not such a state of affairs increase rather than diminish the friction which leads to international disagreements and possibly to war?

The remedy is not, of course, that we give up the principles so eloquently voiced by President Wilson and repeatedly affirmed by the statesmen of England and France, and work for the suppression of national independence where a people feels itself a nation. Already the fear of such friction has induced some students of world politics to doubt whether, after all, the inclusion of these smaller nationalities in larger political entities, with assurance of some partial measure of self-government, may not be necessary in order to secure some sort of equilibrium. Obviously, so long as we look

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separately at the claims of each nation, small and large, we are prone to be over-impressed with the enormous complication of the various issues. To quote Dr. Seton-Watson, who will be generally recognized as an authority on the map of Europe, "Germany has as great an interest as Holland in the mouth of the Rhine; Belgium is no less interested than Holland in the mouth of the Scheldt; on the Elbe and the Moldau depends much of Bohemia's prosperity; the Danube is likely to assume for Hungary an even greater importance in the future than in the past; while the Vistula supplies the key to the Polish problem." Switzerland with a Mediterranean port, Russia with all-year ports both in Europe and Asia, Hungary with her disputed claim to Fiume affirmed—a list not yet by any means complete—present the vision of an almost impossible map in a world organized for commerce and for preservation of nationality. If all inland countries were to have territorial "outlets," then strips of land and rivers under their sovereignty but impossible to defend would separate areas which politically and ethnographically belong together. Ports essential to the economic life of several nations would be allotted to one of them. Frontier lines would be doubled. Nor does the neutralization of natural lines of communication, such as the great rivers, offer a practicable or adequate solution where such a solution might seem possible.

The way out appears only when we visualize the economic problem of Europe as a whole. We then recognize that it is not only the one or other specific outlet to the seas which a country requires to connect it with the highways of the nations, but many outlets; that Hamburg and Bremen are the natural ports not only for Germany but also for Poland, Bohemia, and, indeed, a great part of eastern Europe; that Trieste is not only a natural harbor for Austria or Italy but for much of Mid-Europe, Genoa not only for Switzerland but also for considerable regions of Italy and France and for Germany as well. Neutralization of the great ports of

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Europe—and of certain ports of Asia and America—may not, perhaps, provide a sufficient measure of safety for each country concerned. It would present enormous difficulties of international administration and might be regarded as no more practicable a means of international stabilization than the introduction of universal free trade. By itself, it would not provide for unimpeded communication between port and hinterland.

We have, however, in the existence of the free ports and in the practice of bonding for trans-shipment suggestions for a possible way out. A new form of organization must be created which will answer all the purposes of free and rapid communication and yet maintain the sovereignty of the individual nations, at least to such a degree as to ensure non-interference with their particular economic requirements. There is an alternative to the free-port solution of the problem which has not so far received much attention. Would it not be possible to provide the inland countries with port facilities and territories of their own—on the mouths of Elbe, Rhine, Danube, Vistula, or wherever their natural geographical outlets may be? Is it not as necessary for a durable peace that Germany should have an Adriatic port and Russia have direct access to the North Sea,—that, in fact, each nation should be able to trade freely on all the seas and with all other nations—as that each should have some particular outlet to some particular sea? "If Italy should succeed in establishing her claim to Trieste," says Dr. Seton-Watson, "she must, alike in her own interests and in those of European peace, convert the city into a free port for all commerce. Its inclusion in the Italian tariff system would rapidly reduce a flourishing port to ruin and create an intolerable situation for its entire hinterland, besides acting as a direct challenge to Germany to upset the settlement at the earliest possible date; whereas its proclamation as a free port would give full scope to every legitimate aspiration of German commerce in the eastern Mediterranean." But why

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should not Italy and Austria both have ports at Trieste? As this author himself points out, "a similar experiment has already been successfully tried at the harbor of Salonica, where Serbia possesses a special zone of her own, exempt from Greek customs dues."

Whether some such system of independent areas under separate sovereignty be practicable in all ports, or whether in the cases of Antwerp, Dantzig, Fiume, and other cities, free ports under the sovereignty of one nation only be the best solution, there would still remain the question of control over the connections with the hinterland, that is, in most instances, over the railway lines. Here again, complete neutralization is hardly the best means of effecting the desired object. Nor is it necessary that the land-locked nations acquire complete territorial dominion over the lines of communication through foreign territory. By separate agreements it will again be possible as it was before the war for the various nations to settle each for itself with its neighbors the kind and amount of railroad connection with the ports which it requires. The only difference, if a nation could acquire a port of its own in the location geographically most suitable, would be that its trucks would go to its own docks to be loaded on its own ships. Russia might thus be assured an ice-free port on the North Sea, both Austria and Italy at Trieste, and probably a number of nations at the mouth of the Scheldt. The smaller states, fortified in their independence by international treaty, would be in a position to acquire gradually such ports and communications as their expanding foreign trade required. The function of the international super-government in these agreements would merely be that of seeing that no third rights were infringed, and that covenants entered upon were strictly carried out by the contracting parties. In time a certain uniformity could be introduced into these separate undertakings; and, no doubt, certain rules safeguarding the claims of justice, protecting the weaker nations from extortion, and including

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regulations for the peaceful adjustment of disputes by reference to an international tribunal, would be insisted upon internationally as applicable to all of them.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the question of trade outlets is by no means limited to access to the seas. The intolerable position of Serbia has been due to the deliberate Austrian policy of preventing a free commerce between Serbia and western Europe. Serbia was practically cut off by a hostile power from her natural markets. Problems such as this require the application of the same principle of territorial disintegration for their solution. Why should not Serbia or any other country similarly situated be guaranteed by international treaty the right of access to any Continental market—if need be, through the territory of a competitor?

We can hardly doubt that in a future not far distant international communication by air will assume such volume as to call for stringent international regulation. It is now, while international relationships are in the flux, that we should devise measures for making this new means of transit a potent instrument of friendly commercial intercourse instead of allowing it to become another source of friction. Direct access to the great markets, in this case also, would seem the chief desideratum. Aerial communication, whatever form its international organization may take, in any case is bound to make another break into our conception of political entity, which is as yet too purely geographical. A hard and fast division of the globe into national domains within defensible boundaries must, under these new conditions, become an even greater hindrance to that freedom of economic functioning which is the chief element in a durable peace. At first thought it might appear as if the creation of neutralized bases—a vast number of "no man's lands" enabling each country to reach its outlying trading posts without touching upon foreign territory—would offer a possible solution. Such an arrangement, however, even if it were practicable, would perpetuate that too narrowly nation-

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alistic view of commerce which has been the cause of so much unnecessarily bitter rivalry in the past. It is not necessary to subject aerial communication to complete international management in order to ensure fair dealing. International protection can be given by treaties, guaranteed by the powers, providing either for the mutual cession of territory between countries to serve aerial purposes only, or for joint services between neighboring countries, or simply for regulations aiming at the exemption of goods and passengers in transit from troublesome customs revisions.

So far, thinking more particularly of conditions in Europe as they will be after the war, we have confined ourselves to questions affecting the mutual relationships of completely independent sovereign states. But the principal field in which national sovereignty over compact territories will have to give way to a more rational and safer arrangement, is to be found in the unexploited or half-exploited tropical, semi-tropical, and arctic regions now held as colonies or, while nominally governed by their inhabitants, under some form of protectorate. Upon commercial expansion in these regions future international disputes are likely to hinge, even more than those of the past. Soon with improved methods of communication, every part of the habitable and fruitful earth will play some part in the economic system of the civilized nations. While humanity is probably not yet ripe for such national disinterestedness—even for the sake of durable peace—as the complete abolition of preferential treatment for the motherland in her fiscal relations with her colonies, there are at least two ways in which the jealousy which centres in the possession of colonial territories may be substantially lessened. The colonizing powers might agree that importation into the colonies be free to all countries on equal terms—thus ensuring the motherland a first option on the colonial product without, however, giving her preference as regards the introduction of her manufactures—or they might come to a basic understanding upon the prime element

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in the rivalry for colonial exploitation, the cheap supply of labor.

It may be open to question whether native labor really is cheaper than white labor, if remunerated with a view to its conservation and if the value of higher intelligence and age-long habituation to mechanical pursuits be taken into account. But in practice it does menace the standard of life secured by the white races when brought into competition with it directly or indirectly. A real unity of interests between the half-savage races of central Africa and the organized workers of Europe and America cannot exist. The white laborer, as a consumer of tropical products, always is the exploiter of colored labor. The danger is that when labor is strong enough in the older countries to control or materially to influence the distribution of wealth, there may be a world-wide conspiracy for an even more complete exploitation of the backward races, not only damaging to true human progress but also dangerous to peace in two ways. This would give to the militarist forces in the East a tremendously sharpened motive for throwing their whole will and resources into a death struggle against the combined forces of Europe and America. It would magnify the inequalities in resources between the possessors of colonies and the other white nations which have lost their colonies or have come too late into the field of competition to secure colonies. With the increasing education in the civilized countries and the growing shortage of unintelligent, muscular labor for the production and manipulation of raw materials, the native populations of the tropical and semi-tropical regions assume a new importance as factors in world economy. Their control and management places in the hands of the colonizing powers a definite and measurable prize which is constantly appreciating in value.

It might seem impossible, at first glance, to devise means of distributing this advantage short of internationalizing the colonies altogether, giving all nations equal rights of exploi-

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tation, and neutralizing the economic and political preferences enjoyed by the holders of protectoral rights. Past experience of neutralized colonial administration has not given results which would make one feel optimistic in the advocacy of such a policy. The temptations for diplomatic trickery and underhand financial deals are too many; and international supervision is both too costly and too ineffective. It is possible, however, to bring about international agreements concerning the treatment of native labor under separate sovereignty of different nations which would embody fundamental humane principles and at the same time equalize the advantages to be derived from the employment of this labor.

We must not underestimate in this connection the effectiveness of the moral appeal which would tend to uphold such agreements. So long as the colonizing power intends to offer the colonial product in the markets of the world, the purchasers' scruples are bound to carry considerable weight. Thus, American indignation over the conditions of indentured labor in the West Indies has contributed to their improvement and to a forecast, practically amounting to a promise, given by the Viceroy of India in 1917, that the traffic in Indian contract labor, interrupted by the war, will never be revived. Similarly, the refusal of British cocoa manufacturers to buy the product of indentured African labor in San Thomé has, according to recent consular reports, brought about an immense improvement in labor conditions on the island and in the wages paid by the Portuguese planters. International treaties alone can effectively prevent the capitalist groups of any one power from exciting the jealousy of the rest by taking unfair advantage of the labor resources of their colonies. The time is ripe for international minimum wage legislation and regulation of contract labor.

The subject of concessions in undeveloped regions has been so fully discussed of late that it may here be dismissed with

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a brief suggestion. Foreign investment does not, of course, necessarily create dangerous rivalry and friction, if it is for the legitimate object of development with a view to future trading. It is probable that in the period immediately following the war there will be so many opportunities for profitable investment in countries with stable government that the occasions for conflict on the score of rival concession hunting or of exploiting the needs of weaker nations will not at once arise with any severity. When international relations in the more advanced parts of the world shall again be settled, and when mutual suspicion shall have lost its present sharpness, the time will have come for the appointment of international commissions to watch over foreign loans and over the giving out of concessions to foreigners by the weaker nations, so that the abuses of the past will be effectively prevented.

In conclusion, then, the key to a durable peace must be sought in the gradual disintegration of territorial sovereignty by economic co-operation. The *Realpolitik* of the future will concern itself less with geographical statics and more with social dynamics. Without excessive optimism we cannot at present foresee a sudden vast extension of international control over the relationships of nations when this war is ended. There is no likelihood of an immediate adoption of universal free trade, however much it may be in the individual interest of all the peoples concerned. There will, for long, be animosity; for, being human, we cannot, when the bells of peace ring out, at once strip off all bitterness and plan for a future world order on purely rational grounds. But, as we watch the signs of the times, we see new factors emerging even now while the conflict is still raging, factors which were hardly thought of when most of our school histories were written. There is not only the intense desire everywhere for a new and stronger system of international government and jurisdiction; a world conscience—not a vague humanitarianism but a public opinion directed towards practical ends—is taking shape. We begin to

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realize that to further peace we must sacrifice some of that apparent national security which comes from economic isolation, for the real security which is gained by giving ample outlets to all the vital forces in the world. On the other hand, the war with its liberation of nationalistic sentiment in every part of the globe is teaching us that it is dangerous and unprofitable to set aside in our plans for the future those differences in race, history, religion, which determine national unions and divisions.

Perhaps new causes of conflict will arise between the nations of which we do not know as yet. Whatever they may be, we can minimize their disruptive tendency by seeing to it that more and more its creative faculty and not its possessions shall determine a people's place in the family of nations. For a generation, at least, we can secure peace by promoting economic freedom and the widest, untrammelled intercourse between nations. This will imply the disintegration of territorial sovereignty by an ever larger volume of international agreements, both general and between individual powers. Only thus can the equilibrium be found which will ensure durable peace between the older nations that already have stamped their genius upon the world and the newer and more virile nations whose culture has yet to mature.

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THE WISDOM OF THE AGES

By Henry Osborn Taylor

SINCE the soldiers in the trenches, as well as the rulers and non-combatants at home, desire peace, the thought arises that a force superior to their wills drives on the slaughter. The discussion of motives and purposes, of initial blood-guiltiness, serves but thinly to veil the presence of fate. We were less than men if we did not seek a reason for this apparent destiny.

The mind has been re-opened to instruction by the war—if only there were a teacher! In their spiritual helplessness, men are disposed to listen, perhaps even to the ancient voices. For the wisdom of the ages whispers still living messages, though the language may not be quite our own. Long ago, in many lands with different peoples, the consideration of life crystallized to principles and utterances, sacramental symbols of experience. Their import is one, although the phrases vary. It is the one primary lesson of cause and effect; single and universally valid in principle, though the causal nexus be ascribed to divers agencies, divine or human or material.

The symbol of life's wisdom in India was the word Karma, meaning the power of the act; the power of the act entailing its consequences from birth to re-birth, until release is won in Brahma or Nirvana. In Semitic Israel, consequences were entailed as effectively as in India; but they proceeded from the hand of Jehovah, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth, nay, unto the hundredth generation, as we have learned. In Greece, the power of the cursed act working itself out in pain and blood, was supported by the will of Zeus. It became as infection for the unborn wicked, re-begetting itself in crime on crime.

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That is Aeschylean. We Christians, with our Hellenic, Jewish heritage, took from Eden a sufficiency of the same principles in the doctrine of original and ever-to-be-transmitted sin.

The snake, the crocodile, protects her young. The wolf fights in a pack; so does the German, in some respects the last word in human evolution. Through untold centuries, brute traits, brute needs have slowly humanized, have created institutions of the family, the tribe, the more fully developed state. There was dependence within the family; some mutual aid, some common obedience. Similar relations appear diluted in the tribe. They amplify in the monarchy or the wider empire, which must still maintain order among citizens, and may seek to promote their welfare. Yet as between different classes in the modern state, for example, civic relationships of common advantage and reciprocal exploitation often fail to rise above strained toleration, bare abstention from bloody conflict. In the course of generations, some unison of temper may result. But it is the instancy of peril from without that evokes a strong, though none too permanent, union, a union of antagonism to another state or people.

Thus mutual antagonisms keep pace with the growth of states. They make the Karma of the state, and especially of its international enmities: a Karma rising from the compulsion of antecedent violent acts; or to put it Greekly, the power of the inherent curse working itself out in crime on crime. The Jew would see it as the wrath of God visited upon the continuity of human sinfulness. Its last stage is the enormous punishment of the present war.

Is it not merited? The policy of sovereign with sovereign, of state with state, has rarely been other than rapine, scarcely mitigated by the pretentious protestations of diplomacy. No need to refer to antiquity or the Middle Ages. Look merely at the modern time, beginning, say, in the sixteenth century. Then Henry the Eighth was King of Eng-

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land, Francis the First was King of France, Charles the Fifth, King of Spain and Emperor of Germany. Whatever good or bad these three did within their states, as towards each other they used guile and force. Italy with its popes and princes might be the spoil, and yet was no whit better than the spoiler. Since then, the dealings of king with king and state with state have risen slowly and none too surely above the standards of the hardened criminals within their borders. Their vaunted aims and policies towards each other have been such as decent individuals would blush to confess to among themselves. Superficially we ascribe this low international morality to the lack of "sanctions" in international law, which has no power to punish infringement. There is also some slackness of beneficence as between the peoples of different nations!

In our time we had thought these things were better; but the inter-state Karma was still unappeased; Jehovah had not yet sufficiently visited the sins of fathers upon the hundredth generation. Germany, impelled by antedecent guilt and a policy of blood and iron, began the war with an abominable and acknowledged crime against Belgium. If France, England, and Russia were immediately guiltless, as we think they were, they had unexpiated crimes to their accounts. Germany and Austria were the immediate criminals; but all the other nations had helped to make them such. Think of the Thirty Years' War, or the reign of Louis the Fourteenth; or of the deeds by which England made her empire. The circumstance that England for some generations has striven to rule beneficently seems not quite to have purged her Karma, judging by this war which has come upon her. There were also the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and fifty years ago Napoleon the Little was no saint, though Bismarck proved himself the cleverer rascal.

Moreover, the state is no separate entity, but the organized aggregate of its people acting beyond their wisdom, which

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does not keep pace either with the increase of population or the growth of wealth and power. Shortcomings of individual human nature, or average racial nature, seem to unite with previous courses of conduct, making, as it were, a private Karma, obviously a factor in the present international result. It would savor too much of the reproaches cast by the pot upon the kettle for us to expatiate upon the imperfections of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, or Italians, or of those law-abiding Germans who privately believe that the world is to be had for the taking.

So it is, to put it plainly, that man is such, and antecedent courses of human action have been such, as to result in the political conditions which the Allies, as well as Germany and Austria, must face and expiate. The ancient wisdom with its convictions of concatenation and consequence, would not pronounce those nations guiltless who are fighting guilty Germany and guilty Austria. And woe unto our smug selves in these United States, if we think ourselves superior. The vision is terrible: political and military history a succession of somehow tempted or necessitated acts, bringing men to a pass from which the exit leads through an unexampled horror of destruction!

Is there no help? Is no betterment somehow working itself out? No counter-Karma building itself up? Surely what has so far been said is but half. The ancient wisdom declares as well the other part, which shall be, as we hope, the sequel. For the ancient wisdom was not all held in warnings. It included hypotheses of hope. These it likewise set or symbolized in utterances which have become part of the constitution of our minds.

"From suffering, wisdom," said the Greek. "Character is a man's fate": here is promise, if the character be good. "The fate of righteous houses is blessed with fair children," still said the Greek. And the Sophoclean drama asserted a final peace of guiltless suffering, victorious over the curse of ancestral crime. Beyond these dramatic utterances, the

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blessedness of reason is incarnate in the life and death of Socrates.

Spiritual assurance lives and moves in Greek philosophy. The attention of the earliest thinkers was fixed upon the apparent constituency of the physical world. Their successors recognized the need of principles beyond earth's tangible elements to account for its order, if not its being. One among them launched the mind on its career as Demiurge, and prepared for the conception of divine will as Creator of the universe. Another pointed to knowledge as the steersman of human life: knowledge, virtue, happiness were at one. "From understanding come good counsel, unerring speech, and right conduct." Happiness and misery are of the soul, rather than the body; goodness lies in willing no wrong, as well as in doing none. In the following generation, Plato demonstrated the reality of mind and the creative power of its concepts. His final thought is God, pattern and fashioner of the world and man. Knowledge and virtue are the same. Justice is an excellence of man's understanding self; the unjust man is sick and miserable. The world is ruled by mind; and the human soul is indestructible.

There was always a true and a false, a better and a worse. For the great philosophers this antithesis held all life in play. They discerned it in being and non-being, in mind and matter, soul and body, knowledge and ignorance, virtue and wickedness. In holding to the nobler side of the great conflict, their philosophies fostered all the energies and faculties of man, ordering and proportioning them according to their worth. Stoicism tended to narrow the antithesis, and with it human life, to conduct good or bad. There comes an eastern or Semitic infusion, and life, reduced still further, seethes along the grooves of righteousness and sin.

The Semite's wisdom, or say the Jew's, had its own mighty assurance of victory in righteousness and love of God. He who visited the sins of fathers upon children promised "mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my

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commandments." The Hebrew religion was a religion of promise. In Jesus that promise was uplifted, and sanctified to the eternal assurance of the soul. God is spirit; his true worshippers worship him in spirit and in truth. Thou shalt love him with all thy mind and strength; ye shall love one another even as I have loved you. Christ's blessings promised the full beatitude of man's immortal part: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; and the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; and the pure in heart, for they shall see God. On Jesus's message was grafted Paul's certitude that to them who love God all things work together for good; which could not be otherwise, seeing that by loving the great Purposer, man clings to the purpose and assured progress of the world.

Thus in varied language the ancient wisdom proclaims the validity and final triumph of being over non-being, of the spirit over matter and its lusts, of knowledge over ignorance, of righteousness over sin. In the glancing light of this conviction, human aspiration presses on towards the true, the beautiful, and good. It has always spurned such brute notions as "necessity knows no law," or "the end justifies the means"; whereby lusting fools over-persuade themselves of the value of the coveted end, and choose to ignore the vileness of the means. Agamemnon murdered his daughter Iphigenia in order that the winds might favor the sailing of the Grecian fleet from Aulis,—sacrificing innocent blood to bring back guilty Helen. So Germany murdered Belgium.

It is for us in the light of our extended knowledge, and with our minds incited by the war, to apply again to life the same conviction and aspiration. We must look far back in order to perceive the leading. The supporting evidence is older than the ancient philosophers and prophets had imagined. "Man was something like a fish in the beginning," said the Greek Anaximenes. We think we know this more elaborately now. The record of the earth has disclosed forms of life evolving through myriad ages, the earlier form

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more inchoate and elemental, with dumber faculties. Minute or vast, it was an egg-like or a bestial thing. Aeons upon aeons passed, and there came facile forms with quicker faculties, and at last the adumbration of the race of men. How long ago was that? A half a million years? It is well to speak vaguely. In that ancient aftertime we think we see the semblance of man advancing to the full human structure, crowned by a proper dome of brow, dark within as yet, and sour with savage moods. What an age-long progress and attainment, what triumph of the creative and progressive principle, of reason if one will, lay behind or within that human form divine—still none too divinely busied!

"History" reaches back a matter of six thousand years. It finds man with a soul still barbarous, in spite of gain in faculty and invention. Thinking in centuries no longer, but in aeons as we must, we realize the shortness of this historic period. Although the human advance through this small time seems marvellously quickened, these scant six thousand years are but as sunlit ripples on the floods of untold ages. A little time, in sooth, for reason to reach dominance over the age-long heritage of other instincts. Obviously, the reign of the spirit is not yet. We may even infer that God is only slowly omnipotent. His power seems not fully to control the lusts of matter and the violence of men; any more than human reason quite controls rage and bodily desire—another relatively ancient observation. Or if we would be materialists, we can think of the funny fire atoms of Democritus, which represented soul in his atomic whirl; and say these ultra-mobile, ordering, fire atoms have not, with all their extreme agility, brought to full conformity the infinitude of heavier clodlets, making the human body and the bulky world.

It is difficult to put these matters in acceptable language. We mean plainly that the progress of the world of man and God points to a time when the finer spirit of God and man

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shall have triumphed over the blinding desires and abominable thoughts that have produced their natural results in the present war. That peak is high and far. Impatient peace societies will vainly seek a short-cut to Pisgah. Yet the war itself may accelerate the wished-for consummation. It has shown us the astounding, yet still inchoate, progress in physical science, and has even been a factor in that advance. It has added to man's knowledge of himself, offering itself as another instance of the profound futility of violence. It has deepened our knowledge of the consequences of iniquitous action, in a way that will not be lost; and through it the world may be the wiser, as well as more expert in aviation and submarining.

And what a tragic catharsis it may prove, a universal purge of evil passion! Out of this vast, methodical violence, there has resulted an increase in the world's unselfishness, in its power of self-sacrifice. Individuals and peoples have been lifted above their ordinary self-seeking selves. This spiritual *élan* may contribute to the counter-Karma of the mind, in its conflict with the brute, and so help the moral growth of man. There is some faintest hope that the ennoblement resulting from sacrifice may prove itself in those who shall be called on to conclude a peace, and impart to these representatives of states something of the magnanimity obtaining with noble individuals. In such case, one may hope that the coming peace will be an equitable adjustment of rights and wrongs, and not an enforced acceptance of terms pregnant with retribution and revenge. A benign peace, indeed, is foreshadowed in the last two momentous events—results rather—of this war; the Russian Revolution and the entry of the United States.

Through the former, a cruel bureaucracy misruling in the name of a tsar, has been eliminated from the burdens of the world. The aspirations of a bounden people are loosed; and Russia is striving to establish its freedom, whatever that may prove to be. The first expressions of this new liberty

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have been generous. Siberian exiles are restored; the Jews have received civic rights; a suitable autonomy was proposed for Pole and Finn; arbitrary conquests are disclaimed. We watch with towering, if uncertain, hopes, and greet Russia as a brother emerging from the night, moving in a troubled dawn. We know that Karma the Inexorable is not to be dissipated, sent flying into space, by any sudden burst of good intention and reform. Only slow pain and long endeavor can eradicate the taint of tsardom and bureaucracy and the sodden inheritances of those mighty lands of present hope.

Our United States has declared war upon the Imperial Government of Germany. Thus we vindicate our membership in the sisterhood of civilized nations, which at present is a sisterhood of furies. This kinship and participation is laden with bane and sacrifice. The righteousness of our cause does not free us from the power and presage of what we have been and still are. We have been grasping men, and our country's statecraft has not always been guiltless of the conduct that courts retribution. Now we are to make sacrifices, and perhaps suffer calamities. Let us advance with gladness towards whatever expiation is in store for us. Our entry, at least, is not prompted by greed or revenge; we believe that our minds are set upon the furtherance of the rights of peace and the delivery of the world from violence. Assuredly, we are not going to war in order to protect our commerce, or the lives of our citizens upon the seas, from the attack of German submarines. The sinking of the Lusitania, the more recent submarine outrages, and the espionage practised in our land, are but incidents in our resolve. We are going to war with the Imperial Government because of the original wickedness of its cause, the abomination of its sack of Belgium, and the continuing wickedness of its acts and purposes. Not what it has done to us, but what it is doing to the world, draws us into war. The Imperial Government knows no law beyond its will and

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its alleged necessities. No nation is safe from its arrogant brigandage. We fight to help the cause of right throughout the world; to protect our own democracy and insure our future safety. We hope to aid the Russian people to make strong and even holy their new-won liberty; we likewise hope to assist the German people to obtain a government which shall establish their rights and fortunes in a decent respect for the rights of others. God grant that the mind in which we have entered the war may continue pure, and that our hands may be clean at the close of our great adventure.

But admonitions from the past, and echoes of old fears within ourselves, still counsel us to preserve humility and some dread of Nemesis. Drawn within the duress and compulsion of the war, we are made bone of its bone, flesh of its flesh. Our hopes and fears for other peoples apply to ourselves along with them. For good and ill, the war has re-energized individuals and nations. Is this intensifying of power to prove an uplifting, or will the result be an equal strengthening of the animal qualities in man? Reactions come. Human nature, with all its capacity for thrills, is so elastically brutal; a weight of habit lies on us; institutions and situations, slowly evolved, have to be slowly overcome. Restraint and sacrifice are needed still, in order to rationalize, or more beneficently emotionalize, the currents of human conduct. The long path lies ahead. Our generation may tread part of it—in pain. Others will continue the march; and we, somehow, will be with them.

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TWO POEMS

By Irene McLeod

At Parting

Forgive me, dearest, that I weep;
Forget my heresy, and keep
A prouder memory than this
Of tears, that spring from your last kiss.
I shall not weep when you are gone,
When death and I are faced alone
To fight the long gray battle through
Whose darling prize is love's own—you.
I shall not weep then; hold me now,
Beloved, hear me make my vow,
Kiss tears and sorrow from my sight;
I will be proud as joy, upright,
Keen as an arrow that shall fly
To pierce death's gloom! You may not die
While my thoughts live! They are like flame
Burning about your love-shrined name.
Deeper than sorrow my peace lies,
Higher than laughter my faith flies;
The heart of love is still, yet sways
Life in its myriad moving ways;
And so I sit in the heart of love,
Swifter than birds my strong thoughts move
To build for you within hell's gate
Sanctuary inviolate!

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Discharged

So death was cheated of you! Now you lie
In your own place beside me; you did not die!
I must repeat it, learn this truth by heart,
You did not die! You did not die! No part
Of you is dead, you have come home to-night:
I will not gull myself, I'll hold the light
Closer, that I may see each ugly trace
Death made in missing you; he clawed your face
Most hideously of all, because he knew
I, his foe, loved its beauty; blew
Blood in your eyes, seared the lids black and bare,
Branded your brow—my blessing rested there—
Then, as a treacherous coward, beaten, afraid,
Lunges to mark his conqueror, he laid
His twisted seal upon your lips, and fled,
Harried by love, and me!

O piteous head,
O bloodshot, blinded eyes, O cloven brow,
O tortured lips, how should I know you now?
No feature is the same, no look, no sign
Of what I knew is left to prove you mine.
You cannot smile: that was death's ugliest blow,
You cannot smile: the lips I used to know
Smiled in their sleep for me, they laughed all day,
For every changing thought a different way
Of smiling for my joy, but they smiled best
In sleep, against my heart, kissed into rest.
And now you cannot smile, you are hacked awry,
O warm, gay lips!—and yet, *you did not die!*

Beaten, death, you are beaten! Though I see
This mask of him you have returned to me,

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Though every wound gapes by this cruel light,
I have another lamp, another sight!
His spirit lives, and all his beauty lives!
You cannot pilfer in my soul! Love gives
His gifts immortally! Not time's decay,
Nor violence, nor death can take away
Beauty made mine by love! Even now I find
His living beauty flaming in my mind,
Burning out all your scars, old foe! And here,
Here on the pillow smiles serenely clear
His own familiar face! The mask's a lie!
Nothing of him is dead! He cannot die!

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THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

By Robert Grant

THE English scholar, Gilbert Murray, in a pamphlet entitled "The United States and the War," summarizes the American as follows: "He is a citizen of the greatest free nation in the world, and not only the greatest but, by every sane standard that he believes in, infinitely the best. Its men and women are more prosperous, cleaner, better paid, better fed, better dressed, better educated, better in physique than any others on the face of the globe. They have simpler and saner ideals, more kindliness and common sense, more enterprise, and more humanity. Silly people in Europe, blind like their ancestors, imagine that America somehow lacks culture, and must look abroad for its art and learning; why, as a matter of fact, the greatest sculptor since Michael Angelo was an American, St. Gaudens; the two best painters of the last decade, Abbey and Sargent, were both Americans; the best public architecture is notoriously to be found in America, as well as the best public concerts and libraries, and the most important foundations of scientific research. And to crown our friend's confident picture, there is no country on earth where the children are so happy."

When I came across this spontaneous tribute I rubbed my eyes, remembering the habitual condescension of English critics concerning us. But on re-reading the passage I could not doubt its sincerity.

And yet I ought to add an extract immediately following that already quoted: "A friend of mine stayed last year in a summer camp of young men and women in a forest in the Middle West, and never once heard the European war mentioned. One night, as they looked over a moonlit

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lake, a young student spoke thoughtfully of the peacefulness of the scene, and the contrast it made with the terrible sufferings of mankind elsewhere. My friend agreed, and murmured something about the sufferings of Europe. 'Lord, I wasn't thinking of Europe,' said the young man; 'I was thinking of the thunder storms in Dakota.'" This was all that Gilbert Murray adduced by way of offset to the agreeable picture he had already drawn of us.

Now that others go out of their way to praise us, even the vociferous can afford to scrutinize our credentials. We have developed and prospered in so many different directions at once that the mere physical effect of our nationality is bewildering. Fifty years ago the West, which is now the Middle West, used to claim a special title to Americanism on the ground that everyone not merely stood but lived on an equality, unlike the people of the Atlantic seaboard, where there were nabobs. To-day those nabobs, whose utmost patrimony was a few hundred thousands, are overshadowed by a crop of Croesuses largely from the West, who talk and act in multi-millions.

And yet, I hear you protest, wealth is no more to-day than fifty years ago the national touchstone. True, we have multiplied and have made the most of our native resources; but, though rich collectively, we have not forgotten the tradition of the fathers. One sees on the faces of the people the hopefulness and aspiration which distinguished American from European society. The United States is still the land of opportunity and democratic ideals. The crop of plutocrats of which you speak are the logical spawn of our prodigiously rapid development; already we have hobbled these gentry, and henceforth it will be increasingly difficult for them to debase the body politic.

Such a re-assertion of initial principles, however vigorously worded, would tell only half the story. Our aboriginal tendencies have been unceasingly catered to by the changing temper of the age. A century ago our form of government

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was regarded by many as an experiment predestined to fail; and the democratic social programme now held out as a panacea had scarcely been written. What a metamorphosis since then! To use one of our own apt if unvarnished similes, the rest of the world is tumbling over itself to climb upon the band wagon of the new freedom. Even in the countries where traditions bolster up autocracy, a new gospel is seething in the hearts of the people. This gospel—the keynote of the American spirit—is the idealization of everyday human nature, the common man.

The familiar creed of the brotherhood of man, the most powerful spiritual impulse of the present generation, by the substitution of the everyday person as a hero for the favorite of privilege or fortune, may be said to have revolutionized the world's perspective. Ours is essentially the age of "uplift." I hate the word; it has a sanctimonious sound, but it has no exact synonym. It is the age of uplift, but almost equally the age of naturalness, and the two are synchronous. In the process of idealizing the common man and dignifying human derelicts we have sent to the scrap heap a host of conventions which we now stigmatize as shams. Formalism of every kind has been dealt a death blow. The motto of the modern world is, "Let us get down to business and be natural. Hang appearances." Hobnobbing with comfort we incline to slouch hats and negligee shirts. One must be a good mixer or he is done, and to mix well it is requisite not to betray a trace of the superfine. Bent on ridding the world of imposture, the new generation worships frankness. To "make good," as we call it, with an audience, the public speaker woos picturesqueness by metaphors borrowed from the market place or the slums. A conspicuous evangelist recently thrilled his audience by exclaiming, "Faith is the thing which puts the ball over the fence at the end of the ninth inning with the bases full and the home team three runs behind."

This close alliance between the idealization of the com-

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mon man and naturalness is not confined to mere externals and manners. It has permeated and modified every one of the arts. Beauty is still their goal, but we are invited to discern it in the environments of poverty, dirt, and disease, in the pathos of squalor and the agonies of the hospital. No one has epitomized this tendency better than John Masefield in a recent dedication:

> Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
> The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;
> Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!
> Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
> Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould,
> Of the maimed, of the halt, and the blind in the rain and the cold—
> Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

The drift away from the shackles of form to avoid artificiality has been no less striking.

> Let observation with extended view
> Survey mankind from China to Peru.

So wrote Samuel Johnson, who died in 1784. We smile at the stilted redundancy of the familiar couplet, so well exposed by the clever paraphrase: "Let observation with extended observation observe mankind extensively." Johnson's model and immediate predecessor, Alexander Pope, might be termed the high priest of artificiality. He catered to the tastes of the bigwigs of society, and was as far removed from contact or sympathy with the scum of the earth which Masefield glorifies as anyone who ever lived. It is not the fashion to read him now, though, with the exception of Shakespeare and Milton, no writer has enriched the language with so many still familiar lines. Whether we regard him as a poet in the superlative sense, or as a worldly-wise satirist who utilized and perfected by his genius the standardized poetic medium of his time, he was certainly a great artist who deified literary precision. He and his

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contemporaries seem at first sight the antipodes of the most modern school in this country, whose bridleless and foot-loose Pegasus soars superior to all impediments.

Yet one finds a curious analogy between the work of the author of "The Epistles" and "Satires" and the most distinguished product of that latest school, the "Spoon River Anthology." If we challenge Alexander Pope's title on the score that he dispensed epigrams and worldly wisdom in couplets, may we not say of the tabloid necrology of the Western town celebrated by Edgar Lee Masters that it is a novel cut into sausages? Each of these writers is first of all a satirist, and each is the relentless exponent of his age. Pope's sympathies were confined by periwigged splendor and cynical materialism. The reign of Queen Anne may be said to have been the apogee of a social status which deified the vanities and circumstance of life. It was the era of wits and beaux, shoe-buckles and snuff-boxes, good breeding and insincerity. Pope's moral maxim,

> Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow;
> The rest is all but leather or prunello,

was probably less true when he penned it than at any other period in the history of mankind. He edified and lampooned a world, to which he himself belonged, where cast-iron conventions held sway and starched manners were the first law of life.

On the other hand, why has the "Spoon River Anthology" appealed to those on the lookout for fresh revelations of truth? Surely not because of its lyrical or other poetic quality. It differentiates itself from liquid prose mainly by its tabloid subdivisions and a metrical lilt which reminds one at times of a jerky tape-measure. Yet it has fascination because of its abysmal naturalness. In an age where frankness is the first virtue and unflinching desire for the naked truth the ruling motive both of social ethics and of art, Edgar Lee Masters has not shirked his task. Mincing

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nothing, he has given us in his tombstone annals a compact, vivacious, ironic cinematograph of a cross-section of American democracy. Unflinchingly he has held the mirror up to nature to let us see the life tragedies of the modern man of the street stripped of illusion and false sentiment, yet infinitely pathetic. He has shown him shorn of his periwig and other vanities, loosed from the clutch of cant and conventions, comfortable in his slouch hat and negligee shirt, kindled by the new ethics and the new freedom, yet smacking strongly as ever of the old, old Adam; but with not nearly such good manners. And with what sympathy writes this modern satirist, as if to say, "Lo, they sleep, but I who am no better nor worse, have dragged them out into the open that you, the truth-seekers, may behold them as they really were. Be not self-deceived. It's a grim joke,—but true."

A combined Alexander Pope and Dean Swift of democracy, exploiting naturalness in a medium that pays no heed to rhyme and little more to metre—so one might describe this new elegist of the churchyard. There are those repelled by the picture. Besides claiming that the incisive epitaphs are not poetry, they allege them to be a libel on everyday American civilization. The book is indeed a grim study in human values, but it bears the earmarks of sincerity. No one can read it without feeling that the author believes in the accuracy of his data. His sense of ironic humor keeps pace with his passion for nothing but the truth. He lets us into strange, mirth-provoking secrets while unfolding these pathetic and often sordid life histories. He is strictly impartial in his necrology save for a slight demagogic tendency (which may be sly humor) to exalt the vicious and degenerate at the expense of the pillars of society. Thus, Judge Somers asks from his headstone:

> How does it happen, tell me,
> That I who was most erudite of lawyers,
> Who knew Blackstone and Coke

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Almost by heart, who made the greatest speech
The court-house ever heard . . .
. . . lie here unmarked, forgotten
While Chase Henry, the town drunkard,
Has a marble block, topped by an urn,
Wherein Nature, in a mood ironical,
Has sown a flowering weed?

Why indeed? Mr. Masters's inevitable reply would be that all he knows was that it *did* happen. He is simply a statistician. But in the course of setting down everything that did happen and of glossing over nothing, he has unquestionably mingled the sheep with the goats in most unorthodox fashion, to the dismay of many earnest souls who fondly imagined that human nature had changed as the result of the passing of aristocracy. What advantage is it to disclose, even if true, so many disagreeable facts and to take away the characters of people whom we regarded as highly respectable? Here again the answer is to be found in the poet's own words on the ghostly lips of Seth Compton:

When I died, the circulating library
Which I built up for Spoon River,
And managed for the good of inquiring minds,
Was sold at auction on the public square,
As if to destroy the last vestige
Of my memory and influence.
For those of you who could not see the virtue
Of knowing Volney's "Ruins" as well as Butler's "Analogy"
And "Faust" as well as "Evangeline,"
Were really the power in the village.
And often you asked me,
"What is the use of knowing the evil in the world?"
I am out of your way now, Spoon River,
Choose your own good and call it good.
For I could never make you see
That no one knows what is good
Who knows not what is evil;
And no one knows what is true
Who knows not what is false.

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Satirists are looked at askance in this country as a rule. Most nations turn a cold shoulder to those who point out their defects, and our people, nourished on optimism, are peculiarly suspicious of irony unless it be levelled at the recognized clowns of the social arena, as, for instance, the so-called idle rich, some of whom, by the way, are among our hardest workers. Our North-Atlantic-Coast-Line gentleman of European traditions has always been regarded as fair game, even by our most eminent writers of fiction. We all can remember what a poor mixer and hide-bound individual the blue-blooded Mr. Corey appeared alongside the self-made Silas Lapham. A more recent target is the plutocrat of mushroom growth whose virile yet vulgar pretensions, so vividly portrayed by Booth Tarkington in "The Turmoil," have taken the public fancy as a legitimate subject for satire. But who except Mr. Masters, unless it was Mr. Lowell in the "Biglow Papers," ever won popular favor by satirizing everyday, commonplace democracy? After all, the satire at the expense of Birdofredum Sawin was political, while that directed at the burying ground of Spoon River is fundamentally social. Our countrymen, whatever else may be said of them, have a keen native sense of humor, and one reason perhaps why the Anthology has arrested attention lies in its being written in their vernacular. Their own sort of humor, grim as it often appears in the text, crops out all through these tombstone records with the result that the startled yet entertained reader says to himself, "This is rather appalling; but the angle from which he sees what he claims to see is so essentially American that there must be something in it."

So long as heroes in the old-fashioned sense flourished, national types were found in those who loomed a head above the rest and were not difficult to fix. Each nation beheld its own ideal in some exalted figure, which, to be human, necessarily reflected native idiosyncracies. Achilles, though swift-footed, brave, and beautiful, was petulant, hot-temp-

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ered, and by no means a model of virtue. The wiliness and "cheerful mendacity" of Ulysses were the feet of clay that proved him Greek and hence mortal. Even Siegfried, the god-descended and proudly truthful, would have been a prig like King Arthur but for his rather casual treatment of Brunhilde. When we seek for the typical American any conception that sets him above his fellows except on the score of sheer accomplishment is resented. This is by no means synonymous with saying that it must reflect mediocrity. American introspective self-consciousness might be expressed by the phrase "Good enough for the present, but with high hopes for the future." Our predisposition to be complacent over what we are is constantly tempered by an abiding faith that we intend some day to be incomparably better, with the result that when asked to distinguish the national type we endow it with characteristics still in embryo.

At the same time our attitude differs from that of peoples animated by class distinctions. The nations of yore reverenced their heroes as demi-gods. The Greeks gloried in belonging to a race of which Achilles and Ulysses were such superlative specimens. The American is not sparing of granite or bronze in perpetuation of national greatness, but as he stands beside the pedestal, a paraphrase of his subjective monologue would be: "Taller than the rest, but essentially American. With a little more ability, a little more money or a little more luck, any one of us might be standing in his place." This is another way of saying the nearer the hero to the normal man, the more sympathetic is he to the beholder. Indeed so swift has been the change of perspective that only the glamour of tradition saves some of our most famous national figures from the not wholly tolerant curiosity with which everyday Americans regard a Hindu idol. But for this, even the father of our country might seem to the modern social worker akin to a Tory squire, and the legend of the hatchet and the cherry tree appeal merely to the risibilities of a cant-detesting but

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irreverent public. Only the immortal Lincoln, who seemed vulnerable because of his lack of elegance, stands forever secure because he impersonates in terms of genius the possibilities of the common man without advantages.

This tendency to picture ourselves as we intend to be and yet to be serenely satisfied with what we are, is a national process where there must be a vigilant co-ordination if equilibrium is to be preserved. We are young, but no longer so very young, and are so far static, despite the swiftness of our development, as to have produced very definite types. "Who cannot recognize an American?" is a common formula on the lips of foreigners. It is indisputable that in many instances our qualities stand out all over us. I have already quoted Gilbert Murray's roseate estimate of some of them. Yet I cannot doubt that he had his reserves and did not tell us all in his mind concerning us. One of our countrywomen just from South America recently said to me, "I can tell you why our people are at a disadvantage in doing business in the South American republics—they are too casual. They seem to have no sentiment." She went on to say that the South American is a ceremonious person, who looks for some interchange of courtesies before doing business. He likes to proffer some hospitality, take you out to luncheon or to spend the night at his attractive villa. After you have broken bread with him, listened to his stories, and lighted your cigar, he is ready to trade. On your return he inquires very solicitously concerning your welfare and expects reciprocal inquiries. To the American "on the jump" who is keen to "get down" to business, grab his "grip," and be off by the next train, this seems palaver and a waste of time. True, if the yardstick of time be solely dollars and cents. On the other hand, the southern way is human; human from the point of view of every other code than that of the social democrat.

Has not our passion for naturalness made a fetish of undress that threatens to clip the wings of imagination?

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I see increasing signs of it, not merely in our manners, but in our preference for the easiest way as the best way in every department of life, unless it be that on which our bread and butter depends, a tendency that fosters half-baked enthusiasm as a substitute for thought. This tendency, though characteristic of our entire public, is most conspicuous in the great commercial class whose inexhaustible energies are the nation's boast; so conspicuous that the phrase "tired business man" has passed into the language and gradually become a phrase of sarcasm, because it has been discovered to be an excuse for sloth masquerading as independence in the guise of naturalness. It is more than a decade since people left off saying, "What a pity he has to be so tired," and substituted, "He's a faker and incorrigible." But modern science teaches that the specialist should often be called in rather than the policeman. It is an adage that the tired business man abets his wife in all she undertakes and thinks that she believes, on one condition,—that she let him alone and leave him free to pursue the even tenor of his way along the primrose path of mediocrity and comfort. The phrase, "tired business woman," would be a misnomer. The American woman's superabundant energies are well known and should not be challenged merely because she sometimes tires her husband instead of herself. But though at first sight they seem so opposite, the diagnosis of the specialist discloses that different symptoms point to the same disease—lack of imagination in both. In the one it takes the form of complacent inertia, in the other that of sparrow-like and shallow susceptibility to every social nostrum. Among the results of the cult of naturalness is an emotional feminine predisposition to discredit the experience of the past on the slenderest sort of evidence.

Both this charge and this differentiation of the sexes invite analysis. What is a Philistine? The epithet is of German origin, emanating from some seventeenth-century fracas between "town and gown," when following the death of

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a student at the hands of the people a sermon was preached from the text, "The Philistines be upon you, Samson." It was Matthew Arnold, in 1865, who gave the word its vogue and its final connotation as signifying "inaccessible to and impatient of ideas." We have always flattered ourselves that the atmosphere of this country, charged as it was with repugnance for smug conventions and hatred of shams, was deadly to the breed. We have pictured Philistines as human beings whose outlook was so confined by hide-bound, narrow, and often sanctimonious prejudices that they were incapable of soaring above the level of bread and butter considerations. When Matthew Arnold confounded the British public with the anathema "An upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized," our forebears said to themselves, "See what comes of caste and rigid rules of conduct based on subservience to worm-eaten authority. Thank God, this could never apply to a land where every man feels free to live up to his own standards." They thought it glibly at the time, meaning of course that, excepting the statutes covering crime, there was no limit imposed on the aspirations of our sovereign people. It was a patriotic, self-congratulatory apostrophe to individual liberty as the future hope of the world.

No, that particular reproach could never apply to us, especially to-day when the claim of every man to be a law unto himself, mainly theoretic half a century ago, has crystallized into a great White Way of daily practice. Never before in the history of the world has authority been thrown so completely to the winds as by the present generation of Americans on the plea of naturalness. It is the era of go-as-you-please, with complacent optimism as the cardinal virtue, wearing the halo of a fervent but sentimental humanitarian purpose. Yet there continue to be more murders and more accidents in the United States in proportion to the population than in any other country on earth. For half an hour public sympathy goes out to the

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victims, and thereafter to those whom the District Attorney tries to punish. If they escape there is often rejoicing. "Too bad," says the tired business man, "but he may have been innocent." "I'm glad they gave him a chance," says the tired business man's wife, "for now we may reform him." Think of the never-ending stream of petitioners to be allowed to wed under age and on short acquaintance, to have the nuptial tie dissolved on trivial grounds in order to re-marry, all in the name of individual liberty. "Too bad," says the tired business man, "but it's a free country and he has a large deposit at my bank." "She seems very attractive," says his wife. "There must have been good reasons." And so she calls. Think, too, of the avalanche of new measures which yearly descends upon our legislatures, more than half of which are the product of well-intentioned but loose thought, the snap-shot capricious judgment of people without accurate knowledge who believe that they have a mission. The tired business man's ox is gored, and he seeks a special remedy. His wife, whose eyes are fixed on the millennium, generalizing from some concrete case of social injustice, packs the committee room in behalf of her haphazard bill.

Thus laws which should be framed to endure for a century are enacted overnight and multiply so rapidly that the size of our blue books is appalling. In this welter of self-sufficiency, standards are swept away almost as easily as ninepins, and the reports of commissions composed of experts are rejected or pigeon-holed at the instance of malcontents with only a smattering of the subject. Unless we indulge in euphemisms, to what shall we ascribe these symptoms but poverty of imagination?

When we turn to manners and the arts, are the symptoms any more reassuring? The tired business man may disclaim responsibility for our continuous crop of murders and accidents, divorces and hasty legislation, but surely to him more than to anyone else is directly traceable our middle-class

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craving for the gay but inane and salacious compound which theatrical managers find to be their best drawing-card. And to whose discredit if not that of his wife and daughter—especially his daughter, once aptly described as "the iron Madonna who strangles in her fond embrace the American novelist"—are we to charge the pink lemonade popularity of most of our "best sellers"? With both father and daughter the process is subconscious; a case of glorifying what one likes because one likes it and thus choosing the paths of least resistance. The easy-going optimism, which in the name of naturalness fosters a craving for cheap vaudeville or to be sentimentally titillated, can be due to nothing but mental torpor,—reluctance to think, which is only another term for atrophied imagination.

As for manners, we are kind-hearted as a people and civil when appealed to, but no one would suspect it if our bearing in thoroughfares and street cars be a criterion. The spirit of the age is first come, first served; to be waived only in favor of the crippled and the positively infirm. Courtesy in the old-fashioned sense—the deference of the young for their seniors, of the stronger for the weaker sex, of the vigorous for the frail,—if not extinct is so sporadic as to be noticeable when manifested. The young men who push their way to the fore in public conveyances retain without compunction the seats for which they have struggled. Here again we have the philosophy of the tired business man—"I got there first; we are all equals in the United States, and I want to read my newspaper." The apotheosis of naturalness, and in self-defense we all more or less subscribe to it; but after all it is natural for pigs to struggle for places at a trough. Well may we ask ourselves if it is impossible to safeguard independence, initiative, and equality except at the cost of all the social graces that prevailed when society was more artificial.

In the domain of serious thought the same inconsistency is found between theory and practice, the same contrast between our national ideals and the standards of the every-

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day citizen—the self-satisfied tired business man at large. In the constant struggle that goes on here between the few who desire to see things done superlatively well and the many content with looseness, it often seems surprising that we make such rapid progress. That we have made it there is no doubt, and yet our figures that tower above the dead level have a little the effect of the tall buildings in New York as we approach them from the water front, one of random, meteoric growth rather than of system. We have, indeed, the right to boast of giants to whose imagination the world is enormously indebted, and yet to the critic of social conditions these benefactors of mankind would seem to have risen superior to, rather than been stimulated by, their environment. The crowd psychology of our country is still essentially hostile to the slow growth, the exacting thoroughness, and depth of feeling under the spell of which the mighty codes of law, the architectural splendors, the artistic beauties, and the profound philosophies of the past were created. The would-be most invidious gibe in the lexicon of current speech is "high-brow." Yet after all, a "high-brow" is merely one who gives offense by shaking his head or remaining silent when the tired business man and wife exclaim, "How original—true—or beautiful!" His reserves spring from his background of imagination, made up of reverence for system, tradition, and self-sacrifice, all of which seem so many fetters to empirical fervor.

I use "fervor" advisedly, for the keynote of American life is enthusiasm, which, though it often takes the form in the male of complacent readiness to let well enough alone, appears in the female increasingly of late as an ecstatic purpose to make the world conform to her conceptions of what it ought to be. Among the forces influencing American character to-day are the waves of emotional opinion charged with quasi-ethical motive which sweep across the country with the cumulative intensity of a germ disease. While those who initiate them ordinarily are men, they owe their vitality

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largely to the mobilization of women in the form of clubs. What impresses the student of social conditions is first the absolute sincerity of these bodies, and secondly their complete immunity from self-distrust. They are pre-eminently disciples of intellectual naturalness, a state of mind which naïvely presupposes the self-equipment necessary to solve all the social problems of the universe, and waves aside, without a qualm, under the glamour of the latest panacea, all precedents, not excepting the hitherto immutable laws of human nature. Upon their lips the inconsequent avowal of the Shakespearean heroine—

> I have no other than a woman's reason;
> I think him so because I think him so,

assumes the proud garb of "It's in the air, and I feel competent to decide that it must be true."

We have agreed that Matthew Arnold's anathema, "an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized," could never apply to us. Yet is not our civilization open to the charge of having evolved its own especial breed of Philistine? A new species, to be sure, for the distinguishing characteristic of the original type was an horizon dwarfed by rigid and soul-stifling standards. Because he was a slave to tyranny, caste, and superstitious prejudice, his imagination was unable to rise above the level of his material welfare. If my premise be true, a case of antithesis is supplied by his democratic successor, who, with a boundless outlook and with every shackle removed, still presents a starved imagination in the midst of plenty. The old-time Philistine was the European hampered by artificiality, who worshipped standards. The modern Philistine is the American who in the name of naturalness rejects all standards at will and has reverence for none. Regarding us from this angle, might not some high-brow—some ruthless critic of the new freedom,—be tempted to plagiarize Matthew Arnold's reproach so as to read, "A lower class aggrandized,

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a middle class sentimentalized, an upper class ostracized"? If we challenge the justness of such a taunt, would it not be because of an abiding faith in our national destiny rather than because there is not abundant color for the arraignment?

Disinclination for discipline and self-sacrifice on the score of interference with naturalness has resulted in a nation-wide tendency to dub "un-American" all restraints which call for either. Our emotional susceptibility to noble impulses has been unaccompanied by general willingness to subordinate private inclinations to civic responsibility. Prior to the outbreak of the European war, we were always ready to wave flags and to vociferate in order to evince patriotism, but practical self-denial for the sake of country had become little more than a cipher on the ledger of the tired business man. To the modern Philistine, who confounds rudeness and nonchalance with independence and is suspicious of all checks on the liberty of the individual, it is repugnant to be obliged to make any sacrifice for the public weal, even on the same terms as everybody else. Why should I return to slavery?—he asks. From this point of view our "unpreparedness" is as much a spiritual lack as a dearth of martial facilities. Accustomed to demand everything from the state and to return nothing except taxes, this modern Philistine had lost the habit of service. At the very moment when the sense of public obligation is at a lower ebb than at any other period of our history, the war trumpet bids him curb his propensity to follow his own sweet will. Well may we ask whether imagination has not been dulled by this surfeit of naturalness; well may we bid him consider whether perpetuation of this form of selfishness would not be the worst of tyrannies.

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PROBLEMS OF WAR FINANCE

By S. N. Patten

IT would be trite to say that we are approaching a national crisis; untimely, if not useless, to discuss how we entered it. It is possible, however, to discuss the problems involved and to point out evils which, if they may not be avoided, may at least have their violence reduced. War is destruction, bloody, large-scale destruction. From it the world must suffer, but the suffering will be acute or mild as its problems are handled successfully or not.

In one way it is easy to present parallels to the present situation, as every war and every age has problems like ours, and their solution or failure must have weight in the decisions we make. Yet there is a difference in comparing our burden with that of other nations and times. The destruction of war has usually been viewed from the standpoints of defeated nations. Invading armies are brutal; nothing is left in their wake but poverty and woe. A slow recovery has usually been possible. Years of economy and hardship finally replace the destruction and remove the scars. The losses thus seem temporary and the gains permanent.

It is easy on this basis to construct an eulogy of war, to make it the source of the long-time betterments that descendants enjoy rather than to emphasize the misery of the warring age. If all that follows a war were the logical consequence of the war, any war could be readily justified. But if progress is due to slowly working causes, the recovery after the war is not the logical consequence of war, but of agents that would have been more effective if no war had occurred. If a nation doubles its prosperity after a war, would it not have tripled or quadrupled it if no war had interrupted its orderly progress?

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I state these problems, not to solve them, but to show how far their discussion is from the problems we have to solve. There is no likelihood that our land will be invaded. None of our cities will be burned, nor our products destroyed. The destruction we face is a destruction of capital due to the displacement of industry, and to the loss of the surplus which a century of prosperity has piled up. We have two hundred billion dollars in values and a certainty that this amount would have been doubled in the next twenty years if our orderly progress had not been interrupted. If we change our policy, destroy instead of create wealth, what are the limits of our power to reduce personal income and to turn the nation's surplus into military expenditure? To answer this question there are few pertinent facts. The recovery from an invasion creates other problems than does the replacement of a lost surplus or of a lowered standard of life.

There is but one nation whose history has value as a guide for our present situation. England during the Napoleonic struggle had a position similar to ours. She was not invaded and had none of that destruction which the presence of conquering armies involves. The burden was in the tax rate, the lower standard of life, and the displacement of industry wrought by new processes. The experience of this epoch forms the basis of classical economics, for Ricardianism expresses the dominant view of the age. The burden of the war consisted of a steady export of goods to pay the subsidies of continental armies. The cost of England's army was not great, nor was the loss of life on sea or land an important factor. The naval battles were few, though decisive; Waterloo is the only great battle in which the English had a leading part. The situation was somewhat similar to that of the United States previous to our entrance into the war, and will continue so until we send huge armies to battle on the plains of Europe.

The problem of a nation thus situated is simple and the

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considerations are purely economic. After the payment of wages and the replacement of capital, each nation has an annual surplus which may be used for personal consumption or for the increase of capital. If the amount demanded by taxation is larger than the surplus thus defined, the burden may check the increase of capital, reduce the consumption of comforts and luxuries, lower the rate of wages, or prevent the replacement of capital needed for efficient industry.

During the Napoleonic wars England placed the burden of taxation on goods and wages. The revenue system, the tariff and the income tax, fell mainly on the luxuries of the middle and upper classes, while the comforts of the laborers were seriously reduced. The early part of the eighteenth century was an era of great advance in the condition of the workers; but much of this gain was lost in the fifty years previous to 1830. This was the epoch of industrial inventions which forced a concentration of industry in the towns and took from the laborers the independence that household industry had given them. It may be that these industrial losses would have come to the laborers without war; but war gave an opportunity to burden the worker by freeing the capitalist from his legitimate share of the costs. The capitalist thrived during this epoch as never before. He not only escaped taxation, but he justified his escape by doctrines that magnified his own importance. "Industry is limited by capital" was interpreted to mean that capital could not be reduced in quantity without displacing labor through the diminution of industry. To tax capital is thus to tax labor. Why not tax labor at first hand as it must ultimately bear the burden? This is a good doctrine for a dominant class, and its vogue accounts for the lowering standard of living that followed its adoption.

In spite of the many analogies, the lessons of this epoch throw little light on present action. With us there is a real diminution of capital not compensated by any visible increase of productive power, and there is, moreover,

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little likelihood that any considerable burden of taxation can be placed on the laborers. During the Napoleonic wars the workers were disfranchised and disorganized. They could not react in any effective way against their misery. The upper class voted and ruled. The workers obeyed and suffered. To-day, however, the workers control the political situation. The large destruction of male workers will make for an increase of wages. It may seem that the increased utilization of women in industry offsets the decrease of male workers, but in reality it makes matters more critical. The new industrial woman has higher standards, more independence, and a less inclination to marry. The rate of increase of the laboring population will be reduced, if not transformed into an actual decrease. In the future, decent family life cannot be maintained for less than one thousand dollars a year. If both man and woman refuse to marry unless offered this income, wages will steadily rise and thus add burdens to the capitalist instead of relieving him of the ones he now bears.

Nor does it seem probable that relief will come to the capitalist from an increase of productive power, as happened in England during the early part of the nineteenth century. England then thought herself to be poverty-stricken, and many industries suffered acutely from the changes. But the losses came not from a decrease of productive power, nor from the burden of taxation, but from the evils of industrial transformation. The south of England fell back into an agricultural region, while the north was ablaze with new industry. Such a condition could easily deceive a nation and make what was in reality an epoch of progress seem the opposite. But war, in spite of the prevailing opinion, had little to do with English prosperity or poverty. England's position was similar to that of the North during the Civil War. No one would say that the North was poorer in 1865 than in 1861. The war made the nation rich not because war is a cause of prosperity, but because a great industrial

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transformation more than compensated for the losses of war. The men killed were replaced by the hordes of immigrants, while farm machinery was so much improved that one man could do the work of two. When this is coupled with the extension of railroads and the opening up of large tracts of virgin soil, it can be readily seen why the debt of the Civil War proved no burden. It was soon paid through the increased profits both in town and country industry. From such facts, whether of our own or English history, little light is thrown on present problems. We must face what good fortune prevented our ancestors from facing. Ours is a real deficit, a real destruction of capital, a loss in the world's productive power. These are the premises upon which the following discussion is based. Old principles will be used, but they will be applied to unanticipated cases. The twentieth century is not what the fathers thought it would be, but it is the same world after all. Men change, but principles abide.

The new doctrine is an old thought re-stated. The substance of economic philosophy lies in two theories. The theory of capital shows how the national surplus grows; while the theory of prices exhibits the process by which distribution is effected. The slowly increasing products rise in price at the expense of those more readily increased. For these reasons the surplus of industry is a producer's surplus held by the favored and not a consumer's surplus enjoyed by the public. Recent events have made this tendency prominent not only in the case of land but of other important commodities. Climate and soil fix definite areas for each crop beyond which it can be extended only with difficulty. There is a wheat belt, a corn belt, a cotton belt, in which production is cheap, but beyond these narrow limits production is inefficient and costly. Each crop has some limit which high prices do little to extend. The same law holds of metals as of foods. Pig iron or copper advances rapidly in price without a corresponding increase in the supply. The surplus

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thus created is large but limited, and out of it must all loans come. If the demands of the government exceed this limit the consumption of the people must be curtailed.

We are said to possess two hundred billions of wealth, but this does not mean that we possess that amount of industrial capital. It is two hundred billions of values, not two hundred billions of capital. The value of a productive enterprise depends on its revenue. Any controlled invention or natural resource creates a revenue which is capitalized at the current rate of interest. The Steel Trust does not have a capital equal to its estimated values, but its stocks have a value corresponding to the surplus it controls. The real wealth of America is much less than its estimated value. Probably not over half of our two hundred billions of wealth is in the form of productive capital, and of this at least one-half is fixed capital which cannot be transformed in any way. All our enterprises depend on keeping intact fifty billions of circulating capital, much of which would be lost if attempt were made to use it in new ways.

The annual surplus of the American people, we are told, is six billions a year, thus showing a huge amount that could be drawn on without a reduction of capital. It is not with these figures that I should quarrel, but with their meaning. We measure the capital of the country not by enumerating the stock of goods we possess, and then placing a value on them. If we knew the difference in amount in our goods this year and last we could then tell what our actual surplus in goods is. But it is not in this way that our annual increase of wealth is estimated. Each person reckons his surplus on the basis of the difference in the value of his investments this year and last. The six billions thus prove to be not an actual surplus but an increase of values. If, for example, a trust has a surplus of five million dollars above preceding years, the effect on values would be an increase of one hundred millions (assuming a rate of interest of five per cent). The stockholders would regard themselves one hun-

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dred million dollars richer, and the statistician would add that amount to national values. Should, however, the government seek to divert this surplus to national uses, it would find but five millions, not the assumed one hundred millions. It is more than likely that the actual increase of American wealth does not exceed three billions a year, each billion of actual increase becoming two billions in terms of value created.

We come now to the essential point. If the demands of the government exceed this annual surplus, say three billion dollars, what additional sums can be obtained by increased saving, and on what terms? The older view was that an increase in the rate of interest would augment the flow to any desired amount. The picture is that of a public anxious to save but thwarted by the low rate of interest. It is thus assumed that a slight rise in the rate of interest has a large effect on the amount saved, and that indefinite additions can be made through successive increases in the interest rate. This supposition, however, is a picture carried over from an earlier society, where each family depended on its individual resources for its industrial success. On the great middle class the pressure of expenditure is too severe to permit distant wants to be cared for. A man's home, his church, his club, and his family are pressing objects, expenditures for which determine his social standing. A drop in his scale of living means acute suffering; the call of to-morrow is lost amid the din of present needs. What does three and one-half per cent interest mean to a man when it is put over against the daily pleasure of an automobile ride? The test will show that interest rates have little influence on the amount of saving.

At present the increase of capital comes from surplus, and not from savings. A double rate of interest will not increase the surplus; its amount is fixed by the effectiveness of industry. The only way a larger sum may be obtained is by an actual reduction in the daily expenditure of the masses.

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That they will do this voluntarily is an illusive hope based on no actual experience. Until this war no war has called for more funds than the annual surplus of the world. One nation might for a time exceed this limit, but it could draw on the surplus of other nations to make up the deficit. Now an actual reduction in the people's consumption is demanded. Will an increased rate of interest bring this about? The result of the attempt will show that the margin of saving is as abrupt as that of the commodities demanded by a war. Corn, wheat, potatoes, iron, and copper double in price without any considerable increase in the supply. Such also will be the case if offers of a higher rate of interest are made. Six per cent will not attract much more saving than did three.

The seriousness of the situation can be appreciated only by recognizing that we are the last of the great nations to enter the war. We come after their treasuries are empty and their resources are depleted. We cannot sell investments to them, for they have sold their investments to us. We cannot ship gold abroad, for they have sent their gold to us. We are flush with money, but money cannot carry on a war. Suppose a couple billions of money now in the possession of the banks be turned over to the government in exchange for bonds, how much better off will the government be than now? No better, unless the money can be exchanged for commodities; and where are the commodities other than those now devoted by the people to their own consumption? If the cost of war is ten billions a year, then that amount must be taken from daily expenditure.

The transformation of consumable goods into capital may take place in two ways. It may come by volition, a restriction of consumption for the benefits derived from capital, or it may come from a change of price levels by which a restriction of consumption is forced. We usually think of capital as made by the first process. A consumer limits his consumption, and the fund saved becomes capital. We say of

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such a man that he esteems an annual income higher than the present pleasure which the consumption of his capital would give. If my argument is correct, this motive is a decreasing one. With increasing security and with additional pressure of wants, the typical consumer brings his income and expenditure more closely together. Voluntary saving decreases and would in time cease. It is a futile hope to expect the present generation to cut down its consumption voluntarily even if a high rate of interest is offered. War finance will soon be halted if reliance is placed on a voluntary saving, whether from patriotic motives or from a desire of gain.

But the end that cannot be obtained in this way may result from an increase of prices forcing a curtailment of consumption. The consumer is thus put in the same position by a rise of prices as he would be if he voluntarily chose to save. He cuts down his consumption in both cases and a capital fund is created. But in the one case the capital is his and its income is his to enjoy. In the other case the saving from reduced expenditure becomes surplus profits and is enjoyed by those who gain by the increase of prices. A high price of coal or of wheat forces a curtailment of consumption and puts the consumer in the same position as if he had saved a like amount. The extra gain of the producer is the same fund which the consumer loses. High prices may thus be called conscripted saving: for by it a fund is created that may be used to increase industry in peace or to pay the military bills in war. In this case, the flow of funds to war or to industry has the same effect and the same limitations as had the voluntary saving of earlier times. Capital thus becomes accumulated profits. It grows as profits increase and is limited by the profits which higher prices create. War expenditure in turn is limited by profits, and its amount can be increased only by raising the level of prices through which the consumer's consumption is contracted. The consumer turns his forced saving over to the capitalist and the capitalist loans it to the government. The process is thus

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an indirect taxation; the difference being that if the payment of taxes is direct the consumer pays but once, while by the indirect process he pays once by the curtailment of his consumption and again when the bonds mature.

It is not possible to put a part of the burden of war on a future generation. War can be carried on only by a decrease in present consumption. But if the indirect process is used and the government pays the receiver of high profits with bonds, the payment of the bonds falls on the coming generation. Their burden does not, however, relieve the present consumer. The national debt after a war is the surplus profits of the war. Both are measured by the higher prices the consumer pays during the war. They are the same fund measured in different ways. It is reduced consumption, not bond issues, by which war is carried on. To be of aid, bonds must be sold on a foreign market. If sold on the home market they merely increase prices so that the government must pay for its goods enough above the normal market prices to equal the values of the bonds. Each new issue of bonds results in higher prices, and the profits of these higher prices are re-invested in a new issue of bonds, which again raises prices and furnishes the means by which another issue of bonds may be financed. There ensues an endless round of increasing prices and bond issues which would bankrupt any nation if the war were long and costly. And the sad result would be that the whole process would not aid in the slightest in the prosecution of the war.

It has often been remarked how wonderful is the increase of saving in Germany since the war. Issue after issue of bonds has been made in amounts many times as great as the known saving of the German people before the war. But an analysis of the facts will make the explanation easy. With each bond issue has come a rise in prices. The German people were thus forced to reduce their consumption. The high prices, however, made high profits and these were invested in bonds. The Germans really pay for the war by

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their reduced expenditure. Their energy is devoted to making war material instead of supplying the ordinary wants of daily life. This is the real cost of the war. The higher prices are the agent of this transformation, but in addition they make a fund which as profits are invested in bonds. War debts are accumulated profits. After the war the German people will find that they paid for the war once by their reduced consumption and that they will have to do it again to liquidate the bonds which bad financial measures have given to a special class. Profits are the only war cost whose payment may be postponed.

This process, so plain in the case of all European nations, we are beginning to repeat. We raise prices and create profits; these profits we borrow to make new purchases and thus raise prices to a new level. Then a new bond issue is necessary to pay the higher prices, and thus new profits are created that may be re-invested by their fortunate holders. No analysis of our recent bond issue has been made, but the large sums given by individual investors and banks indicate the source. It is the accumulated surplus which recent high prices have given to those who subscribe. The sale of bonds measures these profits, for at present there is no other way to invest accumulated earnings. The division of war costs between the present and the future is this: the present pays the labor cost while the future pays for the profits which war prices create. The national debt of a war is the surplus profits of the war.

If this be kept in mind, the magic of recent war contributions loses its mystery. Such savings may be induced at any time by raising prices enough to make them possible. Capital to-day is no longer the people's savings but accumulated profits. We can have as much as we are willing to pay for by permitting prices to rise above their cost level. The pleasure of victory must displace the current enjoyment of the people. The subscriptions of bankers and large concerns interested in increased expenditure do not mean a real

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loan, but an advance to be recovered through the increased profits of new business. But in so far as this new business gives them a profit out of which they are repaid for their subscriptions, the real source of the profit is the increased prices which the new business creates. If the ten billions which the government proposes to expend next year yields two billions of surplus profit, then the government must pay twelve billions to get the ten billion dollars' worth of goods necessary to meet war expenses. The only way the ten billions can be obtained is from those who forego their consumption, and not from those who make advances to repay through the extra prices the government must pay for goods. All advances of bankers and of firms engaged in producing war goods must be disregarded when the sacrifice is estimated which war expenditure demands. The burden is the consumer's, and not the banker's or munition-maker's.

The extension of credit or money inflation seems at first an easy method of payment, but in the end it is a costly procedure. The new credits raise prices and force the government to pay for its goods more than it seems to gain by the inflation. New burdens are thus made for the future to bear without in any way relieving the present strain. Burdens are sacrifices, not profits. The quicker the people realize this and face their burden, the less will it be. We can find no relief, as other nations have done, by selling securities abroad nor through payments in gold. We have the securities; we have the gold. What we send abroad can be neither securities nor gold, but must be products taken from our daily consumption. The devices of bankers and the manipulations of the stock market afford no relief. They may hide the burden for a time, but only in the end to make it greater. The ten billions must be paid with extras going to profits and price-raising. What does this mean to the American people? The best answer comes from an estimate of the annual income of the whole people. This is made up of interest, profits, and wages. We have two hundred billions of property yielding perhaps five per cent

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income. This gives ten billions a year as the interest fund. There are twenty million working families in the country whose incomes, liberally estimated, would not exceed eight hundred dollars a year. This would give a total wage income of sixteen billion dollars. If we estimate profits in an equally liberal way, we can add four billions more to this total. This would make a grand total of thirty billions,—interest ten billions, wages sixteen billions, and profits four billions. Thirty billions of income and ten billions of war expenditure! Each family must give the government one-third of its income. Such a reduction cannot be made by cutting off luxuries. The bare necessities must be encroached on, even to the giving up of food. The Civil War caused a great curtailment in clothing, housing, and comforts, but it left an abundant supply of food. This cannot be said of our coming hardships. Not only must old clothes be worn, old comforts omitted, but a bread ration may be one of our necessities.

I say these things to bring a realization of the situation, and to make clear what is the only solution. People jointly may be willing to incur such sacrifices, but they will never do it from individual motives. A bond issue appeals to the individual and sets his personal interests over against his patriotic motives. These motives have force, but not enough to cause him to reduce his expenditure by a third. It is only joint action, which means taxation, that can draw forth the response that the situation demands. If a small army is needed, a volunteer system suffices. A hundred thousand men may be willing to risk their lives from individual motives, but a million cannot be recruited in that way. Conscription is a necessary consequence of the growth of armies. Individual enthusiasm cannot create them. So will it prove with the raising of funds to support these armies. The growth of expense has been more rapid than the size of armies. Still less is it likely that individual enthusiasm will suffice to evoke the sacrifice needed by this expenditure. There must be a conscription of profit and resource to match

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the conscription of men. If our joint patriotism will not accept this outcome, there must be found some other solution of national antagonisms than war affords.

Taxation in the past has been crude. Each national crisis has seemed temporary, and hence no scheme has been devised to meet as serious a situation as we now face. In former times either the drain has been less than the annual surplus of the nation, or the surplus of other nations could be drawn on temporarily to meet the deficit. Resort has been had to monetary inflation, which lulls the taxpayer into a temporary security, only to impose a much augmented burden. These evils we can avoid only by devising a tax scheme which will be fair to the producer and yet create that joint contraction of personal consumption required by the transfer of income to the nation. The pressure should be uniform, and not an attempt to make the workers or some special class of consumers bear the bulk of the burden. We should pay for the war once, and only once. A small expense may be paid for several times without interfering with national progress; but the sacrifice this war will demand is too serious to be paid for twice. The recognized taxes of the past have been mainly property taxes and import duties. The regular burden of taxation, local and national, has become so great that these sources cannot be much enlarged. The one new form of taxation opened in recent years has been the income tax. From this large sums are derived; but they are not enough to meet the present situation. Some pressure, not suggested by any of these taxes, must be put on personal consumption in order to make revenue meet expenditure. Capital must be kept intact; wages must not be reduced; inflation of currency must be prevented. All these facts show the stern limits which the present means of raising revenue impose, and the difficulties that arise in attempting to secure a fair distribution of the war burden among the consumers by these methods of financing a war.

There is, however, another method of approach which

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offers a possible solution. It is the application of the same principle to taxation that the economist applies to prices. Higher prices do not greatly increase the supply of staple articles. The bulk of the additional money paid by consumers goes as a surplus to the owners of favored resources, or to capital protected by situation or monopoly. Three-dollar wheat or two-dollar corn means high profits to farmers and a high value for land. It does not mean any considerable increase in the supply of these articles. The consumer pays a double price, but the country does not gain through an increased supply. Nearly every staple commodity has shown this tendency to double in price without much enlargement in the supply. High prices under these conditions are not a productive inducement, but a distributive process. They lead not to an increase of product, but to a transfer of values. Under these circumstances, the ordinary forms of taxation force the consumer to pay a double burden. He pays the tax once through the reduction of his revenue and again in a higher price for commodities created by the increased governmental demand. A great surplus is thus made for one class at the expense of the public. This class not only escapes taxation, but has a large profit through the increase of prices. The profits of war are not only those of the munition-maker, but of every producer who has a differential advantage in production. This surplus will be invested in bonds. At the end of the war, not only will the high prices continue, but the burden of the national debt must be borne by the same public who pay the high prices for their commodities. To the exactions of the landowner and monopolist must be added in the future those of the bondholder.

These facts lead me to suggest a new form of taxation to supplement those forms now used, and to create a fairer distribution of the war burden than these taxes have produced. The principle is the same as that of the income tax, back of which is the thought that the possession of income gives an

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advantage above that of ordinary people. The person who earns five thousand dollars a year has inherited qualities denied to others. This inheritance of character gives an advantage which is rightly taxed. The man with many talents should stand burdens from which others are exempt. The same thought lies back of special taxes on the income from natural advantages. When through the limitation of supply the profits of an establishment rise from five to ten per cent, the five per cent added is a legitimate object of taxation. This is but a small part of the total gain to the holder, for in the meantime the value of his stock has doubled. What would formerly sell at par will now command a double value. That is, a rise in income of five per cent gives to the owner not only this five per cent, but also one hundred per cent rise in the value of his securities. The income tax takes a part of the five per cent, but lets the one hundred per cent go untaxed. This larger sum must be reached by some plan that measures the increase of values, for the gain is shown not in income but in values. Each increase of capital creates a surplus value, which is shown in the increased value of investments. This joint advantage of increasing national effectiveness should be the main source from which taxation is drawn. The millions which the nation pays out for improvement both in energy and money should come back to the people by some assessment on the objects through which the resulting increase of value shows itself.

No one regards an assessment on private property illegitimate if some public improvement increases its value. It is but an extension of this principle to new conditions to estimate from epoch to epoch not the advantage particular persons get from special improvements, but the changed value of all investments due to social progress. To make this assessment each year might be unfair, as the fluctuations of the stock market are too great to measure accurately the changes in value that abide. But a ten-year period would

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suffice to show the changes that are permanent. A decennial tax would measure the rises in values above the capital actually invested, and the difference should be treated as accumulated profits and taxed in a special manner.

If this plan were adopted, the first assessment should be on the basis of the last twenty years, for that has been a period of special industrial activity and of rapid rise in investment values. During this period the value of property in the United States has risen from one hundred billion to two hundred billion dollars. It would be difficult to show an actual capital investment of fifty billions during these years. Here, then, is a surplus which now bears no taxation. The profits of the past should bear the burdens of the present. If a decennial tax were imposed, its most legitimate use would be to pay debts, local and national. Public debts represent the cost of progress or the cost of its defense. These costs should be borne by those who gain permanently by national prosperity. The tax can be justly regarded as the public's share of our growing wealth. To settle accounts periodically and to cancel debts against improvements would seem a rational scheme of meeting an urgent situation. If war expenses go above three billion dollars a year, they should be assessed against these unearned values. Any other method will sap the sources of national prosperity and bring back the poverty which the past generation has striven so hard to remove.

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SERBIA: THE BUFFER STATE

By LAZARE MARCOVITCH

WHEN at Sarajevo, on the twenty-eighth of June, 1914, a young Serbian of Bosnian origin and an Austrian subject, a fanatic patriot, Gavrilo Princip, assassinated the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, the crime caused widespread consternation, especially in the Jugo-Slav provinces of the Dual Monarchy. The Austro-Hungarian press, following a signal from the Ballplatz, proclaimed Serbia and the Serbian people culpable of the crime, and notwithstanding the absurdity of such an accusation, it was maintained and developed in an alarming manner. But the official circles of Vienna showed an unaccustomed reserve; and their attitude made optimists believe, for the moment, that the press accusations against Serbia would terminate as soon as the result of the official investigation was known. In the meantime, the Serbian government maintained a strictly correct attitude and expressed to the Austrian minister at Belgrade its indignation at the crime, awaiting communications about the inquiry which might, or might not, reveal the complicity of Serbian subjects. The Austrian authorities did not publish anything about the result of the inquiry; and the Serbian public, occupied with the elections in the country, had nearly ceased to speak of the Sarajevo crime, supposing that the culprits and their accomplices would be condemned by the proper tribunals; the Austro-German diplomats made reassuring declarations which produced a favorable impression and calmed public opinion in Europe; the German Emperor was cruising in Norwegian waters; the majority of the foreign ministers were already in the country,—when, on the twenty-third of July came the telegram from Vienna, sent to the four

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quarters of the globe, announcing that Austria-Hungary had delivered an ultimatum to Serbia containing ten demands which must be granted within forty-eight hours.

By this ultimatum, as is well known, the Austro-Hungarian government made official and unofficial Serbia responsible for the Sarajevo crime and demanded from the Serbian government a solemn declaration that it disapproved and repudiated all idea of interference in the destinies of the inhabitants of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The time for considering the ultimatum, between its delivery on Thursday at five o'clock in the afternoon and the limit set for the reply, six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, was shortened by the fact, known to the Austrians, that the Serbian Prime Minister, Pashitch, was in the interior of the country occupied with the elections, and could not reach Belgrade until Friday about mid-day. Hence the Serbian government had hardly more than a day to reply to the Austrian note, which was so humiliating to the whole Serbian nation and which contained no proofs whatever of the alleged facts. The menace was therefore very clear, and it was evident that Austria wanted the conflict. Although no one believed that an independent state, a free people, mindful of its present and future responsibilities, could accept such a note, the Serbian government nevertheless had the moral courage to make the greatest sacrifices in the interests of peace, and to accept the Austrian ultimatum on all points with only two unimportant reservations. Moreover, the Serbian government added that if Austria-Hungary was not satisfied with this answer, it proposed to submit the whole question to the decision of the Hague International Tribunal or to the arbitration of the great powers. These proposals the Austrian government refused to accept. On the twenty-eighth of July, it declared war on Serbia and began hostilities, and in a few days, in spite of the pacific efforts of the Entente Powers, the whole of Europe was in flames.

Thus it is clear that Serbia is in no way responsible for the

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European war. Accused unjustly and menaced arrogantly by the Austrian ultimatum, Serbia yielded despite all the humiliation and injury that it threatened. The Serbian reply constitutes, indeed, the gravest ground for accusation against the Germanic Empires and is the best proof that they wished for war at any price. Though the aggression was to precipitate a general war, the Hapsburg monarchy did not hesitate to cross the Serbian frontier and to render impossible, by its irreconcilable attitude, the pacific solution of a conflict which it had itself intentionally provoked. Even the most complete submission of Serbia to this malevolent power could not save the little people from the lot which Vienna and Berlin had prepared for them. It is necessary to recall these events and to explain at the same time the reasons for this great rage against a small country, and this firm resolution on the part of Austria to risk even a general war.

It has now become clear why Serbia had to be crushed and exposed to cruel sufferings. The reasons, known to Serbia for a long time, may be divided into two groups according as they affect Austria-Hungary or Germany. First, the purely German reasons must be examined. To the casual observer Serbia would not seem to have for Germany any particular interest. To those who have followed closely the development of German power and the successive steps in the Germanic plans of world domination, the question appears in a different light. In the history of the relations of modern Germany with Austria the German design may be traced. After having established a solid base in the North in 1864 through the conquest of Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia made war on Austria in 1866 and by a *coup de force* succeeded in eliminating this power from Germanic affairs and pushing it towards the East. With the desire of completely setting herself free from Austria, Prussia gave her support to the formation of the Dual Monarchy, and it was under her auspices that the Austro-Magyar agreement

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of 1867 was concluded. By this agreement, the character of Austria was changed; from a Germanic and centralized state, it became a dual government. In this new form the Hapsburg monarchy could not seriously pretend to the succession of the old German Empire, and Prussia was now free to undertake the task of achieving German unity and of accomplishing the Germanic mission. After 1870, under Bismarck who gave to the newly formed federal German state an organization which assured predomination for all time to militarist and anti-parliamentarist Prussia, the German Empire initiated its *politique mondiale.* Having developed a formidable industry and an imposing commerce, it was not contented with its actual possessions and planned new acquisitions. These were projected in two directions.

On the one hand, Germany wished to become a sea power of the first order, so as to impose her will on England. On the other hand, she sought to extend her Continental possessions, turning, for this purpose, towards the East. The famous German *Drang nach Osten* is not a mere phrase, for it expresses the essence of recent German foreign policy. Among the European powers Germany had to choose between Russia and Austria-Hungary for her alliance, and an alliance with the latter against the former best suited her plans of conquest and of domination. If Germany had contracted an alliance with Russia, Austria-Hungary, as a superannuated historical formation, would have been dismembered in the interest of Europe; her peoples would have been liberated and would have grouped themselves into small nationalistic states. In the place of Austria-Hungary, there would exist to-day Serbia or Jugo-Slavia, embracing the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, who are one and the same people; a Bohemia; a Hungary purely Magyar, without the Jugo-Slavs and Rumanians; and a Poland. With these states, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece would be associated, and a federation of them would comprise all the Balkan peninsula and the southern part of

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central Europe. The purely German provinces of Austria would have been annexed to Germany.

If Germany had had a true conception of civilization and a real desire to promote its best interests, she would have facilitated this realignment of states grouped according to the desires of the peoples concerned. Moreover, by such a combination she would have gained economic advantages and probably a commercial *débouché* on the Adriatic at Trieste. Turkey would have been driven out of Europe, her Christian subjects liberated from a most odious régime; and all nations might to-day be living in peace and quiet.

But Germany preferred the alliance with Austria-Hungary, the maintenance and the preservation of this anachronous state, the subjection of the Slav peoples, and a vigorous pushing movement towards the East. In maintaining this monarchy, the German Empire reserved for itself the fifty million inhabitants of Austria-Hungary, who could contribute five million bayonets, amongst them three million Slav soldiers. After having secured Austria, Germany passed on to the Balkans and monopolized Bulgaria and Turkey. In Turkey, it sought at first only economic concessions, such as the Bagdad Railway, believing that after the economic pledges, the political acquisitions would naturally follow. But the route to Constantinople and Bagdad was barred by Serbia. Serbia was not willing to assist in the German plans of expansion towards the East, and that is the reason why it was decided by Germany that she must be crushed.

To Austria-Hungary Serbia presented an equally serious obstacle in her separate plans for expansion. After the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the Hapsburg monarchy proposed to descend by the Vardar valley to Salonica. Germany by Constantinople to Bagdad, and Austria-Hungary by the Vardar valley to Salonica—these were the two principal ambitions of the Central Powers. The German leaders, who used the Dual Monarchy to forward their plans,

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could not refuse her some small gains, especially as the desire of Austria to establish herself at Salonica was not in opposition to the German policy of territorial expansion.

But Austria-Hungary had still another motive for wishing to annihilate Serbia. In Austria-Hungary there are eight million Jugo-Slavs (Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes) who speak the same language and have the same aspirations. These Jugo-Slavs regard Serbia as their Piedmont; and it is to the free and democratic Serbian kingdom that they look for their deliverance from the Austro-Magyar yoke. Until the Balkan wars, Austria considered Serbia a state without vitality and destined to remain powerless. The credit of Serbia was especially low during the reigns of the two last Obrenovitches; and Austria then hoped to surmount the Serbian obstacle without difficulty. But after the accession of King Peter Karageorgevitch, after the restoration of the democratic constitution of 1888 and the introduction of a parliamentary régime in its purest form, Serbian credit rose again, and the country showed astonishing progress in many directions. Then came the wars with Turkey in 1912 and with Bulgaria in 1913. They revealed an extraordinary vitality in Serbia and ended in a brilliant victory and a still greater increase of strength for the little kingdom.

The Serbian victories found a formidable echo in the Slav provinces of the Hapsburg monarchy. Indeed, they were celebrated there more than in Serbia itself. They revived the hopes of an approaching liberation and put an end to the Austrian plans of taking advantage of Serbia's weakness to annex her as Herzegovina had been annexed. The Serbian or Jugo-Slav question suddenly appeared in all its fulness. Instead of descending to Salonica by the Morava and Vardar valleys, the Hapsburg monarchy found itself obliged to direct its efforts towards crushing the movement of its Slav population for liberty. Austrian rage against Serbia is therefore quite comprehensible.

The rôle played by the Magyars in the Austrian oppres-

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sion of the Jugo-Slavs deserves to be better known. The Magyars for a long time duped public opinion in Europe and America, representing themselves as a liberal and chivalrous people. In reality there is no nationality so unscrupulous in the oppression of others and so clever in concealing their true nature. A detailed account of recent Magyar history will be found in Theodor von Sosnovsky's valuable work, "Die Politik im Habsburger Reiche." This book, published in Berlin in 1913, contains the truth about the ruthless policy of magyarization pursued by this Mongolian people towards the Slavs. The Magyars, like the god Janus, are double-faced: before foreigners they pose as a democratic and liberal nation, while at home they are responsible for tyranny and denationalization. As von Sosnovsky is an Austrian, he cannot be suspected of any partiality towards the Jugo-Slavs, and his denunciation of the brutal and violent character of Magyar policy must be regarded as perfectly justified. In considering the attitude of Hungary, it should be remembered that of its 19,254,600 inhabitants, there are not more than 8,742,300 Magyars while there are 10,512,300, or over fifty-four per cent, non-Magyars. Yet the Magyars, in spite of this, affirm that their country is homogeneous and "national," and they do not recognize any nationality but their own. Even the democratic party of the well-known Count Michel Carolyi knows only the "Hungarians." Now, these Magyars, who hold in their power ten million non-Magyars, of whom there are six million Jugo-Slavs, have declared themselves ready to make every sacrifice in supporting the German plans in order to maintain their own domination. They have helped Germany and Austria to crush Serbia, and they are continuing their anti-Slav policy with the object of preventing Jugo-Slav unification, by which they would lose half of their present possessions.

The German ambition to open the way to Bagdad, the Austrian ambition to get to Salonica and strangle the move-

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ment of the Slav peoples, the Magyar ambition to preserve their domination over the non-Magyar majority, and the ambition of all three together to secure an economic monopoly of the Balkans—such are the principal reasons why these three nations hurled themselves on Serbia. Germany was certainly the leader, and in August, 1914, she considered that the time had come to declare war. She knew very well what the consequences of an attack on Serbia would be, but she accepted them in advance, and her plans have been duly carried out.

The war that Austria-Hungary has waged against Serbia resembles the wars of extermination in ancient times. It is a war against the Serbian people rather than against the state. The Dual Monarchy called it a "punitive expedition," and she has given formal orders to her army commanders to spare no one, neither soldiers nor civilians, neither women nor children. It would be impossible here to describe the Austro-Hungarian atrocities. The author of this article was a member of the Commission of Inquiry—appointed by the Serbian government, under the chairmanship of Sima Lozanitch, a former Serbian minister of foreign affairs and president of the Royal Serbian Academy,—which collected documents and evidence regarding the atrocities committed by the Austrian army in Serbia. The result of the inquiry when officially published will constitute a terrible indictment of Austria-Hungary.

Between August and December, 1914, the Austro-Hungarian troops three times began an offensive against Serbia, and each time they were repulsed. These offensives caused great damage: whole villages were destroyed, and many districts were infected by epidemics, which plunged the country into a deplorable condition. During the first half of the year 1915, all Serbian efforts were directed towards combating, with the help of foreign medical missions (amongst them several from America), these infectious diseases. In September, 1915, Austria-Hungary, rein-

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forced by German troops under von Mackensen, attacked Serbia for the fourth time. This was not all. When the Serbian army was defending the Danube and the Save passages in the North, the Bulgarians fell upon their rear. Attacked on three sides, the Serbs—abandoned and alone, the promised help of the Allies not reaching them in time,—were obliged to retreat. This tragic retreat across Albania has been rightly called the Calvary of the Serbian people. The writer also crossed Albania, and he could fill volumes with the sufferings endured by the soldiers and civilians on that retreat. Yet despite all their sufferings our people have not lost courage. The Serbian army, reduced in numbers but animated by the old spirit of sacrifice and service, is once more striving in the Macedonian mountains to reconquer the country.

Although the Serbians did not wish for war, they have defended themselves with all the energy of a nation jealous of honor and determined to live free and independent. This struggle is for our people—all Serbs understood it immediately—a life-and-death struggle. It seems tragic that in this twentieth century, a people possessing rare qualities should be forced to sacrifice the best of their sons, only to have the right to live in freedom, but this is the case. The war will therefore end either in the deliverance of the Serbian nation from Austro-Magyar domination, or in the utter destruction of the whole Jugo-Slav race.

The sacrifices already made by Serbians in the course of this war, have been so great that it is quite impossible for us to imagine any other issue than the deliverance not only of Serbia, but of all the Serbian or Jugo-Slav provinces—Bosnia-Herzegovina, Croatia, Slavonia, Syrmia, Dalmatia, Slovenia, Banat, and Batchka—which are now under Austro-Hungarian rule. All these provinces are inhabited by one and the same people, speaking the same language, having the same traditions and the same aspirations. Our nation, which has three names (Serb, Croat, and Slovene) but only

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one mentality, possesses a culture of its own, half oriental and half occidental. It has a rich literature, and has produced eminent researchers in all branches of science. It cultivates the arts, loves music, and aspires to contribute its share towards the solution of all modern social questions. And a large part of this highly cultured people lives under the mediaeval yoke of Austria-Hungary, without the most fundamental rights!

The part of the Serbian race which lives free and independent in the kingdom of Serbia, has made astonishing progress in the last few decades. The government has solved one of its most important social problems, the agrarian question. All Serbs in the kingdom are—or were before the war—small proprietors, all are free, and their property is legally protected as freehold. The Serbian nation is, moreover, democratic and self-governing. Although very young, the Serbian state has a political organization comparable to that of Belgium, France, or England. It is this democratic organization which makes Austria-Hungary, a reactionary country, governed by a feudal aristocracy, look upon Serbia as a danger to her existence. In other directions, there has also been considerable progress in Serbia in spite of difficulties. We have, for instance, a university at Belgrade—now half destroyed by Austrian shells and pillaged after the occupation—which would compare favorably with other European universities. We have an Academy of Science, the members of which are also members of foreign academies. We feel that we have a right to be proud of the intellectual and moral character of our nation. All this has produced amongst us a certain consciousness—which is our most remarkable national trait—the consciousness that we are a formed people.

We wish to live according to our own desire; we will not allow ourselves to be ruled either by the Magyars, despite their Mongolian titles, or by the Austrians, who claim a traditional "right" to govern other races, or even by the

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Germans, in spite of their conviction of being a "chosen" people. We wish only to be free.

It is the essential condition of civilization that all peoples should be free, and this postulate is equally the chief condition of international peace. A durable peace is not to be thought of, so long as one nation treads under foot another nation and constantly seeks to extend its domination and to subjugate still other nations. Peace under such conditions is impossible. It is necessary first to deliver the oppressed nations and then to reconstruct the international community of free peoples. This is the ideal of the Serbian people, this is the device of Serbia—her profession of faith—which we do not abandon. Amongst the oppressed nations, it is the Serbian or Jugo-Slav who suffers most, and who waits for redemption. On the other hand, amongst the usurping states, which do not deserve to rule over any people, which represent nothing but a historical fiction, maintained only in the interest of a little group of pretenders, Austria-Hungary stands first. Without her decomposition, there can be no peace, no international security.

Besides this political sympathy, for which the oppressed Serbian people have not looked in vain to America, we hope much from the generosity of the American nation, which has already done such notable work in alleviating misery in Belgium, Poland, and also in Serbia, and which alone is able to preserve our population from complete destruction. The Serbian people have been deprived of all that they possessed. Literally, they have nothing. Grateful as we are for all that America is doing for us in this time of suffering and exile, we trust that when the great day of the liberation of Serbia comes, American generosity will find in our ravaged country an even larger scope for its activity.

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THE QUESTION OF CHINA

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

THE overwhelming disaster in Europe has not prevented Americans from watching with interest the progress of events in China. And it is well that it has not. An ancient people, the influence of whose civilization has been second in extent only to that of the Mediterranean basin and western Europe, is attempting to adjust itself to modern conditions and has been profoundly affected by the world war. It comprises more than a fifth of the human race, and dwells in a land blessed by nature with a fabulously fertile soil, a favorable climate, and immense mineral resources. Its fate loses nothing of significance or importance even when compared with the cataclysm of the great war.

In the attempt at readjustment, China is confronted with a bewildering and almost overwhelming array of problems. Her rulers must conform to modern ideals of efficiency and honesty. Her democratic aspirations must be crystallized into a workable constitution backed by an intelligent public. Her military chieftains must learn to bow before the civil arm of the state. Her provinces must abandon their mutual jealousies and their unwillingness to co-operate with the central authorities. China must see that her government assumes those extensive functions of defense that are part of the duties of a modern state. She must find an increased revenue in a land where a false step in levying taxes may mean widespread misery or disastrous rebellion. Her written language needs simplification both in its characters and in its style. She must organize for her millions an educational system complete from the primary grades to the university. Her schools must be provided with books and

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teachers of a "new learning" of which she was scarcely aware twenty years ago. She must build an expensive transportation system of railroads, steamboats, and turnpikes. She must reorganize her chaotic currency and banking system, and standardize her weights and measures. She must introduce new industries and modern methods of manufacture and of agriculture. Her system of conducting trade must be adjusted to modern conditions. Her naked hills must be reforested and her flooded lands reclaimed. Her crowded cities must be cleansed of their filth, moral and physical, and be rebuilt on a plan that allows for more space and air and play room. Her myriad diseases must be combated on modern lines by a new medical profession. Her women must be freed from their bound feet, and from the heavier bondage of ignorance and blind social conventions. Her abject and widespread poverty must be cured at its sources.

Underneath all these problems, however, are a few determining factors that must be reckoned with by all who would seek to understand or to deal with the Chinese situation. If they are faced squarely, fewer mistakes will be made and fewer misconceptions will arise.

The first of these is the foreign origin of the changes that are taking place. They have not sprung spontaneously from within, but have been forced from without upon an unwilling people. Until the last few hundred years, Chinese civilization was very largely isolated from other cultural groups. Shut in by mountains and deserts on three sides and by the sea on the fourth, only one contribution from another people, Buddhism, affected it profoundly. China was long accustomed to associate intimately only with peoples possessing an inferior culture, and she became proud, complacent, and unreceptive to any ideas but her own. Thus isolated she progressed but slowly, and at times even gave the impression of being decadent. The wonder is not that she progressed slowly, but that she progressed at all. That there

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has been growth, that she has endured and has always assimilated her conquerors, and that she has left indelible impressions even upon a neighboring nation as vigorous as Japan, are striking evidences of the native strength of her people.

Our civilization of the Occident antedates that of China by several centuries, and is the product of many diverse groups and ages. This composite ancient culture, ever renewed and enriched by contributions from new peoples, ever expanding, borne by the vigorous nations of western and northern Europe and by the new Japan, has been forced rapidly upon isolated and nearly stationary China. Self-invited, Westerners have come and have insisted that she open her doors to their trade and their ideas. Against her will and her ineffective protests, she has been constrained to enter the current of the world's life. With the arrival of each new cable line, of each steamship, of each foreign merchant, of each missionary and diplomat, the pressure has grown. The Chino-Japanese War, the forced leases to Germany, Russia, France, and England, the failure of the Boxer outbreak, and the Russo-Japanese War have levelled her walls and left her defenseless and bewildered before the flood of new influences. For a less vigorous nation the result would have been disintegration and bondage. Even as it is, China has been shaken to her foundations, and has partially fallen under the tutelage of foreigners. She has frankly recognized the new conditions, however, and has set herself to the task of readjustment. She is resolutely attempting to adopt what is best in the new without abandoning what is best in the old. She is seeking to take her place not as a dependent and a pupil, but as an equal in the family of nations.

The second factor in China's situation is that other nations have not left her free to work out her readjustment unhampered and in her own time. In the process, she has partially lost her independence. Through her weakness and her former blindness, she has to a large degree fallen into the hands

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of alien powers. Her maritime customs duties are regulated by foreign treaties. They are collected under the direction of a foreign staff, and are pledged to the payment of her foreign debt—a debt which was accumulated partly in her efforts of the Boxer year to rid herself of the foreigner and partly in the attempt to conform her life to his. Her revenue from the salt industry is collected under foreign supervision and is partly pledged to the five-power loan incurred in 1913 for the reorganization of her government. The more important sections of some of her leading cities are virtually foreign soil. The best districts of her commercial metropolis, Shanghai, of Tientsin, the port of entry to her capital, and of Hankow, the most strategic commercial city of the interior, are foreign "concessions." Even in her capital, the foreign legations are entrenched and guarded like bits of alien territory in the land of an enemy. Foreigners are not subject to her laws or her courts, and yet she is held strictly accountable for all damage that may come to them even through chance disorder. Her railway lines, her chief iron works, her coal mines, and her steamboat traffic, even in her interior waters, are largely controlled by foreigners. Many of her best schools have been established and are maintained by foreigners. Indeed, so widespread are foreign interests that the powers cannot permit China to become involved in an extensive civil war which would endanger foreign lives and property. She cannot, as in the old days, settle the question of imperial succession by prolonged wars between rival claimants. Extensive disorders can only result in intervention. The comparative bloodlessness of the revolution of 1911 was due not to any change in Chinese nature, but to fear of the foreigner.

Moreover, the situation is aggravated by the selfish ambitions and mutual jealousies of the powers. So rich is China as a field for commercial and industrial exploitation that each nation is eager to obtain as large a share for itself as possible, particularly in case of intervention or partition. Japan

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especially is interested. She feels that her very life depends on keeping China open to her trade. She is overcrowded. Her arable land is limited and is forced to nearly its maximum yield. If Japan is to continue her growth, she must acquire territory to which some of her surplus population can emigrate and still remain under her control; and she must give herself, as England has done, to the production and exportation of manufactures. Failure means the ultimate sacrifice of her position as a world power, and even, in this age of force, a possible loss of independence. China and Korea are her natural fields for commercial and territorial expansion. Here in some sections are vacant lands for her farmers. Here are very great supplies of raw materials for her factories and unlimited deposits of iron, with which nature has not liberally blessed Japan. Here is a vast population, her natural market. Japan feels that she is designed by nature to lead the peoples of the Far East into the new era, and that her own life depends upon the maintenance of that leadership. Korea was weak, and to save it from falling into Russian hands, Japan felt herself forced to annex it. China is weak and has been unable to defend her territory against the earth hunger of European nations. To keep them at bay Japan has already fought two wars, the first of which taxed her resources to the utmost.

It is but natural, then, that while Europe is preoccupied at home, Japan should seek to make certain her position in China, even by steps that seem to threaten the open door and Chinese independence. The seizure of Tsing Tao gave Japan the German possessions in Shantung, and these with her holdings in south Manchuria insure her domination of Peking and north China. Her ownership of Formosa makes possible a sphere of influence in Fuhkien, the rich province on the adjoining mainland. Her twenty-one demands on China in 1915, although not fully granted, strengthened her claim. The Russo-Japanese agreement of 1916, formed under the stress of the great war, completed the alliance of

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Japan with her former enemy and gave her a freer hand. Disturbances in Manchuria in 1916 strengthened her grip on that contested district. The American note to Peking in June, 1917, gave Japan an opportunity to assert as never before her "special interest" in China. And the latest Chinese revolution may provide Japanese statesmen with a sufficient reason for new and vigorous interference in the domestic affairs of the Middle Kingdom.

For China this tutelage is at once salutary, embarrassing, and dangerous. It is salutary because it compels promptitude and efficiency. Her national pride demands quick and effective reorganization to throw off the foreign yoke. She must work carefully, for she knows that a false step may mean intervention. It is embarrassing because it hampers her efforts at freedom—when, for instance, the problem of sufficient revenue is so pressing, she is not free to increase her customs duties. It is dangerous because it leaves her a helpless victim in any such situation as the great war, and may possibly lead to a complete loss of independence.

The third factor in the situation is China's immense, unwieldy, and rapidly increasing population. No one knows whether three hundred millions or the popular four hundred millions is nearer the exact number, but the Chinese are certainly between a fourth and a fifth of the human race. And when one considers that all use the same written language and literature and various dialects of the same spoken language; that all possess in the main the same ideals, traditions, and institutions; and that hereditary strains common to all probably predominate in their lineage, it is evident that they are the largest fairly homogeneous group mankind has ever seen. This very immensity is one of the fundamental facts to be taken into consideration by whoever has to do with China.

Of course, the size of the race makes all attempts at handling it difficult, and retards its adjustment to new conditions. Think of organizing an educational system for forty million

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or more children of school age! It is a hard enough task to administer such a system when once it has been organized, but China must provide for it teachers of a learning that she began heartily to accept scarcely fifteen years ago. She must find new text-books to replace those which up to fifteen years ago had not undergone any important change for hundreds of years. Her government must organize schools from the primary grade to the university, in a land where education was formerly left almost entirely to private initiative and support. Think of changing the social and political ideals and institutions of such a people! No wonder that the republic has been so unstable, and that official corruption continues in spite of the vigorous efforts of many able idealists. One marvels rather that a constitution is possible at all, and that ideals of official integrity have made any headway. Even in Japan, a country that seems to have changed so completely in the past fifty years, where the population is only a sixth or an eighth of that of China, where a long coast line and numerous harbors and a highly centralized political organization furnish favorable conditions for the rapid spread of new ideas, there are whole districts but little changed as yet, and on the mass of the older generation the new culture is merely a veneer. The ingress of new ideas will be accelerated as railway building progresses, as the postal and telegraph systems are extended, and as the public press grows in dignity and influence. The development of a live and increasingly intelligent public opinion has been one of the marvels of the past six years, but public opinion has not yet reached the stage where it can be trusted to act sanely in an emergency; and for China the next few years are to be the crucial period. It is then that there is the gravest danger of shipwreck. If China can only hold together another generation, the situation will cease to be so acute.

The rapid increase of this already numerous population also presents a grave economic and political problem.

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Strong sentimental and ethical motives unite in reinforcing the natural instincts to propagate one's kind. No crime is greater, so every Chinese is told, than to die without leaving issue to perpetuate the name of his ancestors and to do them honor at the family shrine. Sons, too, are a convenient form of insurance in a land where the state provides no old-age pensions and where for the most of the population hard physical labor forces an early retirement. Accurate census returns have never been obtained, but from the rough governmental data available it has been estimated that the population of China has nearly doubled since the middle of the eighteenth century.

This increase has come in spite of the checks of war, disease, and famine. Every generation or two China has been visited by destructive strife. Disease is on every hand. Bubonic plague is endemic. Tuberculosis is fostered by the crowded life of the cities, by damp, dark houses, and by the entire lack of intelligent sanitary precautions. Smallpox until very recently took its toll unhindered by anything but the remarkable resistance of the race and a crude form of inoculation. The black plague, typhus, dysentery, cholera, and a score of other diseases the presence of many of which is unknown in the West, or at worst is only a memory, commit their ravages unchecked by intelligent opposition. The older Chinese medical profession possessed a copious pharmacopoeia, but its theory and practice were largely based on misinformation and superstition. No dissection of the human body was allowed until 1912; the older anatomical charts must be seen to be appreciated. Stones proclaiming themselves in large characters to be from the sacred T'ai Shan are placed at the ends of streets to frighten away the spirits of disease, while the sewage of the city is carried out in the open pails of the thrifty farmers, or left to find its way to the nearest stream or pond through crude ditches in or under the streets. Water for the use of the larger cities is taken unfiltered from the rivers, from chance springs

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and ponds, and from wells in private courtyards or crowded streets. Only the necessity of boiling water for the universal tea prevents the mortality from being much greater than it is. Along with war and disease has gone famine. In a land where, except along the river and canal systems, the transportation of foodstuffs is expensive, a local drought or flood may mean starvation in one section while in neighboring districts ample harvests are being reaped. Even during the last fifty years, there have been famines that have cost a million or more lives each, and the Chinese annals show that this sad record is not exceptional.

These restraints of population are being withdrawn. As has been said, the fear of foreign intervention prevents civil strife. No large reduction of population by a foreign war is probable, for China is too poorly organized and financed to engage in an extensive war, and international opinion would not allow a conquest of extermination even if any power wished to carry it on. Western medical science is grappling with China's death rate and is certain to reduce it in the next few years. Western hospitals, while still pitifully undermanned and inadequate in number, are to be found in all parts of the empire, the outposts of Western science. Western missionary societies, local voluntary Red Cross organizations, and independent Chinese and Japanese practitioners are all having a part in the war on disease. Medical schools have been established to train an adequate Chinese staff. Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania, for instance, have lent their names to enterprises of their graduates for medical education in China. The Rockefeller Foundation under the name of the "China Medical Board" has, after a most careful survey, taken the initial steps in a scheme of medical education which is framed with the entire nation in mind and which will involve the expenditure of millions of dollars. This medical work is, of course, admirable. Common humanity demands that it be strengthened, and its growth is inevitable. Even on purely selfish grounds, the

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world would be compelled in this day of rapid communication to clean up so huge a centre of infection. Then, too, with an improvement in the general health of the nation, there will come increased individual energy and initiative. But the lowering of the death rate is not likely to be followed immediately by a corresponding decline in the birth rate. Voluntary birth control will come in time, of course, as it is coming in Europe and America, but it will make its effects felt first on only the more wealthy and intelligent classes. In the mass of the nation it will come but slowly, and in the meantime population will largely increase. The relief measures against famine, which are more and more directed towards a permanent protection against the floods that are the causes of much of the trouble, have, also, for this reason contributed largely to an increase in the population.

Unless this increase of population is accompanied by a correspondingly enlarged food supply, poverty will multiply, the forces making for civilization will be weakened, unrest will grow, and the government, and all agencies working for the regeneration of China will find their task more and more difficult. Eventually, this food supply will increase. There are extensive unoccupied lands even in the eighteen provinces. Only the richest alluvial plains are completely under cultivation. There are, for instance, in the vicinity of one populous provincial capital, thousands of acres of waste land awaiting intelligent reclamation. In Mongolia and Manchuria, there are large areas that could support a much greater population. It is possible, too, that the artificial barriers to Chinese settlement in other sections of the world will in time be withdrawn, or that some unoccupied areas in which the white race cannot thrive will be found adapted to the Chinese. Improved methods of agriculture and new food crops can do much. The growth of railways and better roads will facilitate the transportation of food. At the present time in central and south China, the highways are merely narrow tracks. Live pigs are carried

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squealing on wheelbarrows whose greaseless axles protest as loudly as their burdens against the clumsiness of man. The days of so costly a method are numbered, for the advent of better highways and of railroads is certain. Moreover, China seems to have a great industrial future before her. She has a hard working, intelligent, frugal population that will eventually make splendid factory labor. Her mineral resources, especially of coal and iron, stagger the imagination. When once she becomes a machinery and factory using nation, she will be able to exchange her products for food. All these changes, however, will take time, and all her problems are clamoring for immediate solution. If she survives the next few decades, reorganization will take place, and readjustments to the new conditions. But it is during these years that the increase of population is likely to make itself most felt. Its acute stage coincides with the crisis in the other phases of Chinese life.

A factor, bound up very closely with the last, is the disorder produced by the contact with the industry, commerce, and finance of the West. China is experiencing a rapid rise in prices, though the scale has been much lower than in many other parts of the world. In the interior unskilled labor can be had for two dollars a month or even less, eggs can be purchased for six or seven cents per dozen, and other prices correspond. But Chinese prices are being forced up towards the level of the rest of the world. On the coast and along the rivers of even the far interior, they have doubled or more than doubled since 1900. The increase has been most marked near the great coast commercial cities, but it is rapidly making its way inland. Wages increase, as elsewhere, more slowly than food prices. The process must prove painful to the great groups of the population whose chronic state already is slow starvation. Moreover, foreign competition is temporarily proving injurious to important branches of Chinese trade. The Chinese tea trade has seriously declined in competition with the tea prepared in Ceylon

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under improved foreign methods. Foreign cottons have partially displaced the native product in domestic markets, and Chinese cotton manufacturers are finding competition difficult with the cheaper grades of English and Japanese goods. But there are indications that this situation is not to be permanent. The products of modern factories in China are now beginning to displace foreign cottons. The introduction of labor-saving machinery, if it proceeds at all rapidly, will work temporary hardship on the millions now engaged in handicrafts. Eventually, of course, they will be benefited. Already in Shanghai the number of rickshaw coolies has increased since the introduction of street railways. The process of change will probably mean added difficulty for the government and all constructive forces during the next few decades.

The lack of individual initiative is another primary factor of the Chinese problem. In a population as large as that of China the individual is sure to be submerged. The very immensity of numbers tends to make him feel helpless even in winning his own living. The most courageous may well despair of influencing the nation as a whole. Action is by groups rather than by individuals. But the trouble goes deeper. From time immemorial the family has been the unit in China. No important step is taken by a single member without consulting the whole. If a boy desires an education or if he wishes to break with any of the customs of the past, the counsel of the entire family must be sought. The well-spring of all morality is held by the Confucian school to be reverence for one's parents. Dissipation is wrong not as in Christian teachings, as an offense against God, a defiling of the temple of the Spirit of God, but because it injures the body transmitted by one's ancestors. The son's duty to parents is defined as service for them during their life and sacrifice to them after their death. The state has carried the matter still further by the theory of collective responsibility, by which the family is held accountable for the deeds

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of its blood relations. An entire family or clan may be punished for the crime of one member, the punishment varying with the degree of relationship.

This family action has valuable features. It has served as a check on excessive radicalism. It probably accounts partly for the prevalence of collective action in China, for merchant guilds and trade guilds and secret societies, and for that provincial loyalty which is part of the strength as well as the weakness of China's political system. It has in it the seeds of national solidarity and patriotism, and could the group consciousness come to include in its scope the nation rather than the province, or city, or clan, it would give to China that unity which she now so sadly lacks. This group action, however, has many obvious weaknesses. It may account for the lack of balance and stability that so many leaders show when once they take the initiative and attempt to stand alone.

The reaction, often seen to-day, is an excessive individualism that is for the time fully as dangerous as the old conservatism. The impracticable plans of reform with which students of contemporary China are all too familiar, plans which are announced and followed with enthusiasm for a time, only to be abandoned shortly amid discouragement, may be due partly to this lack of training in individual liberty and responsibility. It is, of course, a grave defect in a crisis like the present, when fearless, able, well-trained, balanced leadership is indispensable. There was something pathetic about the desperation with which the mass of the nation clung to the late Yuan Shih Kai. They heartily disliked him and distrusted his loyalty to the republic, but by their endurance of his rule confessed their distrust of others and the dearth of men of presidential or imperial calibre. As in the case of the problem of population, this is a weakness which will be felt most keenly during the next few years. If China can but tide over these years successfully, a group of younger men trained in the West and by efficient schools in China, schools which now are relatively few, will gradually

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grow up, disciplined, fearless, and capable of leadership. Their forerunners are already appearing.

Still another factor has been the lack of national unity. Provinces have been too jealous of each other and of the central government to hold together. They declare their "independence" at every unfavorable turn of the political wheel. Parties hate one another so heartily that they prefer civil war to the acceptance of defeat. In 1913, 1916, and now again in 1917, internal strife has followed each marked shift of events in Peking. The provinces south of the Yangtze are more radical than those of the North. The great liberal republican party, the Kuo Min Tang, with its stronghold at Canton, dominates the South. The conservative, military Pei-yang party, once led by Yuan Shih Kai, still controls the North, although now it has no formal organization. Each side is so rabid that it prefers to seek aid from even the hated and feared Japanese rather than acknowledge defeat at the hands of the other.

The final danger is the threatened disintegration of morals. There is a tendency to reject the older standards of action. Now, there are some features of the Confucianism of the past century whose disappearance would cause no regret. Of its ultra-conservatism, its barren agnosticism, varied at times with a crude superstition and bigotry, China is well rid. But there is much more of good than of evil. Westerners might read with profit the teachings of China's great sages, and much of her stability has been due to their influence. The newer Chinese student tends to ignore the classics of the past. He is too busy learning English, economics, engineering, and other "Western" subjects to devote his attention to his own literature. He is apt to be a bit contemptuous of Confucius and Mencius. Old customs are passing and with them the wholesome moral restraints that they so often embodied. Western customs may in some instances more nearly conform to the ideal standards of morality, but the period of transition is likely to be one of

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anarchy. The coming in of greater freedom between men and women in social intercourse and the substitution of voluntary courtship for the old betrothal by parents through the medium of go-betweens has in many cases resulted in license. A weakened control of the parent over the child may be very desirable, but is too frequently accompanied by a lessened respect of the child for all authority. The laudable desire to break away from the dead hand of the past and to act and think as men of the new age leads to a failure of the old deference to teachers and to legitimate authority of every kind, as the widespread student riots testify. It is the old, old story of the moral disintegration that accompanies rapid changes in culture. A backward civilization copies the vices of an aggressive civilization more readily than it does its virtues. License is frequently mistaken for liberty.

This disintegration but makes worse a traditional political corruption. From time immemorial offices have been bought and sold. Ridiculously low salaries have encouraged public officials to feather their nests from public funds. Patriotism was formerly unknown and to the leaders of the old school, particularly of the military group, means little even to-day. Private interest crowds regard for public welfare out of the hearts of all but a few. In time the essential moral vigor of the Chinese people will probably assert itself. Some of the leaders are awake to the dangers of the situation and are earnestly seeking a solution. Missionaries, for the most part splendid representatives of the best of the Occident, are putting to the problem the energies of their minds and of their faith. But the crucial years for China are the next few decades. Will she find herself in time?

One must confess that in the light of all these problems, the immediate future is not bright. The need for rapid readjustment is so imperative, the vast population is so slowly moved, and its increase presents such a menace to all stable government, there is so great a lack of competent leadership, factional strife is so acute, and the threatened

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moral disintegration is so grave, that at times the courage and faith even of the stoutest must quail. High-minded, patriotic Chinese, on returning from their student days in America, are sure to feel temporarily overwhelmed by the situation. All is not dark, however. There is another factor, quite as fundamental as any of those already mentioned, that gives a firm basis for the faith of the optimist. It is the people themselves. No one who knows the Chinese intimately can doubt their racial vigor, their native ability, or their power to react under hard circumstances. Time after time in their long history, they have been invaded and conquered in whole or in part only to absorb their conquerors. Hsiung Nu, Chin Tatars, Mongols, and Manchus have in turn overrun the country only to be assimilated and to lose their racial identity. Even the Jews have succumbed: their ancient colony at Honanfu has lost its language and its customs and is not to be distinguished from its Chinese neighbors. Europeans resist with difficulty the effect of the first generation of contact, and some have become largely Chinese in their mental outlook. No race could produce the marvellous civilization of the older China, and impress it upon the vigorous Japanese, and then resist the disintegrating tendency of centuries of isolation without the endowment of a large store of native ability and mental and moral vigor. Confucius and his long line of spiritual descendants would be of themselves a noteworthy achievement for any people. To-day in our own universities Chinese students are proving, under the handicap of an alien tongue, their ability to compete successfully with the best that America can produce.

The Chinese, too, are beginning to rise to the emergency. They are developing a national patriotism, a trait said by keen observers of only a decade ago to be totally lacking. The nation-wide resentment roused by the Japanese demands of 1915, the rapid growth in influence, circulation, and dignity of a patriotic daily press, the phenomenal and almost pathetic eagerness with which the educated class

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has recently listened to the plea for a higher individual and national righteousness from native and foreign representatives of the Christian church, all point to a growing love for country, an unflinching self-examination, and a determination to reform. The Chinese race may react too late for its immediate salvation. It may for a time come under the domination of foreigners. It may be split asunder. But all that has happened to China many times before. The conviction grows that again in the future, as so many times in the past, the Chinese race will finally assert itself and will have a new birth of national and individual freedom and reach new heights of achievement.

The Japanese may for a time dominate their huge neighbor, as they now seem about to do; but, speaking from the standpoint of the centuries, they will be thrown off or absorbed as other conquerors have been. The important question is, What would be the effect of years of alien domination? Would China be transformed by her masters, or by her own effort to regain her independence, from a peace-loving, essentially democratic people, willing to co-operate with a league of free nations, into a militaristic, autocratic state that seeks to wreak its vengeance on its enemies by mastering Asia and terrorizing the world? The hope for the immediate future seems to lie in a joint protectorate by a league of the stronger nations. Such a protectorate should be benevolent, not selfish, guaranteeing independence and the open door, and should seek to aid China to get on her feet politically and industrially. Americans should prepare themselves to join intelligently with all the great powers, including Japan, to obtain this end. Any other course seems to mean added danger for China and civilization.

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JOURNEYS TO GO

By William Young

Ruddy, and golden-bright,
The great Sun comes from its bed.
Look! Like the fiery crown,
In the window of jewelled glass!—
Ever so fair to the sight,
With its glittering spikes outspread,
On its cushion of crimson down,
Above the Priest, at the Mass!
—Or the halo that is shed,
In the chapel, as we pass,
From the sinless Christ-child's head!

And do but listen! Oh, hark!
Far over the hill, and the dale!—
Oh, is it indeed the lark,
That warbles so wild, and high?
But rather it seems the glee
That the shepherd blows on his nail—
The wonderful shepherd; he,
With the shifting and shining locks,
Who wanders, and leads his flocks,
Through the pastures of the sky.

O lark!—for we, too, would be
Like thee!—as glad, and as strong!
Strong, with the strength of flight—
For love doth fetter us so!
Strong, with the strength of flight,
And glad, with the gladness of song!
And ever, from some far height,

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To look on the world below!
—And over tower, and town,
And over the mountain's crown,
We would gaze adown, and adown,
On the caravans that go
Over the trackless sands,
To the far-off shimmering sea,
With the merchants, bearded, and dark;
And the sails, that whiten, and flee,
To the undiscovered lands—
The lands that we yet must know!
So would we sail, O lark!
And yet, not like to thee!
For thou, when thy song is o'er,
And the light is low in the West,
Wilt come again to thy nest—
But we should return no more.

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ON BUYING OLD BOOKS

By Charles S. Brooks

BY some slim chance, reader, you may be the kind of person who, on a visit to a strange city, makes for a book-shop. Of course, your slight temporal business may detain you in the earlier hours of the day. You may sit with committees and stroke your profound chin, or you may spend your talent in the market, or run to and fro and wag your tongue in persuasion. Or, if you be on a holiday, you may strain yourself on the sights of the city, against being caught in an omission. The bolder features of a cathedral must be grasped to satisfy a quizzing neighbor lest he shame you on your hearth, a building must be stuffed inside your memory, or your pilgrim feet must wear the pavement of an ancient shrine. However, these duties being done and the afternoon having not yet declined, do you not seek a book-shop to regale yourself?

Doubtless, we have met. As you have pressed against the shelf not to block the passage, but with your head thrown back to see the titles up above, you may have noticed at the corner of your eye—unless it was one of your blinder moments when you were fixed wholly on the shelf—a man in a slightly faded overcoat of mixed black and white, a man just past the nimbleness of youth, whose head is plucked of its full commodity of hair. It was myself, reader. I admit the portrait, though modesty has curbed me short of justice.

Doubtless, we have met. It was your umbrella—which you held villainously beneath your arm—that took me in the ribs when you lighted on a set of Fuller's "Worthies." You may recall my sour looks, but it was because I had myself lingered on the volumes yet chilled at the price.

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How you smoothed and fingered them! With what triumph you bore them off! I bid you—for I see you in a slippered state, eased and unbuttoned after dinner—I bid you turn the pages with a slow thumb, not to miss the slightest tang of their humor. You will, of course, go first, because of its broad fame, to the page on Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and their wet-combats at the Mermaid. But before the night is too far gone and while yet you can hold yourself from nodding, you will please read about Captain John Smith of Virginia and "his strange performances, the scene whereof is laid at such a distance, they are cheaper credited than confuted."

In no proper sense am I a buyer of old books. I admit a bookish quirk maybe, a love of the shelf, a weakness for morocco especially if it be stained with age. I will, indeed, shirk a wedding for a book-shop. I'll go in "just to look about a bit, to see what the fellow has," and on occasion I may pick up a volume. But I am innocent of first editions. It is a stiff curtsy, as becomes a democrat, that I bestow on this form of primogeniture. Of course, I have nosed my way with pleasure along aristocratic shelves and flipped out volumes here and there to ask their price, but for the greater part it is the plainer shops that engage me. If a rack of books be offered cheap before the door, with a fixed price upon a card, I come at a trot. And if a brown dust lies on them, I bow and sniff upon the rack, as though the past like an ancient fop in peruke and buckle were giving me the courtesy of its snuff box. If I take the dust in my nostrils and chance to sneeze, it is the fit and intended observance towards the manners of a former century.

I have in mind such a book-shop in Bath, England. It presents to the street no more than a decent front, but opens up behind like a swollen bottle. There are twenty rooms at least, piled together with such confusion of black passages and winding steps, that one might think that the owner himself must hold a thread when he visits the remoter rooms.

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Indeed, such are the obscurities and dim turnings of the place, were the legend of the Minotaur but English, you might fancy that the creature still lived in this labyrinth, to nip you between his toothless gums—for the beast grows old—at some darker corner. There is a story of the place, that once a raw clerk having been sent to rummage in the basement, his candle tipped off the shelf. He was left in so complete darkness that his fears overcame his judgment, and for two hours he roamed and babbled among the barrels. Nor was his absence discovered until the end of the day when, as was the custom, the clerks counted noses at the door. When they found him, he bolted up the steps, nor did he cease his whimper until he had reached the comforting twilight of the outer world. He served thereafter in the shop a full two years and had a beard coming—so the story runs—before he would again venture beyond the third turning of the passage, to the stunting of his scholarship, for the deeper books lay in the farther windings.

Or it may appear credible that in ages past a jealous builder contrived the place. Having no learning himself and being at odds with those of better opportunity, he twisted the pattern of the house. Such was his evil temper, that he set the steps at a dangerous hazard in the dark, in order that scholars—whose eyes are bleared at best—might risk their legs to the end of time. Those of strict orthodoxy have even suspected the builder to have been an atheist, for they have observed what double joints and steps and turnings confuse the passage to the devouter books—the Early Fathers in particular being up a winding stair, where even the soberest reader might break his neck. Be these things as they may, leather bindings in sets of "grenadier uniformity" ornament the upper and lighter rooms. Biography straggles down a hallway, with a candle needed at the farther end. A room of dingy plays—Wycherley, Congreve, and their crew—looks out through an area grating. It was through even so foul an eye that, when

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alive, they looked upon the world. As for theology, except for the before-mentioned Fathers, it sits in general and dusty convention on the landing to the basement, its snuffy sermons, by a sad misplacement—or is there an ironical intention?—pointing the way to the eternal abyss below.

It was in this shop that I inquired whether there was published a book on piracy in Cornwall. Now, I had lately come from Tintagel on the Cornish coast, and as I had climbed upon the rocks and looked down upon the sea, I had wondered to myself whether, if the knowledge were put out before me, I could compose a story of Spanish treasure and pirates. For I am a prey to such giddy ambition. A foul street—if the buildings slant and topple—will set me thinking delightfully of murders. A wharf-end with water lapping underneath and bits of rope about will set me itching for a deep-sea plot. Or if I go on broader range and see in my fancy a broken castle on a hill, I'll clear its moat and sound trumpets on its walls. If there is pepper in my mood, I'll storm its dungeon. Or in a softer moment, I'll trim its unsubstantial towers with pageantry and rest upon my elbow until I fall asleep. So being cast upon the rugged Cornish coast whose cliffs are so swept with winter winds that the villages sit for comfort in the hollows, it was to be expected that my thoughts would run towards pirates.

There is one rock especially which I had climbed in the rain and fog of early morning. A reckless path goes across its face with a sharp pitch to the ocean. It was so slippery and the wind so tugged and pulled to throw me off, that although I endangered my dignity, I played the quadruped on the narrower parts. But once on top in the open blast of the storm and safe upon the level, I thumped with desire for a plot. In each inlet from the ocean I saw a pirate lugger—such is the pleasing word—with a keg of rum set up. Each cranny led to a tavern with doubloons piled inside. The very tempest in my ears was compounded out of ships at sea and wreck and pillage. I needed but a plot,

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a thread of action to string my villains on. If this were once contrived, I would spice my text with sailors' oaths and such boasting talk as might lie in my invention. Could I but come upon a plot, I might yet proclaim myself an author.

With this guilty secret in me I blushed as I asked the question. It seemed sure that the shop-keeper must guess my purpose. I felt myself suspected as though I were a rascal buying pistols to commit a murder. Indeed, I seem to remember having read that even hardened criminals have become confused before a shop-keeper and betrayed themselves. Of course, Dick Turpin and Jerry Abershaw could call for pistols in the same easy tone they ordered ale, but it would take a practised villain. I in my innocence wanted nothing but the meagre outline of a pirate's life, which I might fatten to my uses.

But on a less occasion, when there is no plot thumping in me, I still feel a kind of embarrassment when I ask for a book out of the general demand. I feel so like an odd stick. This embarrassment applies not to the request for other commodities. I will order a collar that is quite outside the fashion, in a high-pitched voice so that the whole shop can hear. I could bargain for a purple waistcoat—did my taste run so—and though the sidewalk listened, it would not draw a blush. I have traded even for women's garments—though this did strain me—without an outward twitch. But if I desire the poems of Lovelace or the plays of Marlowe, I sidle close to the shop-keeper to get his very ear. If the book be visible, I point my thumb at it without a word.

It was but the other day that, in order to fill a gap in a paper I was writing, I desired to know the name of an author who is obscure although his work has been translated into nearly all languages. I wanted to know a little about the life of the man who wrote "Mary had a little Lamb," which I am told is known by children over pretty much all

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the western world. It needed only a trip to the public library. Any attendant would direct me to the proper shelf. Yet once in the building, my courage oozed. My question, though serious, seemed too ridiculous to be asked. I would sizzle as I met her eye. Of a consequence, I fumbled on my own devices, possibly to the increase of my general knowledge, but without gaining what I sought.

They had no book in the Bath shop on piracy in Cornwall. I was offered instead a work in two volumes on the notorious highwaymen of history, and for a moment my plot swerved in that direction. But I put it by. To pay the fellow for his pains—he had dug in barrels to his shoulders and had a smudge across his nose—I bought a copy of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," and in my more energetic moods I read it. And so I came away.

On leaving the shop, lest I should be nipped in a neglect, I visited the Roman baths. Then I took the waters in the Assembly Room. It was Sam Weller, you may recall, who said, when he was entertained by the select footmen, that the waters tasted like warm flat-irons. Finally, I viewed the Crescent around which the shirted Winkle ran with the valorous Dowler breathing on his neck. With such distractions, as you may well imagine, Cornish pirates became as naught. Such mental thumping as I had was now gone towards a tale of fashion in the days when Queen Anne was still alive. Of a consequence, I again sought the book-shop and stifling my timidity I demanded such volumes as might set me most agreeably to my task.

I have in mind also a book-shop of small pretension in a town in Wales. For purely secular delight, maybe, it was too largely composed of Methodist sermons. Hell fire burned upon its shelves with a warmth to singe so poor a worm as I. Yet its sign-board popped its welcome when I had walked ten miles of sunny road. Possibly it was the chair, rather than the divinity, that keeps the place in my memory. The owner was absent on an errand, and his daughter, who

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had been thumping about the kitchen on my arrival, was uninstructed in the price marks. So I read and fanned myself until his return.

Perhaps my sluggishness towards first editions—at which I have hinted above—comes in part from acquaintance with a man who in a linguistic outburst as I met him pronounced himself to be a numismatist and philatelist. One only of these names would have satisfied a man of less conceit. It is as though the Pteranodon should claim also to be the spoon-bill Dinosaur. It is against modesty that one man should summon all the letters. No, reader, the numismatist's head is not crammed with the mysteries of life and death, nor is a philatelist one who is possessed with the dimmer secrets of eternity. Rather, this man who was so swelled with titles eked a living by selling coins and stamps, and he was on his way to Europe to replenish his wares. Inside his waistcoat, just above his liver—if indeed he owned so human an appendage—he carried a magnifying glass. With this, when the business fit was on him, he counted the lines and dots upon a stamp, the perforations on its edge. He catalogued its volutes, its stipples, the frisks and curlings of its pattern. He had numbered the very hairs on the head of George Washington, for in such minutiae did the value of the stamp reside. Did a single hair spring up above the count, it would invalidate the issue. Such values, got by circumstance or accident—resting on a flaw, founded on a speck—cause no ferment of my desires.

For the buying of books, it is the cheaper shops where I most often prowl. There is in London a district around Charing Cross Road where almost every shop has books for sale. There is a continuous rack along the sidewalk, each title beckoning for your attention. You recall the class of street readers of whom Charles Lamb wrote—"poor gentry, who, not having the wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls." It was on some such street that these folk practised their innocent larceny. If

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one shop-keeper frowned at the diligence with which they read "Clarissa," they would continue her distressing adventures across the way. In a lingering progress up the street, "Sir Charles Grandison" might be nibbled down—by such as had the stomach—without the expenditure of a single penny. As for Gibbon and the more bulbous historians, though a whole perusal would outlast the summer and stretch to the colder months, yet with patience they could be got through. However, before the end was come, even a hasty reader whose eye was nimble on the page, would be blowing on his nails and pulling his coat-tails between him and the November wind.

But the practice of reading at the open stalls was not only with the poor. You will remember that Mr. Brownlow was addicted. Really, had not the Artful Dodger stolen his pocket handkerchief as he was thus engaged upon his book, the whole history of Oliver Twist must have been quite different. And Pepys himself, Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., was guilty. "To Paul's Church Yard," he writes, "and there looked upon the second part of Hudibras, which I buy not, but borrow to read." Such parsimony is the curse of authors. To thumb a volume cheaply around a neighborhood is what keeps them in their garrets. It is a less offense to steal peanuts from a stand. Also, it is recorded in the life of Beau Nash that the persons of fashion of his time, to pass a tedious morning, "did divert themselves with reading in the booksellers' shops." We may conceive Mr. Fanciful Fopling in the sleepy blink of those early hours before the pleasures of the day have made a start, inquiring between his yawns what latest novels have come down from London, or whether a new part of "Pamela" be offered yet. If the post is in, he will prop himself against the shelf and—unless he glaze and nod—he will read cheaply for an hour. Or my Lady Betty, having taken the waters in the pump-room and lent her ear to such gossip as is abroad so early, is now handed to her chair and goes round by

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Gregory's to read a bit. She is flounced to the width of the passage. Indeed, until the fashion shall abate, those more solid authors that are set up in the rear of the shop, must remain during her visits in general neglect. Though she hold herself against the shelf and tilt her hoops, it would not be possible to pass. She is absorbed in a book of the softer sort, and she flips its pages against her lap-dog's nose.

But now behold the student coming up the street! He is clad in rubbed and shining black. He is thin of shank as becomes a scholar. He sags with knowledge. He hungers after wisdom. He comes opposite the book-shop. It is but coquetry that his eyes seek the window of the tobacconist. His heart, you may be sure, looks through the buttons at his back. At last he turns. He pauses on the curb. Now desire has clutched him. He jiggles his trousered shillings. He treads the gutter. He squints upon the rack. He lights upon a treasure. He plucks it forth. He is unresolved whether to buy it or to spend the extra shilling on his dinner. Now all you cooks together, to save your business, rattle your pans to rouse him! If within these ancient buildings there are onions ready peeled—quick!—throw them in the skillet that the whiff may come beneath his nose! Chance trembles and casts its vote—eenie meenie—down goes the shilling—he has bought the book.

To-night he will spread it beneath his candle. Feet may beat a snare of pleasure on the pavement, glad cries may pipe across the darkness, a fiddle may scratch its invitation—all the rumbling notes of midnight traffic will tap in vain their summons upon his window.

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BIRTH CONTROL

By A. G. Keller

THE wilful restriction of numbers is no new thing in the world. Killing of the unborn, the very young, and the old is a rather common practice among primitive peoples. Exposure of infants is familiar to us from ancient history. Restriction of a less obvious order is also a common practice of the present and the immediate past. It may be difficult to gather direct evidence of this, especially since those who are most in the way of knowing about it are subject to a code that imposes reticence. But the indirect evidence is very strong that birth control is being practised all about us. Either that, or the fecundity of the race has encountered an unparalleled setback since the days of our grandparents.

What direct evidence is disclosed confirms the inference that any observing person is led to draw. The British Birth Rate Commission has recently published an informing volume on "The Declining Birth Rate, its Causes and Effects." Again, as the result of a questionnaire issued by Professor Cattell, it is found that a great deal of voluntary restriction has been practised in the families of over four hundred and fifty of our eminent scientific men, the leading causes of which are reported to be considerations of health and expense. It is clear enough that many married people, chiefly those who have foresight and are prosperous, are limiting the size of their families.

Partisans of birth control know this fact, and they are aware also that most intelligent people know it; and so they want to be informed as to why there is such an uproar when they set out to disseminate a practice that has evidently been adopted, as an expedient one, by many intelligent and

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respectable persons. This means that they want to know why human beings are not reasonable; or, at least, why they will not discuss what the reformers regard as a rational project. But, irrespective of the merits of the question, they should not be so amazed at a popular disinclination to argue about a matter of this kind. People do not reason over such things; they feel. One man abhors the very idea of birth control because his religion forbids it; another thinks "such things should not be talked about," particularly before women, or children, or youths, or the poor, or the ignorant, or the suggestible, or the feeble-minded; still another is repelled by the idea because he himself has a big family and believes in everybody's having one. Many men, many experiences; and so, many minds. Most of these objections rest directly upon interest, more or less consciously felt, and not upon reason; but they all have an element in them that must be reckoned with as a very actual factor in the field, namely, human nature. Of such is public opinion.

It is not intended to deride this consensus. In the course of society's development its expedient course has been oftener felt out than thought or reasoned out. Every sincere student of social evolution has an abiding respect for the automatic selection practised by society, in its impersonal and massive way, through the slow and apparently irrational movement of public opinion. Any prophet of a new dispensation in social policy may expect to encounter inertia; and if he wants sensible people to reason with him, or even listen to him, whether he is preaching salvation or birth control, he must not repel them by uncouthness and violence.

In this article, however, I wish to dismiss the individual, as far as possible, except as he is a component of the society in which he lives, and to shift the issue to a wider and more impersonal range. My question is as to the function of control of numbers in the evolution and life of human society.

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What is control, as an element in the field, competent to do? That question, involving a forecast of the future, can be approached only in the light of the past. Here is a place where distance, detachment, and perspective are called for; and where a confusion of assertions, viewpoints, personal motives and prejudices, and local habitudes can serve only to darken counsel.

The fundamental relation of organic life is the ratio of numbers to land. This is the ratio of population to subsistence, or of mouths to food; for all the sustenance comes, more or less directly, out of the soil. Strictly speaking, "land" in this ratio means the products or productivity of the land. The numbers of organic beings, including man, "tend to increase up to the limit of the supporting power of land." This relation of numbers to land permeates the thought of Darwin's "Origin of Species," as well as Malthus's "Essay on the Principles of Population," to which Darwin owed much; and it has passed into the current stock of ideas.

When plants or animals have arrived at the limit of supportable numbers—the "saturation-point,"—the only prospect for an immediate further increase is afforded by more available land. In default of that, natural selection holds the numbers down. Earliest man doubtless shared this situation along with his fellow beings. Later on, however, he emancipated himself from it by learning to alter the terms of the population-land ratio as no plant or animal can. But this could be done in two ways, and in two ways only: by increasing the land, or by restricting the numbers. Either procedure represents a departure from "the course of nature."

By far the larger quota of human endeavor has been put in on the land side of this ratio. You can multiply land by finding more. Both animals and men, and also plants, can do that. They migrate under this pressure, and the movement is a sort of unconscious wriggle or squirm into

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the open. But most human migrations imply something further than this; many of them have demanded a preliminary and considerable advance in civilization. Discovery or recovery increases land in quantity. They have been important to human destiny. But for the typical human mode we must look to the increase of land in quality or producing power. This, to all intents and purposes, multiplies land, the assertions of doctrinaires to the contrary notwithstanding. Furthermore, inventions which make for the preservation of land productivity or land products may be reasonably regarded as contributing to the land side of our ratio; the negative activities of economy are often quite as vital to weight that side, so as to balance off the numbers, as any positive exploits can be. Land may be increased, therefore, by quantitative or qualitative additions; and man, in striving to alter the terms of the numbers-land ratio, has spent most of his efforts on the latter.

If there is more land, there can be more men; also every invention calculated to enable man to derive more subsistence from a given amount of land has allowed of an increase of numbers. Each one has deferred the arrival at the saturation-point, at which increase must cease. No plant or animal could thus operate upon the terms of the numbers-land ratio; and men did it unconsciously, gropingly, and blunderingly at first. But they came, later on, to operate rationally and planfully. Their inventions, each one a materialized idea, their tools and weapons, systems and economies, constituted the "arts of life" which were the elements of material civilization. I do not need to rehearse the stages of the gathering power of this civilization; but its results may be summoned before the mind by recalling that, whereas, among the lower hunting peoples, the saturation-point beyond which lies over-population, is one or less per square mile, on the most advanced stage of the arts a whole country will return an average of several hundreds to the square mile, and certain sections a concentration of

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two or three millions upon a few square miles. The handling of the land side of the numbers-land ratio has evidently attained such success as to allow of comparative neglect of the numbers element. The latter has been left to expand as it would, and dogmas prohibiting control have had opportunity to flourish.

It is not to be understood that numbers have always been engaged in a hopeless stern-chase. They have caught up sometimes, and then there has been over-population. There have come wars and plagues that reduced numbers and provided easement and opportunity for those that were spared. But I am not thinking much of the Malthusian checks, for my main interest lies in those developments of social policy that have deferred the approach to the saturation-point. It has recurrently happened, when the prospects were dark and the pinch was beginning to be felt, that the arts of life have suddenly laid open new possibilities of production or economy, or even new areas of expansion, and have thus postponed the evil day until the indefinite future. The grand phenomenon of this order was the discovery of the New World, an area densely enough populated for comfort, on the Indian stage of civilization, but, for the Europeans, with their evolved arts, virtually empty. Hence an indefinite postponement, for all the European races and some others, of the time when numbers could catch up with land.

It is in the age of enfranchisement ensuing upon this relief that we—especially we Americans—have long been living; and we have the habitudes and sentiments appropriate. We are careless, extravagant, self-indulgent, shortsighted, sentimental, generous with what costs little, always ready, in our confirmed optimism, to mortgage the future. Engrossed in the positive aspect of the arts of life—production—we have come to neglect the negative one—economy. We have even allowed the arts to be diverted largely from the increase and conservation of land. Much advance in technique and much new land have combined to render the

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menace involved in the terms of the numbers-land ratio illusory to us. When we hear of the rigors of the struggle for existence, we do not think of them in reference to ourselves, for we have never experienced that struggle. What need of a population policy? And so we deride or abuse the Malthuses and other "academic" Cassandras, and call them pessimists and alarmists.

Doubtless they are such, at present. But we must remember that those epithets have been tagged on several persons who have turned out, in the event, to be genuine prophets—for instance, in the matter of the present war. In any case, it is a fact that the earth is filling up. The United States has now some thirty-odd inhabitants per square mile. The frontiersman, to whom elbowroom meant nobody nearer than several miles, is replaced by people who do not grumble at adjoining dwellings. We have semi-frontier conditions still, but simple arithmetic shows that the numbers, among civilized peoples, are gaining upon the other end of the hitherto ridiculously one-sided ratio. We have clamored for numbers, striving, it seems, to outdo nature in the effort to spread a "layer of protoplasm" over the globe. It has been considered a sort of disgrace to a country, let alone a peril, not to be increasing rapidly in population. But we should not forget that, however much the supporting power of the land may be increased by advance in the arts, numbers tend tirelessly to rise to it as their limit. Nor should it be ignored that the sustenance-increasing function of the arts is partially neutralized by the advance in power of combating death, and so of operating directly to weight the pressure on land.

Let us now dismiss the land side of our ratio in order to consider the numbers element. Doubtless, before the development of the arts of life distinctive of man, the saturation-point was frequently passed by a human society, as it is by plants and animals, and at the cost of the death of the weaker members. And in the face of the effort necessary

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for the development of the arts, doubtless also it was easier to slay the young or the old than to overcome inertia. However it arose, the stereotyped form of relief, practised unrationally as an ancestral tradition, has been, among a number of peoples, the lowering of population. That was their way of manipulating the ratio.

But the restriction of numbers is evoked less regularly by actual necessity in the struggle for existence than by reason of unwillingness to lower, or not to uphold or elevate, the standard of living. This is a factor affecting our fundamental ratio, of which we have had, as yet, but little to say. This standard is set by the customary mode of life of the society, and generally represents, indeed, some idealization upon it. It is in all ages that sort of life, including mere existence plus a certain scale of comfort or luxury, below which the individual or group is unwilling to drop. It is a sort of ideal. People evolve it and get used to it in prosperity, and then cling to it. Its presence establishes a secondary saturation-point—or warning-point—short of the primordial one. It is clear that to let numbers take their own course and, at the same time, to raise the standard of living, imposes upon the arts an added and heavy burden. Hence where the standard of living is high relatively to the arts, the latter cannot provide for it and still make the land support an unrestricted increase. And so the standard of living represents an element tending to restriction of numbers.

But the swift rise of the standard of living in recent centuries is an index of advancing civilization. What were luxuries in the Middle Ages—as, for example, sugar—are regarded as common necessities now; what were luxuries twenty-five years ago—as the telephone—are indispensable necessities now. Some of the demands of this increasing standard seem excessive or even foolish, for instance, when it leads a man to mortgage his home to buy an automobile; while other exactions represent an effort at enduring better-

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ment, salutary alike to the individual and to society, as when an uneducated father strives to educate his children.

This age and century are characterized by an immense effort after an advancing and costly standard of living. There is here less content than elsewhere with the traditional standard, or with a moderately increasing one. Few are willing to settle down to the standard of their parents. It is ordinarily an effect of the standard of living, as has been said, when the size of families is restricted because of expense; and it is often so when the alleged consideration is health. If a man replies, in answer to a questionnaire, that more than two children would involve too great an expense, he means an expense too great to allow the family to maintain, along with its increase, the standard of living set by the particular class or group to which it belongs. If there were more children, the father would have to resign from his club, or the mother would have to wear poorer clothes, or the family would have to move to a less desirable house or district. Above all, the children would not be assured of what right-minded parents want their offspring to have. The fear is, not of starvation, but of social handicap or semi-ostracism. The perhaps strong desire for more children is measured against the strong desire to conform to standard, and the decision is for restriction. A declining standard would be interpreted, in the class or nation as well as in the individual, as evidence of degeneration and as ground for pity or contempt. The pursuit of the standard of living is a headlong race where the great impulse is to "keep up with the game." What wonder, therefore, that an extended practice of birth control supervenes—especially when the cost of living, and of living to standard, is so ruthlessly rising?

If these various considerations as to the man-land ratio be put together, in the full realization that a high and rising standard of living is one of the typical features of an advancing civilization, the declining birth rate of the most civilized

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nations need cause no surprise. It is as if society, by limiting numbers, were automatically adjusting itself through its most sensitive elements to conditions represented by the filling-up of available land areas—and there are no more New Worlds to populate—and by the steady rise of the standard of living.

It is not quite fair to leave birth control, as currently understood, standing alone as a representative of restriction. Celibacy and deferred marriage are other effective means. The fertility of mothers married at seventeen, twenty-two, twenty-seven, and thirty-two, says Galton in his "Human Faculty," is as six, five, four, three. Here the age of the wife alone is considered. The number of children in the family of a man married before twenty-five is estimated to be over three times the number where a man is married after he is forty. Here the age of the husband alone is considered. But these means of restriction involve longer foresight and greater self-discipline than does birth control in the stricter sense. They can be practised, as the figures show they are practised, only by classes in society which show these qualities. The line of least resistance does not lead to celibacy and deferred marriage. I shall not attempt to prove this, or try to show which methods of restriction are least objectionable from the standpoint of the interests of society.

Let us now envisage, all of them together, the elements that enter into the original ratio, in order to get future probabilities before us. These elements are, primarily, quantity of land, and potential increase of numbers. Quantity of land is a constant that can be set aside. So can the natural increase of numbers. There is no assignable limit to the latter short of the saturation-point, with ensuing over-population and consequent suffering and death. This factor remains characteristic of organisms. There remain the arts, the standard of living, and restriction. With a constant quantity of land to operate upon, can the arts stand off a natural increase, together with an ever-rising standard of

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living (and there is no prospect that the latter will cease to rise with the progress of civilization); or must restriction come in to relieve the issue?

If anyone believes in the limitless land-multiplying power of the arts, he need not consider recourse to restriction at all. Perhaps the arts will continue indefinitely to multiply land; perhaps they may succeed in rendering the tropics available for European habitation. They may be able even to increase, more rapidly than ever before, the productivity of land. This is optimism, but it cannot be disproved; it seems, however, that some time there must be a limit to their indefinitely increasing power. If so, then it is hard to see how society can go on without practising restriction. Confronted with the alternative of that or lowering the standard of living, it is likely that people will then do what informed people do now—refuse to debase the standard. Given knowledge of preventive means, it looks as if the choice would be for birth control. And the necessary information cannot be permanently withheld.

The crisis and the pinch are, no doubt, as yet afar off. They may never come. But then, again, they may materialize more speedily than we imagine. It will be increasingly hard for the arts to hold up the land side of the numbers-land balance against the weight of both increasing numbers and an ascending standard of living. And it seems to me most significant that it is the most civilized elements of the population, as well as the most civilized nations, that have displayed the declining birth rate, whereas the "spawning millions" of less cultivated peoples, say those of India, secure the permanence of their own misery by an unrestricted breeding which is the despair of those who would help to raise them. These phenomena of control of numbers look like the beginning of one of those secular automatic adaptations of society to life conditions—one in which the standard of living operates upon the most adaptable constituents of population to anticipate the ultimate

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pressure of numbers on land-derived subsistence, and thus safeguards by its indirect warning the higher type of civilization. It looks as if, some day in the remote future, birth control would be general and traditional. The biases, in that case, will have fallen away, as they do before any elemental necessity, and nobody will be shocked at it. Argument and logic will not be needed. The creeds and dogmas and taboos of the past will be regarded as we now regard those of a thousand years ago—as natural in their time, but as having become maladaptations under changed conditions. It will be right to control birth when custom, representing adjustment to altered conditions, makes it so.

This essay does not debate the present and local issue. It presents the elements and factors in population policy which have been dominant in social evolution. It calls attention to circumstances, sometimes overlooked or unheeded, such as the fact that considerable birth control is going on all the time, and that little or nothing can be done to stop the private practice of it within the family; that, whereas children were once economic assets and the standard of living relatively low, now they are economic liabilities and the standard of living is steadily rising; that this standard is a pretty good measure of the status of civilization, and that we all concur in approving its elevation. Such facts give a footing for discussion which enables it to rise above mere assertion and retort, blatant advocacy and horrified opposition, the dialectical juggling of phrases, and the heated appeal to bias. If we can strengthen the land side of the numbers-land ratio, we can stave off restriction of numbers; but if the pinch comes, and restriction is the only alleviation, it looks as if restriction would win an easy victory, whether we now like that prospect or not.

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VIRGIL AND THE NEW PATRIOTISM

By Anne C. E. Allinson

THE Roman Empire and Christianity effected an apparent union when Constantine declared that he conquered in the sign of the cross. But the issue between the theory of world domination and the theory of world brotherhood was not then and never has been settled. The ideal of Christ and the ideal of Caesar were as irreconcilable in the time of Constantine as in the time of Tiberius; and irreconcilable they have remained through the temporal power of popes and the ambitions of "Christian" nations.

To-day we are living amid fresh demonstrations of the supremacy of nationalism with its "duty" of self-preservation and self-aggrandizement, over humanity with its "duty" of mutual services. Eagerly we propose internationalism for the world's salvation, as if philosophers and poets had not heralded it with the same zest in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and as if Jaurès' Socialists of yesterday had not pledged their loyalty to *l'humanité* rather than to *la patrie*. Our optimism, through all philosophical disguises, is a recrudescence of the faith and hope with which two thousand years ago Christianity faced the makers of an empire. To the earliest Christians, deriving their inspiration from men whose national life had been destroyed, the conflict between patriotism and world brotherhood was negligible. The vision of a new earth and a new heaven blotted out even the nobler concerns of the old world. The New Testament transports its readers into a world remote and fresh as the morning star, created by emotion and imagination in the midst of a civilization resembling our own. The substitution of Christian churches for pagan temples still leaves New York and London, Paris and Berlin looking

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more like the Rome of the Caesars than like the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven.

Very early, indeed, in its history the new religion began to take into account the natural concerns of men. Some, like art and learning, it transformed. Some, like politics and business, it accepted. Others it identified with its own ideals. This was true of patriotism which resembles Christianity in purity of motive, self-forgetfulness, and faith. Very soon the church decided that young men could serve in the army and still be Christians; devotion to the City of Rome became a phase of devotion to the City of God. Modern apologists maintain that the religion of Christ never has preached and never will preach the sheathing of the sword in the presence of injustice and evil. The Christian church has often gone beyond this to approve a patriotism which preaches the righteousness of fighting for one's own country, whatever the cause, which assumes, indeed, that any cause which she selects becomes, *ipso facto,* the just one for her citizens to defend. History resounds with the warrior's slogan: For God and King.

At the same time a striking factor in to-day's thinking is the perception of the immoral consequences of patriotism. We see that while devotion to country entails the final sacrifice of self, it entails also the most inhumane sacrifice of others. We have not yet been able to think the matter out. Distraught, we reverence the men who are dying for their separate flags and strain our eyes beyond the battlefields for the oriflamme of internationalism. Yet this problem is not so new as our specific data and illustrations.

Our ethical uncertainty and our wistful perplexity are older than the Christian era, for an adequate expression of them is found in a pagan poet who died fifty years before the first Christian church was founded in Rome. On the plane of humane feeling, Virgil almost anticipated the New Testament, which breathed the life of spiritual emotion into the conception of world brotherhood already known to pagan

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philosophers. His poems, as Frederic W. H. Myers beautifully said, "lie at the watershed of religions. Filled as they are with Roman rites and Roman traditions, they contain also another element, gentler, holier, till then almost unknown; a change has passed over them like the change which passes over a Norwegian midnight when the rose of evening becomes silently the rose of dawn." Virgilian pathos and Virgilian tenderness are bywords of literary criticism, but perhaps only within the last year or two have we learned from our own confusion how violently the poet's sense of the preciousness of all human happiness conflicted with his pride in Rome. The issue was never fought out within himself. In the same breath he was the apostle of imperialism and the prophet of humanity.

Virgil is one of the few writers whose life and art are inseparable, whose characters are as significant as the products of their brains. Let us, then, consider what manner of man he was and the conditions under which he wrote a poem, glorifying an empire, satisfying an imperial people, and yet revealing the highest level of humane feeling reached by the pagan world.

He was of Italian peasant blood with, perhaps, a strain of Etruscan or Celtic inheritance to explain both his own imagination and his father's sympathy with his dreams. His childhood on a farm near Mantua and his education seem to have been ideally suited to a body far from robust and a spirit sensitive to impressions of physical and moral beauty. The farm, lying in a lovely country, watered by the reedy Mincio and ennobled by a distant prospect of the Rhaetian Alps, offered many pleasant occupations to the little Virgil and his brothers. They built beechwood fires in the woods and gathered flowers in the fields, sometimes finding a cold snake when they plunged their hands deep into clumps of narcissus or hyacinths or yellow violets. They stood on tiptoe to reach the apple branches in the autumn, and helped the vintagers to pick the purple grape-

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clusters from the vines. Often, with fascinated interest, they watched the busy ways of the bees in the apiary or, on rainy days, joined the farm-hands in mending the tools, plaiting the bramble-twig baskets, and parching the corn.

When Virgil was ten years old, his father sent him to school in Milan, the centre of the province. It was the time of the first triumvirate and, if the boy listened to the talk of older men, he became familiar with the names of Julius Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus, and heard much speculation about the fluctuating fortunes of Cicero. By the time political talk centred in Caesar's brilliant Gallic campaigns and the waning of Pompey's star, Virgil had assumed the *toga virilis* and gone to Rome, a tall, thin youth of sixteen, to complete his education. The next ten or twelve years we know only fragmentarily. He studied with famous teachers of rhetoric and philosophy and became a scholar and an exceptionally cultivated man. He also travelled all over Italy, from the northern lakes to Sicily, preferring, we may assume, this form of self-development to the years of study in Athens which attracted many of his contemporaries. His intense love for the land of Italy, apart from the imperial grandeur of Rome, was quickened by these youthful wanderings among her fruitful fields and vineyards, and among the storied towns reared on the hilltops above her ancient rivers.

A third factor in these years was the making of friends. Virgil came to the city young and rustic enough to be amazed at the glories of the capital which he had imagined to be a little Mantua grown big, as dogs are like puppies and goats are only larger kids. He found Rome carrying her head as high among all other cities as cypresses do among bending hedgerow trees. That such a city within ten years should have made a place for him ought to be a significant factor in our judgment of Roman society. He had no social backing, never recovered from a certain awkwardness in appearance and manner, and was almost a chronic invalid. Yet, by the time he was twenty-six or twenty-eight he was the friend

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of men who were distinguished in public life and in literature. Horace, whose own rise in the social scale was as picturesque, but who became very much a man of the world, called Virgil a white soul; and evidently many other Romans were able to appreciate the candor and gentleness which he brought with him from home and never lost through years of metropolitan success.

But at this time Virgil's unique part in the life of Rome had not yet come. While the republic was in its death-throes he was back again on his farm, showing no inclination to enter the law which was a young man's surest path to public distinction, seeming, perhaps, to his neighbors a rather sorry example of a son expensively educated. Rome had been disrupted by civil war. Pompey had been overthrown by Julius Caesar, Caesar had been assassinated, Octavian had avenged the murder at Philippi. With all its horrors, it had been a time of noble emotions and bright enthusiasms. Horace, a student in Athens, had ridden off with Brutus to take part in his last battle for "freedom." Virgil at Mantua seemed only to be writing minor poetry. But in these years there was born in him that hatred of war, that moral revulsion against violence, which was to contribute a new beauty to the literature of a militant race.

Suddenly his personal life was changed. The land of the towns which had been republican in sympathy was confiscated for the use of Octavian's veterans on their victorious return from Philippi, and Virgil's farm—his own property by this time—belonging to the territory of Cremona, was included. His personal friends interceded for him, and Octavian compensated him for his loss by a remunerative estate in Campania. From now on he had leisure and position, a house on the Esquiline—the fashionable residence quarter in Rome,—villas among the Campanian hills and by the sea near Naples, and entire freedom for his chosen work. But it would be unimaginative to believe that a man like

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Virgil accepted without pain "compensation" for the farm which his father's industry had developed, and on which his happy childhood had been spent. We are told that when, later in his life, he was offered as a special gift the estates of a man who had been sent into exile he "could not bear to accept them," because he knew what it meant to see a stranger in possession of his old home. From his poetry it is easy to infer that often he was homesick for Mantua, for the chimneys of the farmhouse roofs sending up their smoke in the clear evening air, the yellow of the waving grain as it stole over the plain in the early spring, and the hum of bees among the buds of the willow-trees by the river. Even in his epic, in the hero's grief that to establish Rome he must be exiled from Troy, there lives again his own passion for the land on which he had been born. His private loss, although it seemed to turn to gain, was one more item in the count against war.

But Virgil was incapable of bitterness in his personal fortunes, and in evaluating the fortunes of the state did not follow Horace's first identification of the cause of the republic with the cause of freedom. To Virgil a beneficent peace seemed always finer than a liberty which set brother against brother. During the first six years after the battle of Philippi he produced, in the Eclogues, poetry which at once won the eager favor of critics and public, turning gladly, in the relaxation from war, to themes of pastoral life and landscapes. But the most original thing in this poetry, imitated as a whole from the Greek, was the fervent prophecy of a golden age of peace and piety, which awaited mankind beyond the tumult of the times and was soon to be ushered in by the birth of a child. In the famous Fourth Eclogue, misconstrued by the early church into a prophecy of the coming of Christ, Virgil already revealed that yearning for a happier future for all humanity which would have made him understand better than most pagans the Christian

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conception of a "whole creation groaning and travailing together, earnestly waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."

The rest of Virgil's life, from the time he was thirty-five to his death at fifty-one, fell within the "Augustan age." Civil wars ended with the defeat of Antony and Cleopatra. A young avenger, although he clung obstinately to the theory that he was giving the republic back into the hands of senate and people, became in fact the first emperor of a new empire. Octavian emerged as Augustus Caesar. Rome yielded herself to the joys of peace and plenty, art and literature. Augustus set his face against further wars for conquest—all of the earth that Romans could use had been conquered by earlier generations; and the legions were busy only in distant provinces where from time to time the uncivilized so far forgot themselves as to rebel against the blessings of Roman *Kultur*. In this time Virgil came into his citizen's part. Whenever he visited the city, he was pointed out—greatly to his own distress—as the most famous poet of the day, as a friend of Augustus, and an intimate companion of Maecenas. When he read his own poetry his hesitant voice became commanding and beautiful, typical of his power to carry people with him on the tide of noble emotion. This power was appreciated and nurtured by the emperor and his prime minister, who perceived its value in their plans to unite and regenerate the empire, and to maintain Rome and Italy as its sacred centre. Virgil, who never held an office or fought a battle, was passionately and creatively a patriot. Within this dreamer burned a flame which could set on fire a nation of administrators and soldiers.

His patriotism was that of the idealist. He did not identify efficiency with civilization, might with right, or sovereignty with blessedness. His love for Rome never blinded him to the dangers which threatened her spiritual integrity. Free himself from many of the ordinary passions of men, he could see the enslavement of the masters of the material

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world—*domini rerum*—to ambition, lust, and greed. Their restlessness saddened him as twenty years earlier it had saddened Lucretius. The older poet, surveying his generation from the watch-tower of a loftier intellect, implored his countrymen, blind in mind and sick in heart, to turn for light and healing to the truths of science. The younger poet, understanding the Italians better, and the economic connection of all classes with an agricultural life, urged his contemporaries to come back to the land for purification as well as for sustenance, to seek the friendship of the gods of nature, to find in the details of cultivating the soil and raising fruit and cattle a renewal of spiritual grace. In this he was a patriot as much as a philosopher. "The old connection," says an owner of estates in modern Italy, "between the love of the land and the love of *our* land, which is so near the root of the matter and which yet is so far from the thoughts of the town-bred or nomadic politicians who are inclined to claim a monopoly of the patriotism of the twentieth century, was to Virgil an absolutely real fact."

But if Virgil's patriotism was idealistic, it was also progressive. The agricultural Georgics were published about the time of the battle of Actium. A few years later Octavian assumed his august title and Roman imperialism was in full swing. Virgil, grateful for the "golden age" restored to Italy by Augustus Caesar, was also stirred by the extension of the same beneficence beyond Garamantian and Indian, through Caspian realms and Maeotian land. English poets praise "England *Imperatrix*" by heaping up in their verses strange names of unknown places. Kandahar and Ispahan, Cabool and Samarcand have heard

The measured roll of English drums.

Virgil felt the same pride in far-flung dominion. Caesar coming home to consecrate to the gods of Italy the offerings of all nations seemed to him a godlike figure. He boasted that the Euphrates and the Rhine and the Araxes submitted

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to Roman bridges. He pictured Africans and Leleges, Carians and Gelonians, Morini and Dahae moving in a long procession behind the Roman emperor—strange peoples, speaking strange languages, wearing strange armor, brought under the sway of Rome who could give them a language, government, and culture far superior to their own.

But if Virgil's pride embraced more, so also did his fears. Was the empire invincible against spiritual dangers? Was power to breed injustice? Was wealth to breed corruption? As Virgil grew older and his own peasant youth slipped further behind him, he saw more deeply into life. This greater Rome the rural gods could not save. Rather, in herself lay the seed of regeneration. Virgil came to believe that, if only men could be brought back to a reverence for the early strength, for the gravity and constancy and dignity of the Roman character which had made Rome what she was, they would work more wisely and more ardently for her future greatness. He felt that to arouse Romans to an enthusiasm for their past, as it was pictured in ancient legends which represented their city as predestined by the divine will to become great, would be to arouse them to a desire for true national glory. All this was in his mind when Augustus suggested to him that he should write an epic, after Homer's model, about the founding of Rome. The emperor regarded poetry as a force to harness to his own task, at once political and moral, of empire-building, as a means of arousing loyalty to the new order. The poet undertook the work with the idealist's hope that he might help to make the new order worthy of loyalty.

Such was the inception of the Aeneid, upon which Virgil spent the last ten years of his life, and upon which he was working when he died. The collection of material was in itself a heavy burden, and Virgil composed very slowly, going over his lines, as he said himself, like a bear licking her cubs into shapeliness. For subject matter he used the familiar story of Aeneas, the Trojan refugee, who after long

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wanderings sailed up the Tiber, conquered the early dwellers on Italian soil, and founded a royal line from which, by the aid of Mars himself, sprang Romulus and Remus, the builders of the walls of Rome. Through the medium of Aeneas's adventures and battles and the disasters of his enemies, Virgil could portray the stupendous historical fact of Rome rising into being above the débris of forgotten peoples.

This method, common to poets, of embodying nations and races in a few men and women brings into prominence a specific Virgilian quality. For men and women Virgil, in his maturity, had the deepest pity. His humaneness anticipated that of Christianity, but was based on a very different theory of the place of humanity. He saw men, not as children of God but as puppets of Fate; from Priam, once the sovereign lord of Asia, now a body without a name, to the helmsman Palinurus, victim of faith in the calm of sea and sky, a naked corpse on a strand unknown. Aeneas himself is only a weary traveller pushed on by destiny to an appointed goal. Regarded as a hero with personal volitions he would often enough cut a sorry figure, but as the man of destiny, submitting to sorrows that Rome may exist, there is about him a certain regal sadness. From the day Troy fell and the omens singled him out as the guide to a new kingdom, his personal wishes were of no account.

This was made clear to him by his wife Creusa, the first victim of his fate. When, after he had lost her, he was stumbling by night through the streets of the ruined city, seeking her at every corner, piteously calling her name again and again, her ghost appeared to him and said:* "Whence this strange pleasure in indulging frantic grief, my darling husband? It is not without Heaven's will that these things are happening; that you should carry your Creusa with you

* The translations and paraphrases of Virgil in this article are taken from the classic prose translation by John Conington.

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on your journey is forbidden by fate, forbidden by the mighty ruler of Heaven above. You have long years of exile, a vast expanse of ocean to traverse and then you will arrive at the land of Hesperia, where Tiber, Lydia's river, rolls his gentle volumes through rich and cultured plains. There you have a smiling future, a kingdom and a royal bride waiting your coming. Dry your eyes for Creusa, your heart's choice though she be." He tried to embrace her, but three times the phantom escaped the hands that caught at it in vain—impalpable as the wind, fleeting as the wings of sleep.

The night ended and, as the morning star was rising over Mount Ida, Aeneas found himself, like some Serbian leader of to-day, at the head of an army mustered for exile, a crowd of the wretched. Their wanderings, in the years that followed, lacked the intrepid joyousness of voluntary pioneering. Once, when they were forced to tear themselves away from a homelike town on the coast of Epirus where Helenus, a son of Priam, and Andromache, fortunate to have married again a man of her own race, had reconstructed a miniature Troy, he said sadly to the royal pair: "Live long and happily, as those should for whom the book of fortune is closed. We, alas, are still called to turn page after page. You have now your rest; you have no expanse of sea to plough, no Italian fields to chase, still retiring as you advance. Your eyes look upon a copy of the old Xanthus, upon a Troy which your own hands have made." Carthage too became a fair halting place, with its gifts of luxurious ease and enthralling passion. But Jove forced the loiterer on as one who should govern Italy—Italy with its brood of unborn empires and the war-cry bursting from its heart. Away with him to sea! rang the Almighty's voice. Sicily tempted him to end his labors. But Athena inspired an old counsellor to remind him: "Be it ours to follow as Fate pulls us to and fro; come what may, there is no conquering fortune but by endurance."

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But it is not only Aeneas who must suffer—

> Tanta moles erat Romanam condere gentem.

The price of Rome's foundation was heavy not only for the hero but for everybody in his path, and it is in this portrayal of the toll exacted from others that Virgil is most wistful and tender. He never questioned the ethical precedence of Aeneas's task, but he was forever reckoning up the cost. Napoleon is said to have scorned the warfare of the Aeneid as much as he admired that of the Iliad. Virgil, it is true, describes war with horror instead of with joy, looking away "from the battle to untilled fields, to funeral pyres and nameless graves, to lonely parents at their prayers." In this, for all his inferiority to Homer as a poet, he must appeal to the tortured conscience of our own age.

Let us look at a few of the individuals through whose experience the poet points his universal moral. The story of Dido is too familiar to be mentioned, but its very familiarity drives home Virgil's power to arouse pity for the other side. Thanks to the poet himself, the sympathy of the world has always been with the Carthaginian queen, whose life passed out upon the wind that sped the conquering hero towards Rome. But the same power, in slighter episodes, is conspicuous in the less familiar half of the Aeneid, the tale of the conquest of Italy. Here are peaceful peoples, tilling the soil, marrying, making friendly alliances. The man of destiny arrives, and old king and queen, young prince and princess, and their obedient peoples enter upon strange sorrows. Lavinia, a girl with a face like a bed of lilies and roses, the destined mother of Aeneas's new sons, is first elected by the omens of heaven. She is the only daughter of Latinus, who has been ruling Latium through many calm years of peace, and is betrothed to Turnus the handsome prince of Rutulia. On a certain fateful morning at daybreak, when the sea is reddening under the early sun and the birds are beginning to sing, the Trojans sail up the Tiber

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and land on the Latian coast. On this same morning the king's daughter, standing in maiden purity beside her father, is lighting the fires on the altars of the palace. Suddenly she is seen to "catch the fire with her long tresses, all her headgear consuming in the crackling flame, her queenly hair, her jewelled coronal all ablaze, till at last she is wrapt in smoke and yellow glare and scatters the firegod's sparks the whole palace through." Everyone is horrified. Wise men are consulted. The king is told to reject home-bred marriage for the princess and to look for her consort among "men from a far country, now on their way, men whose posterity shall one day look down to see under their feet the whole world, from ocean to ocean, revolving beneath them and wielded by their control."

The Trojans, on their arrival, are innocent of hostile designs. They ask only for their country's gods a narrow resting place, the harmless privilege of the coast, and the common liberty of water and air. Latinus as peacefully welcomes them and freely offers his daughter to the chosen one of destiny. But not so easy was the union of East and West and the origin of the kings of Rome. Implacable Juno, the instrument of Fate, instigates Turnus to fight for his bride, sets Lavinia's mother, whose sympathy is with the young prince, against her husband, and, as a spark to light the larger conflict, originates a bloody quarrel between a few Trojans, hunting game for food among the hills, and Latian shepherds. These hurry back to town with their dead and wounded. Latinus's people storm his palace door, clamoring for an atrocious war. "'Alas!' exclaims the good sire, 'shattered are we by destiny, and whirled before the storm. On you will come the reckoning, and your impious blood will pay it, my wretched children. You, Turnus, you will be met by your crime and its fearful vengeances, in a day when it will be too late to pray to Heaven. For me, my rest is assured; my ship is just dropping into port; it is but of a happy departure that I am robbed.' No more he spoke,

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but shut himself in an inner chamber, and let the reins of empire go."

From this point on, through the remaining five books of the Aeneid, battles rage, victory leaning now to one side, now to the other, but always paid for in coin of human misery. Those who fight for Aeneas die and leave tears for those who love them. "Down falls Euryalus in death; over his beauteous limbs gushes the blood, and his powerless neck sinks on his shoulders; as when a purple flower, severed by the plough, pines in death, or poppies with faint neck droop the head, when rain has chanced to weigh them down." The boy's mother was in the house spinning when the news of his death reached her. Crazed with grief she rushed out and made for the battle-line, "her wail shaking every heart to its centre." Two soldiers had to lay gentle hold on her and carry her back in their arms.

The same fate befalls the only allies of Aeneas, Evander, king of Pallanteum (the future site of Rome) and his son Pallas. But the Virgilian pathos reaches its height in describing the deaths of the enemies of Aeneas. Turnus had as an ally a young Volscian princess, Camilla, a maiden-warrior dedicated in babyhood to Diana and reared in lonely mountains by an exiled father. Free and pure, tameless and proud, she is the loveliest figure in the Aeneid, incarnating, it may well be, the "ideal and inward dream" of the poet whose own virginal character was a byword among his contemporaries. At any rate, his touch is nowhere more exquisite than in portraying the sacrifice of her life to the struggle of the Italian peoples against the power of Rome. She fights magnificently and long, but at last a Trojan drives his weapon beneath her breast.

Finally, Turnus is left for Aeneas's own spear. Old Latinus has emerged to consider terms of peace for his people, and the fresh-made graves before his eyes tell him plainly, if he has doubted it, that Aeneas is "the man of destiny, borne on by Heaven's manifest will." The Latin

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people, revolting against their own suffering, urge that Turnus of Rutulia alone is challenged by the foe. Mothers and their sons' brides, sisters and little children call down curses on the war and on Turnus's bridal rites. Men begin to mutter that they have looked on corpses enough, have left leagues enough of land unpeopled, and refuse longer for the sake of a prince's ambition to lie weltering on the plain, a herd unburied and unwept. Turnus violently accepts the challenge. "For me alone Aeneas calls!" becomes his battle cry. The imperial epic ends with his death. Smitten to earth he admits defeat, and asks for life only for the sake of his father who loves him as much as Anchises had once loved the conqueror. Aeneas is stirred by a momentary pity, but catches sight of the belt of Pallas, whom Turnus had not spared to another old father. The spirit of revenge seizes him, he plunges the spear into the fallen man's breast. The body grows cold and still. The soul flies groaning to the shades. The road to Rome lies open.

The Aeneid was not regarded by its author as finished. He had meant to spend three more years on it after a journey to Asia Minor and Greece, countries rich in historical and literary inspiration, but a fever caught at Megara ended all his plans. He lived to get back to Brindisi and there died. During the last days of his illness he was tormented by the fear that after his death his poem would be published unfinished, unrevised. He wanted to burn the manuscript himself but no one would bring it to him, and he could not rise from bed. All he could do was to send to the two friends whom he made his literary executors a solemn injunction to burn any unfinished work. In his last hours he showed that "passionate desire of unattainable perfection" which had pervaded both his art and his life. But after his death his wish was of no avail against Augustus's command that the Aeneid be published.

Its immediate success among all classes in Rome, and its canonization by later generations are dramatic facts, but we

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are more concerned here with the question of what Virgil might have done to it, had he been able to give three more years to its perfecting. He was keenly interested in philosophical thought, as we know from the fact that he had planned to devote the rest of his life, after the completion of the Aeneid, to the study of philosophy. It is, therefore, at least possible that, in rendering his own final judgment on a piece of work which had been growing from year to year, he would have demanded of himself a clearer principle, a sterner ethical certainty. Taking the poem as it stands, we are often tempted to think that the subject ran away with him, giving rise to emotions which contradicted his reason. If he could have ruthlessly surveyed the result, he might have brought to a finish within himself the struggle between his love for his own nation and his sympathy for all nations. As it is, nothing so unites him with the modern and so separates him from the classical world as his tendency to lose his way among conflicting truths. At the time of his death he would have agreed with Mr. Gilbert Murray (the most un-Hellenic of the great interpreters of Hellenism) that, above all, we must remember "to walk gently in a world where the lights are dim and the very stars wander."

If, however, he had lived longer, Virgil might have thought himself out of such a world as this into one lighted by steady beacons. Some of us, in spite of our modernity, believe that the trouble is with our eyes, not with our lights, and that with patience we may yet discover the bright and guiding truth in this problem of patriotism. Therefore it is interesting to search in Virgil for hints of the road which, in a similar quest, he might have followed. It is practically inconceivable that he, a Roman, could ever have reached the rejection of militant patriotism laid bare not long ago in "The Atlantic Monthly" by a man who, after the Dardanelles campaign, resigned from the British merchant marine. "No power on earth," he says, "could have forced me to lend a helping hand to such a wholesale slaughter again

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after what I saw and felt. Whether my country is right or wrong in the cause of the war, I say that it is absolutely wrong to see countless thousands of its best youth slaughtered in such cruel ways." Virgil would far more swiftly have understood the English poet who went to the Dardanelles thanking God "Who has matched us with His hour," and who died there leaving to his friends a soldier's message. And yet the Roman poet, as we have seen, was so oppressed by the slaughter of youth which was involved in the preservation of a nation that his poem of imperial glorification is shot through with the tragic question: Is it worth the price? The path to his possible answer lay through his faith in the power of Rome to save the world. This faith was not tested by a Nero or a Domitian. In Virgil's life-time the Romans seemed really to be spreading peace and order throughout the nations, an accomplishment as beneficial for humanity, he felt, as the sculpture or literature or science of the Greeks. No German is more convinced of the "Ideal, Mission, Destiny" of his own people than Virgil was of Rome's. But quite unGerman was his conception of the character of the civilization which must be forced upon other peoples. The empire won his deep allegiance, not because it was powerful and efficient in all phases of life, but because it promised to mankind a fresh age of gold when love of power and wealth should disappear and once more justice and simplicity and tranquillity should possess the earth.

Virgil's patriotism, expressed through the all-conquering medium of perfect language, made him *par excellence* "the poet" of his age. But because his patriotism was "haunted by the spiritual presences of absent things" he has outlived the Roman eagles and the Capitol—

> Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms
> that pass to rise no more.

These spiritual presences were more real than the "vision of awful shapes, mighty presences of gods arrayed against

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Troy" which Virgil drew out of Greek mythology, more real than the belief in Fate which he breathed in from the Italian air. In one brief Platonic passage the poet reveals his better hope. In the world of the dead, beyond Rome and her necessities, Anchises tells Aeneas that within man there is a fiery glow, a heavenly nature, a struggling against the clogs of corrupting flesh. The lapse of ages will cleanse the ingrained blot and leave a residue of heavenly intelligence. But even in the speaking Virgil falters. Anchises sends his son up to his earthly quest through the gate of ivory, as if the dream of a spiritual presence were, after all, probably false.

And yet could Virgil know of our uncertainty, no one would be more amazed. The early church had a charming story that St. Paul once stood by the poet's tomb, at Posilippo, and exclaimed: "What a Christian I could have made of you, had I found you earlier!" His imagined words were sung for many centuries at Mantua in the mass of St. Paul:

> Quem te, inquit, reddidissem,
> Si te prius invenissem,
> Poetarum maxime.

And indeed, if Virgil had lived only two generations later, it is probable that he would have become a frequent visitor at the house that Paul hired in Rome. Obscure as the little sect called Christians was, its message had already reached some among the upper classes, and the peasant-born poet might easily have been among the first to believe that obscurity cast no discredit upon a new truth. In Nero's time he would have been seeking light with agony of spirit. Imperialism had proved as incapable as republicanism of establishing peace and good will on earth. A Roman who thought more profoundly than Virgil and who had watched the growth of the empire once declared that the same anger of heaven, the same human passions, the same criminal motives, drove men into discord.

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In the emperor's Rome, Virgil would have found no hope on which to feed his soul. But in Paul's house, he could have listened to a scholar and thinker preaching the kingdom of God and teaching "those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ *with all confidence,"* and heard men from the street talking of a love and pity so impassioned that they must become creative. Could not this new religion, he would have questioned, cleanse the human heart, and at last in national life (to which these Christians, insisting that the established order was soon to end, seemed curiously indifferent) create righteousness at home, good will abroad? Could it not infuse patriotism, a virtue close to the hearts of most men, with a heavenly intelligence which should perceive that all nations are but members of one body? He had himself deeply pitied both conqueror and conquered—equal victims of the old idea of world domination—and had yearned for a fresh age of thought. How fervently would he have welcomed the invincible certainty of Paul that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us! But, unlike Paul, more like ourselves, he would have hoped that the revelation might take place within the actual world, if men would but be willing to lift their eyes to "the pattern that is laid up in heaven for him who wills to see and, seeing, so to plant his dwelling." And yet he and Paul could not have quarrelled. With a smile both idealists would have remembered Plato's conclusion that the question of the present or future existence of the ideal state on earth is quite unimportant, for in any case the man of understanding will adopt "the practices of such a city to the exclusion of those of every other."

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FOUR SONNETS

By William Rose Benét

Impasse

Oh, now my body thirsts for some cold lake
After hot tramping, scuffing golden dust
Along some trail where mitred snow-peaks thrust
On turquoise, or flaming, streaming pennants shake
From fervid sunset. I know the way to take,
Were not "I would" still cancelled by "I must."
I am scaled over with a scabrous crust
Of days 'neath which I halt but half-awake.
If so my body, this gleam I call my soul
Wavers no less in the draught of empty years
For some rich solitude to feed and trim.
The hieroglyphics stand upon the scroll,
But hopes that once deciphered them are fears
And toil is all, and all horizons dim.

Charles Darwin

This is the soul who sought and found new keys
To Life, and bade Man rise and grasp his powers;
Who wrested many a secret from the flowers
And cast a shadow on bright hierarchies.
Patient to ponder, he mounted stormy seas
Of bigot wrath, met craft that skulks and cowers,
And searched laborious years and days and hours
To link the primrose with the Pleiades.
The Cordilleras than any church more holy
He found, Brazilian forests long adored,
Turned to his task of truth and fathered slowly
Man's nobler function, while men cried, "God, our Lord!"
Protesting still, in weakness. This is he
Who raised a temple to Integrity.

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On Edward Webbe, English Gunner

He met the Danske pirates off Tuttee;
Saw the Chrim burn "Musko"; speaks with bated breath
Of his sale to the great Turk, when peril of death
Chained him to oar their galleys on the sea
Until, as gunner, in Persia they set him free
To fight their foes. Of Prester John he saith
Astounding things. But Queen Elizabeth
He worships, and his dear Lord on Calvary.
Quaint is the phrase, ingenuous the wit
Of this great childish seaman in Palestine,
Mocked home through Italy after his release
With threats of the Armada; and all of it
Warms me like firelight jewelling old wine
In some ghost inn hung with the golden fleece!

Tricksters

I am bewildered still and teased by elves
That cloud about me even through city streets.
One sings a stave and one a dream repeats,
One, crueler, in some old resentment delves.
I am aware they are my other selves,
Yet to what dazzling vision each entreats,
Casting a glamour over shams and cheats,
Ennobling cant, buzzing by tens and twelves!
So then my smiling grieves the passerby.
I strut in all vocations not my own,
Wearing the centuries like a baldric slung;
Whilst shabby I gawk at this splendid I.
Chronos and Momus through my lips intone,
Archangels, heroes,—rascals yet unhung!

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BRITISH NOVELISTS, LTD.

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

I WAS reading a novel, the other day; had got about half way through it. The novel in question was by one of the younger English authors. It was very odd, I thought to myself as I perused it, that I should not (for I read a great deal of fiction) have read before anything by Mr. D. H. Lawrence. I had always meant to, but his work had, for some reason or other, not come my way. And I was glad I was reading it. I ought to have done D. H. Lawrence before. Some people had told me he was "different." He was not so different as all that; still, there was something fresh about him. Perhaps one could differentiate within that group, though I had long since despaired of doing so. I would certainly get something else of D. H. Lawrence's. At that point I decided to go to bed, and shut the book up smartly. The cover revealed to me that the author was J. D. Beresford. Why I had ever thought it was D. H. Lawrence, I do not know. Some false association of ideas at the moment of borrowing it, probably.

The joke is on me, as the younger generation would say. And yet, there is something to be said on my side. The fact is that I had not expected D. H. Lawrence to be one whit different from Hugh Walpole, J. D. Beresford, Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Cannan, Oliver Onions, and W. L. George. I found, I thought, a little difference: not much, but enough to give one hope. To be sure, the hope would have ebbed, in any case, before the book was finished. My only gain was the knowledge that Mr. Beresford can do something besides Jacob Stahl. I have yet to experience D. H. Lawrence. Still, I submit that

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when, to distinguish between one author and another, you are satisfied with so tiny a difference in style as appears between two works by the same man, it means that differences in style within that particular group are not very startling. One would never have read half of "Tess" and taken it for the work of Henry James; or half of "Nostromo" and taken that for the work of Meredith. One would have been brought up standing at the first page. It may be, as I say, that D. H. Lawrence is going to be to me, some day, a revelation of individuality. But the reviews do not give one much hope of that.

Now, there are three contemporary authors in England who stand a little away from this larger group, though they are not precisely contemporaries of Hardy or of Conrad. Wells and Bennett and Galsworthy have some individuality of style. A chapter of Mr. Wells is "different." A chapter of Arnold Bennett or of Mr. Galsworthy is different. Or let me put it in this way. You would not get through half of any one of Mr. Wells's later novels without a deal of pseudo-philosophical reflection on the scheme of things. You would not read so far in any book by Mr. Arnold Bennett without meeting and recognizing his peculiar kind of humor: semi-grim, semi-farcical. And I am sure that you would not get through many chapters of a typical Galsworthy novel without hearing a bird calling to its mate—not if there were a human love affair going on. I do not think you could comfortably sit down with any one of them for half an evening and think that you were reading D. H. Lawrence. You would know whom you were reading—though I fancy the day is coming when Mr. Galsworthy will not be distinguishable from the novelists you never heard of before.

These three gentlemen have, of course, been writing longer than the aforesaid younger group. They are, one might say, the elder brothers of the brood. If any one of them has served as model to the younger fry, it is Mr. Wells.

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None of the younger fry has ever approached the technical excellence of "Kipps"; but, on the other hand, almost any one of them could have written "Ann Veronica." Mr. Wells has certainly led them all astray in his time. But there is another equally important thing to be said: Mr. Wells has gone on. In his later phases, he stands quite apart from them all. "The Research Magnificent" and "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" are perfectly individual: they are not, and never could have been, the product of a syndicate. Time was when Wells and Bennett seemed to be drawing near each other. "Tono Bungay" is Bennett-ish in spots; and "Bealby" is, superficially, almost straight Bennett. But Mr. Wells, for weal or woe, has always been interested in the social scheme. The most important thing in "Tono Bungay" is Bladesover and Bladesover's moral effect; and even in the ridiculous "Bealby" there is more than an echo of Bladesover. Mr. Wells is interested in moral values. Sometimes he has had very queer notions about them; but his reward for having been perpetually preoccupied with them is to have won through to "The Research Magnificent" and "Mr. Britling." You may not agree with the hero of either book; but at least he is a person for whom you have respect. His is a dignified moral reaction, even if it is not the moral reaction you would have preferred. He is a serious person, envisaging his relations to the world in a serious temper.

One does not see Mr. Bennett's characters thus envisaging the world; not, at all events, since "The Old Wives' Tale." And even in "The Old Wives' Tale" you feel rather the deterministic net in which the characters are caught, than any personal decisions of their own. The moral of the book is that heredity is more powerful than environment, if these two come to grips. In the later books, when they are not, like "Denry the Audacious" and "Buried Alive," delicious bits of fooling, you get men and women of a monstrous egotism, of whom it cannot be discerned that

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either heredity or environment explicitly controls them against their will. An acute critic, who has incidentally had his own say about Wells and Bennett, told me the other day that he thought Bennett's people had "character." I should have said rather that they were "characters," in the colloquial sense. They have self-assertiveness; like Aunty Hamps, they may subjugate their world. But "character"? No: that is a finer, more complicated possession. They want things, sometimes good things and sometimes bad; but they are (especially the women) blond beasts as to their methods. If there is, on the whole, a less decent creature in modern fiction than Hilda Lessways, or a more idiotic one than Audrey Moze, I have still to encounter her. They invoke their gods

> By the hunger of change and emotion,
> By the thirst of unbearable things.

Ann Veronica, as I once tried to point out, is not true to life: she is a nice girl who proceeds to have reactions that a nice girl does not have without a lot of intervening history. Hilda is never a nice girl; she is a monster from the start and to the finish. As for Audrey—*pace* Mr. Bennett—she is a "moron," or very near it. Mr. Bennett spends more time on his female than on his male characters. He began with the evident intention of "doing" young Clayhanger. But poor Clayhanger eventually turned into Hilda's daily bread. He exists only to be masticated by her. She lifts her head from that "fiero pasto," immitigable as Ugolino.

Now, I may well be accused, by Mr. Bennett's admirers, of a belated Victorianism, because I do not like his Hildas and Leonoras and Audreys. Well, I do not like Balzac's Valérie Marneffe; yet surely "La Cousine Bette" is one of the great novels of the nineteenth century. Henry James, some years ago, drew a distinction between Thackeray and Balzac in their treatment of unpleasant characters; insisting that Thackeray did not give his a fair

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chance. "Balzac loved his Valérie as Thackeray did not love his Becky," said Mr. James. However much Balzac loved his Valérie, he did not love her to the point of trying to make us think her delightful. The love he bore her was a love as impersonal as the right hand of Rhadamanthus: a love that consented to be just. Balzac may have loved his Valérie as Thackeray did not love his Becky; but he did not love his Valérie as Mr. Bennett loves his Hilda and his Audrey. He loved her, that is, in a quite different sense. Mr. Bennett positively seems to think that Hilda is as decent as anyone else, and more interesting than most people. If he does not really think so, then his method is at fault, and his books belie him. His method is not at fault in "Denry," because there is no implication anywhere that Denry exists in a moral sense: he is a "card," and only a "card." It is never hinted that we ought to take him seriously. He is merely funny; the humor of him is the moral equivalent of an obstacle race or the pursuit of a greased pig.

If only Mr. Bennett would keep to his Denrys! For in the realm of extravaganza he is irresistible. Also, when he does the detail of the Five Towns, he is delightful for sheer convincingness. But he must stick to concrete detail. He must not deal with the human soul, for when he comes to moral reactions, he shows that he has no conception of differences. Mr. Bennett's world, frankly, seems to me like the world of the dead as described by the poet:

Outside of all the worlds and ages,
There where the fool is as the sage is,
  There where the slayer is clean of blood;
No end, no passage, no beginning,
There where the sinner leaves off sinning,
  There where the good man is not good.
There is not one thing with another,
But Evil saith to Good: My brother,
  My brother, I am one with thee.

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His world is a world where Evil saith to Good: "My brother, I am one with thee." If he cannot write us another "Old Wives' Tale," we must at least hope, as I say, that he will stick to Denry and Alice Challis. "The Lion's Share" does not give much promise that he will do a second "Old Wives' Tale." He has a positive fondness for mean people; people who walk blind through a world with beauty in it; people who think their own emotions supremely valuable simply because they are their own.

The realists, I know, have always contended that an author should be impersonal; that he should not have an "attitude"; that he should record life as it is, without comment. Into the possibility or impossibility of that feat (the old technical controversy) we need not go, here and now. The general opinion is that you can tell where an author stands, in spite of him. Certainly Mr. Bennett is not impersonal; he does have an attitude. Not in any of the permitted ways (comment of other characters, logical and retributive results of committed acts, etc.) does he show himself suspicious of his people's real natures, or disapproving of their odiousness. If he were only scourging, satirist fashion, the egotism of mankind, one could bear it. But no: Mr. Bennett seems to love his Yahoos. If he does not love them, then, as I say, his methods are at fault.

Another author who has gone dwindling is Mr. Galsworthy. Tremendous hopes of him and of our permanent joy in him, we had when "The Man of Property" appeared. And, of course, one knows people who stick to him for his "style." One does not quite know why: as style, it cannot touch either Mr. Wells's or Mr. Bennett's style. I fancy it is because there will always be a perceptible number of people who are reverent before long descriptions of nature. Nature, when it gets into a book, is somehow sacred. Perhaps it is Wordsworth's fault. Literary pieties die hard. Anyhow, there always are long descriptions of nature in Mr. Galsworthy's novels, and if they are delicately

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confused with mating animals and human sex impulses, and all the connotation of stirring sap and swelling buds and the like, that will certainly not make them any less popular. Yet the fact is that Mr. Galsworthy has gone on, from book to book, steadily becoming more sentimental and more flabby. His work cannot be called rich in situations, since he has never, so far, failed to repeat (I think I am not mistaken) the same situation: a man in love with some woman he has no legal right to be in love with. Often, that is a very interesting situation; but it is not the only source of drama in life, and one does get tired of it. And I do not think that Mr. Galsworthy makes it any more interesting or sympathetic by constantly involving the vegetable world, or by punctuating every declaration of unlawful love with the calls of mating birds. One is tempted to assure him that "The flowers that bloom in the spring (tra-la!) have nothing to do with the case." But the sanity of W. S. Gilbert is gone from among us.

With Thomas Hardy, one feels at least the reality of this intrusion of external nature; because, as some critic (I think, Mr. W. J. Dawson) has said, his people are children of the soil in no trite sense. They are akin to the landscape in which they move; they seem, that is, to have a personal relation to Gaia, like mortals in an old myth; to be half man, half rock or tree. They are apotheoses of the power of natural environment. But Mr. Galsworthy's civilized people run down from town to hold hands amid the bracken because they feel that they are somehow justified by the fact of sap. It is all vague, of course; anything of that sort is bound to be vague. And if you are going to lean heavily on the cosmos, you want first to be sure that your *point d'appui* is not a spot where the cosmic force has chosen to manifest itself in vapor.

I realize that this may be taken as comment rather on Mr. Galsworthy's substance than on his style. But the fact is that his style has gone stale along with his substance.

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I doubt if in his very latest work, "Beyond," his admirers are finding even distinction of style. It is a perilous thing to be sentimental: it affects your very structure and phrase. Sentimentality consists in seeing the thing, not as it is, but as you would like to think it is. You lose the hard brilliance of fact. You cannot indulge in weak emotionalism without, in the end, resorting to the *clichés* of weak emotionalism. You cannot whine in spirit (if you are an author) without whining verbally. And if you deal in vague humanitarianism, vague approximations to a theory of life, semi-convictions and semi-hatreds, you will not continue to be clear. Invertebrate characters will not speak trenchantly. Backgrounds that you are not quite sure how to treat—whether realistically, or pantheistically, or analogically—you will not treat very definitely.

Mr. Galsworthy seems not to know in the least what he thinks about life. That state of maze may be satisfying to a hyper-sensitive soul, but it does not make for style. Besides, Mr. Galsworthy is old enough to have some idea as to what he does think about life. As far as one can make out, he thinks that most people are sensual, that everybody ought to be kind, and that there is a sustaining sanction for sex emotion in the fauna and flora of England. I do not know what Mr. Galsworthy's totem is; but it should be some small, defenseless bird. The snipe, perhaps.

"Justice" is said to have had a profound effect on English officials. Of that, one is glad; but one's quarrel with Mr. Galsworthy is that he will never think anything out. He inveighs against solitary confinement, which is a good thing to do; but he does not offer any substitute solution, which would be an even better thing to do. He sentimentalizes over dead pheasants and dead everything; but he gives you no suggestions as to what kind of laws to pass. He objects to existing divorce laws, but he does not come out into the open and say just what divorce laws, if any, he would propose to enact. It is not, apparently,

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either cowardice or expediency on his part; it is sheer inability to think constructively in any way. That is characteristic of many modern reformers: they want the bars let down here or there, but they never tell you in what spot the bars ought to be set up again. Beyond their gentle impulses, they are perfectly vague. It comes, I suppose, of trying to do your thinking with your heart instead of with your head. And in Mr. Galsworthy's case, the vagueness has permeated to the last recesses of his style. It is rhetorically accurate—"the English of a gentleman"—but it is jejune and spineless. It has become, you might say, a purely vegetarian meal. Only the graminivorous should read the later Galsworthy. And he will not rid himself of that fault by being increasingly explicit about sexual emotions. In fact, that never was his game.

I may seem to speak bitterly. I confess that I feel some bitterness. For I admired "The Man of Property" exceedingly, and looked to Mr. Galsworthy to carry on a great tradition of fiction. Instead of which, he has gone on backing, backing—farther and farther away from the Presence. Some people, I know, gave him up with "The Patrician" because, they said, it was straight Mrs. Humphry Ward. I gave him up forever with "The Freelands" because it was bad Mrs. Humphry Ward; in fact, "The Coryston Family" was much better. I have dipped into one or two instalments of "Beyond," and I can only say that it seems to me more like Mrs. Glyn than like Mrs. Ward. Mrs. Glyn is perhaps less grammatical.

Now we come to our syndicate. With which shall we begin? It is hard to choose. Indeed, can you deal with them separately? For the outstanding fact is that they all write alike; that they deal in the same characters, the same backgrounds, and the same situations; and that they have the same point of view. They are like the Pléiade or the Seven New Realists. Only they do not know it. At least, they give no sign of intending to be several peas

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in one pod. Yet you would almost say that none of them had ever read anything but the works of the others. Is there some master-mind behind them, some literary Lloyd George or Dr. Fu-Manchu, who assigns their tasks; who says that Mr. Beresford, not Mr. Walpole, shall write of Jacob Stahl, and that Mr. Mackenzie, not Mr. W. L. George, shall deal with Michael Fane? And does Mr. Walpole sneak off o' nights to Mr. Beresford and offer to do some "Jacob Stahl" if Mr. Beresford will take a few chapters of "Fortitude" off his hands? Does Mr. Mackenzie write a page of "A Prelude to Adventure" while Mr. Walpole takes a turn at "Sinister Street"? Who does the murders? Is it Mr. Walpole or Mr. Onions? Which one of them has been appointed to frequent the Empire? Does Mr. George investigate female psychology for the group? And what (but this I cannot even guess) does Mr. D. H. Lawrence "cover"?

This may seem to be mere petulance, but it is not. The chief value of fiction is, I take it, to provide us with vicarious experience. A great novelist who sticks to the truth is, above all, informing. We enlarge our own world by reading him. No one, in his own person, can investigate all social *milieux* in all civilized lands; and the big novels and the big plays are text-books to the humanist. How much intimate knowledge of France should we lose if we lost Balzac; how much intimate knowledge of England if we lost the great Victorians! Did we really, before the war, know anything about the Russian soul and temperament except what we got from the Russian novelists? Most of us get our India from Kipling. There are not wanting people to quarrel with Kipling's interpretation, even with his description; but the fact remains that a vast number of people know a few simple facts about Indian and Anglo-Indian life that they would never have known without him.

So that it is really not only the monotony, but the wilful extravagance, of the British syndicate that we complain of.

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Why waste half a dozen authors and a round score of novels to tell us the same thing in the same way? They do not even react differently to the same facts: they react precisely alike. Perhaps that is valuable as reinforcing and emphasizing the stated or implied opinion. But one has the sense that one is never going to learn anything more from any of them; and that is discouraging to the humanist, on vicarious experience bent. Perhaps one should except Mr. Walpole from that charge, to this extent: he gave us something new in "The Dark Forest." In that book, at least, he made the Russians pleasanter than any of their own novelists (except possibly Turgenev) have succeeded in making them. But even so, if someone should tell us that Mr. Walpole, in the flesh, went to Russia to work with an ambulance corps, and that Mr. Beresford or Mr. Mackenzie wrote "The Dark Forest" from Mr. Walpole's notes, who could, from any internal evidence, deny it? If they were all Elizabethans, the scholars would still be wrangling over problems of their collaboration. Their novels would be like the Beaumont-Fletcher-Middleton-Rowley plays.

To begin with, there is always the same young man. Sometimes he has a university education, and then he is the hero of "Sinister Street" or "The Stranger's Wedding"; sometimes he has omitted the university, and then he is the hero of "Jacob Stahl" or "Fortitude." He has usually decided, when we meet him, that there is nothing in religion; he is usually anxious to do something noble and unconventional; and sooner or later he nearly always encounters very seriously a young woman of, actually or potentially, light morals. Sometimes he is rich and meets her at the Empire; sometimes he is poor and meets her in the slums. Sometimes it is an accident, but usually he might fairly be said to be looking for her. For he is humanitarian, always; either by his gentle nature, or because socialist arguments have got hold of him; and a good deal of space is always given up to sheer intellectual worrying. It *is* worrying—

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it seldom "gets" anywhere; and though Mr. Wells's people "worry" similarly, and do not always get anywhere, still, with Mr. Wells, you feel as if those men would, perhaps, sometime win through to a philosophy of their own. They go at it in a more mature fashion; and they possess themselves of information. There is something of the hard scientific temper in his men. They are more apt to have got their humanitarianism out of a laboratory than out of their first sight of Piccadilly Circus at night. Mr. Wells's men, when they are likable at all, are likable for some intellectual quality in them, for their attitude to ideas. When the syndicate's men are likable, it is for sheer pity, because they are such helpless young fools.

One expects everyone in fiction, nowadays, to be an egotist; but one does sometimes sigh for the old days when an egotist knew enough to be polite. No one, I think, could feel any affection for Jacob Stahl; but it is possible to feel affection for Michael Fane, though it is perfectly impossible to feel him important, except as a householder always is important. Perhaps the most charming thing one remembers in any of these novels (they do not abound in charm) is the description of Oxford undergraduate life in "Sinister Street." And it leads to—what? Michael's conscientious and pathetic progress among prostitutes and ruffians. Luckily, he does not, in the end, marry Lily; but he is saved from it by mere accident. There was no reason to suppose that destiny would play on his side.

This excursion into the underworld has become, in English fiction, almost as much *de rigueur* for a young gentleman as the grand tour used to be. Sometimes it is curiosity that urges him; but it is more apt to be a kind of humanitarian sympathy. The adventure is not new: one remembers, after all, Richard Feverel. But the temper in which it is taken is new. Richard was a chivalrous young fool; but then Mrs. Mount was something out of the ordinary. He did not, at first, dream what she was; and when he found out, she was able to lure him to think well of her. These

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young gentlemen we are considering do not have to be lured to think well of the young women they altruistically encounter. They know before they meet them what they are going to be. They cultivate them because they are that, or are obviously going to be that. They prefer the girl of the lower classes; prefer marriage with her or free love with her, as the case may be. They find her more interesting, just as a settlement-worker finds the slums more interesting. The difference between them and the settlement-worker is that they are not out to convert her to religion or even to better manners. They are perfectly naïve in their refusal to perceive differences. They have a preconceived notion to the effect that there are no differences; and to that notion they often sacrifice themselves. Sometimes they sacrifice the girl.

You see, they do not think much of marriage, these young men. Jacob Stahl insists on going off to a solitary cottage with Betty Gale, unblessed. (Of course, he does have a wife in the background.) He never quite forgives her for wanting to be a legal wife. Though, characteristically enough, by the time she has reconciled herself to the irregularity (as any decent woman would have somehow to do, if she were going to endure it) his wife dies, and he insists on Betty's marrying him so that they can have children. Ann Veronica over again! But, indeed, Mr. Beresford has it in for marriage anyhow. I know of nothing more pathetic in modern fiction than the way Dick Lynneker, brought up among gentlefolk, successful in his own career, in love with a girl of his own class, has to cast about in his mind for some way of squaring that conventional situation with his radicalism. Up to that time, his only chance has been in approving of his sister's elopement with the village carpenter. Now he is in love himself, and there is no obstacle, social or financial, to his happiness. But he has not protested against convention all his young life, only to sit down and be comfortable now in a conventional situation. Listen:

"'I never tried to fight against my love for you, dear,

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after that first day at Oakstone,' he went on. 'I hadn't ever cared before for anyone like this. I've never had any sort of love-affair. And now, I want . . . .'

"She clung to him eagerly. 'What do you want, darling?' she asked, and then added inconsequently, 'I feel such a little thing.'

"He drew her down to her knees and knelt before her in the darkness. 'I want our love to be all our own. I don't want it talked about and stared at. If we get married, it must be as quietly as possible—and it must be afterwards, if you know what I mean, dear? That legal business isn't for us at all; it's only a kind of registration. Our love hasn't anything to do with anyone else. We must make our vows without witnesses. Do you know what I mean, dear? Don't you feel like that, too?'

"He felt her heart throbbing violently against his; and they clung to each other like two frightened children. There, in the stillness and the darkness, the world had vanished and they were alone; and afraid; and yet passionately desirous to draw closer together.

"'Oh! Dickie, I do love you so,' she whispered, as she put her lips to his."

Mr. Beresford never tells us whether or not Dick put his idea through. Sybil was the niece of a bishop. But then, Mr. Beresford made her. Perhaps Dick succeeded. The implication certainly is that he was going to succeed.

Now, I honestly think that pathetic. Not nearly so shocking as it is pathetic. For the author is looking for the realities of life in the wrong place. Every lover knows the sense of shrinking from a public ceremony. I doubt if any two people deeply in love with each other would choose, for their own sakes, a "wedding." Dick Lynneker need not think that his great idea is new. But look at the mad egotism of it! Take it that the legal or the ecclesiastical ceremony is merely a heavy price that one has to pay. Is that happiness not worth paying for? Generations of lovers

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have thought that it was. Suppose, even, that you think it not so much too heavy as the wrong kind of payment—something unjustly, shamelessly exacted of you, that should never have been exacted at all; a sort of Oriental "squeeze." Other lovers, in other times, have had a kindred sense of desecration; but they have realized that society, from its point of view, had a right to demand of them this public acknowledgment. They have realized, too, that no public act of this kind could really touch or affect their private sense of their private sacrament.

These modern folk are neither unselfish enough to make their little salute to organized society cheerfully, nor strong enough to realize that the merely conventional tribute cannot hurt their private sanctities. There is no such unselfishness or strength possible to a person like Dick Lynneker. If we must face free love, we must face it, I suppose. But nothing in heaven or earth need make us face a compromise like Dick's. Defy all ritual and symbolism if you must. But, for sheer topsy-turviness, commend me to his notion of insisting on the consummation's preceding, instead of following, the ceremony! There is quite as much superstition in one order of things as in the other. Dick Lynneker is bound, quite as much as his family, by prejudices. After all, the black mass is only the real mass reversed.

I have dwelt on this instance because it seems to me typical, in its way, of the work of the whole group of English novelists. Except for Mr. Arnold Bennett, who seems to be satisfied with the mean and low-minded people of whom he feels that the world consists, they are all protesting. But they have nothing to suggest. When their own fitful attempts to set things straight result in failure or disaster, they blame the status quo. It never occurs to them to blame their own way of going about the business of changing things. A little study of history or even of sociology would teach them what not to waste their time on. But their only use for the past is to "curse it out." "Les grands-pères

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ont toujours tort." Yet they themselves go down like ninepins, knocked over by the same forces that, for a few thousand years at least, have been antagonizing the idealism and altruism of men. As I said before, one has some sympathy with Mr. Wells; for his people (his men, at least, since he does not think much better of women than does Arnold Bennett) are trying to inform themselves, trying to think it all out in terms of reason. The syndicate is not trying to think anything out. It rests content with replying to every affirmation of history: "You lie." That is not argument: it is the mere sticking out of tongues. The conventionally accepted thing *must* be wrong; and that is all there is to it.

Take the matter of their whole attitude to sex—which is, by and large, the question they are most preoccupied with. A certain person, a scholar and a gentleman, was pointing out to me the other day, the accuracy of Chaucer's treatment of Troilus. Troilus lets Cressida go, not because he does not love her passionately, but because the chivalrous code demands it of him, demands that he should protect her reputation. Pandar cannot move him from his knightly duty. If ever a hero loved exuberantly, it was Troilus. Yet the inhibition works. Chaucer knew what he was talking about. Whereas, as my interlocutor went on to say, with these contemporary authors, the lack of inhibition seems to be the index of emotion. They ask you to take lawlessness for depth of feeling. The decorously behaved, according to them, are only the passionless. That is plain bad psychology. For if love is the real thing, it takes perpetually into account the duty to the beloved. Love will bring out the scruples of a comparatively unscrupulous person. No real lover wants to put the beloved "up against" anything disagreeable. And this being brave for someone else is not a natural expression of love. You may be brave to the rack and the gridiron for yourself; but being brave to the rack and the gridiron for another person is a mean, modern

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kind of courage. Suppose you do not believe in the social order: the social order, none the less, is powerful enough to make a decent man want its approval for the woman he loves. He does not wish to have her inconvenienced—not if he loves her.

But the woman who does not wish to run up against the social order gets scant sympathy from the modern British hero. She ought to want to run counter to it; and if he has anything to say about it, she will jolly well have to. I do not know how other people feel about Betty Gale, but I am exceedingly sorry for her. I am sufficiently sorry for the girl who married Mr. Onions's murderer, the hero of "The Debit Account" and "In Accordance with the Evidence." I am even sorry for Pauline in "Plashers Mead"; though, frankly, I think Mr. Mackenzie is fairer to his characters than any of the others. These young women (I am speaking, you see, at the moment, of the respectable ones) have such selfish, cantankerous, and muddle-headed gentlemen to deal with!

Our authors do succeed in making their conventional folk disagreeable. That is, they make the hero acutely perceptive of the conventional vices. But if ever there was a case of the beam and the mote! Look at a fair list of them: the hero of "The Invisible Event," of "The Stranger's Wedding," of "Round the Corner," of "Plashers Mead," of "The Debit Account." Was there ever a more vaporing bunch of egotists anywhere? A great deal of fun has been poked at the heroes of the romantic period: the Manfreds and Laras, the Heathcliffes and Rochesters. Their revolts against society have been jests for the critics to split their sides over, these fifty years. But they were dignified creatures in comparison, and they had far more sense of fact. They knew, for example, when they bucked society, what they were bucking. They knew the process was not going to be entirely comfortable, and they did not complain of discomfort, because they saw a reason why it should be

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made hot for them. They simply felt that they had a *quid pro quo.* They had, as I have said elsewhere, the Satanic charm; they had also some of the Satanic logic. These heroes have been, for many decades, considered the wildest travesties of humanity. But, indeed, they are far more comprehensible than the young men in the modern British novels. A young woman in love with Lara might well expect the worst; but at least she would know what to expect. Lara would never have shilly-shallied about among the conventions like Dick Lynneker, or Capes, or Jacob Stahl, changing his mind from chapter to chapter, and never knowing precisely what he did want, anyhow. Lara would have known what he wanted and why. He would not even have hesitated to attribute to himself an evil motive, if he had one. But none of these young men would attribute to himself an evil motive. Whatever they want must be right; and if eventually they want the exact opposite, then that must be right, too. The bewildered woman follows in their wake.

That is why, by and large, they are so corrupting. Yes, more corrupting than the effervescent geniuses of the 'nineties. You might be shocked by Dorian Gray, or by Aubrey Beardsley's gentlemen and ladies; but you were never tricked into imagining that it was "up to you" to look like an Aubrey Beardsley drawing or to behave like Dorian Gray. The shining lights of the 'nineties lived to *épater le bourgeois*—and they did it. On the whole, that was greatly to the credit of *le bourgeois.* People who would rather die than show themselves *épatés* (there are always a lot of such folk) were very entertained. I dare say some of these authors and poets did harm in their day. But they did not do it by deluding the public into thinking that they were virtuous: they did it by being witty at the expense of virtue. Our novelists are not witty at the expense of virtue (or at the expense of anything else, be it said in passing). They perform all their antics in the very name of virtue. They are right, and everyone else is wrong.

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Now the *révolté* with a programme we can endure, for we have often, during the muddled history of civilization, had to endure him. Sometimes he does a lot of damage; sometimes he does a lot of good. The point is that, in either case, his emotional force has been at the service of his programme. The trouble with these people is that they have no programme. They are *révoltés* because they are dissatisfied or in hard luck, and they hit wildly. They have not the brains to think anything out. Our friends of the 'nineties thought that nothing was sacred—except, perhaps, beauty. These folk know nothing about beauty—even Mr. Galsworthy, who may set you down on a hillside to look at a lovely landscape, and leave you there for several pages, but who spends his time during those pages in infecting that natural loveliness with notions of agrarian reform. The only thing that is sacred to these young folk is their own impulses; which makes them about as satisfactory to deal with as the wild gun in "Quatre-Vingt-Treize." Since their own impulses chop and change—and are always sacred—you can do nothing except express perfect confidence in their temperaments. You are not to know them by their fruits; you are to judge them by their good intentions—for which you must take their own word.

Nor are they "ineffectual angels." If they only were! They are guilty of a lot of very ignoble impulses, and proceed often to gratify them. So did the romantic hero-villains, you may say. Ah, but here is the difference. The romantic hero-villains were proud, sometimes, of their sin; but they called it sin, even while they boasted of it. So did the aesthetes of the 'nineties. If it had not been sin, there would have been no fun in it. A very lamentable point of view, doubtless; but less dangerous to society than the contemporary mode. For while you still call it sin, you are accepting the categories, if not the judgments, of society. You will not hurt society much while you accept its categories. What these young men and young women do is

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to call anything virtuous that they happen to want to do. They have not even the logic of Satanists, perceiving evil and preferring it. The thing that is evil is the thing that makes them suffer; the thing that is good is the thing that pleases them. When free love is convenient, free love, only, is virtuous; marriage becomes virtuous the moment marriage becomes convenient. As you never know when obstacles are going to appear or disappear—as convenience is often in the hands of mere fortuitous fate—there is no test left. You must, I repeat, have blind faith in their temperaments. I do not think this is too hard a saying.

As for the women who match and mate with the men: they do not give us much more hope. They are, to speak plainly, an unlovely lot. You may be as sorry as you like for them, but pity is not praise. Mr. Wells's women are too apt to be selfish and treacherous; Mr. Bennett's opinion is evidently that no woman can be decent unless she is a fool—like Constance, say, in "The Old Wives' Tale." (I know there is Alice Challis; but I fancy Alice is only a symbol of what every man wants and never gets.) And look, for a moment, at the women described by the syndicate. They are cheap: hard without being strong; cold without being pure; sentimental without being kind. There is the sensual type—Madeline Paignton, the aristocratic wanton, or Lily Haden, who cannot be continent for a few weeks, even for the sake of wealth and a husband; there is all the crew of light women among whom the heroes make their humanitarian progress. There is the intellectual (God save the mark!) type: the heroine of "Gray Youth," or even Rachel Beaminster, whose mental energy all goes into revolt. If Mr. Walpole had made the Duchess of Wrexe a human being, in whose reality we could believe, we might have more sympathy with Rachel's spiteful traffickings with the family ne'er-do-well. But we should have to be far sunk in fetishism to believe in the Duchess; she is a mere Mumbo-Jumbo; and her family seems about as intelligent as the

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first circles of Dahomey. Compare her, for an instant, with Lady Kew. No, a tyranny like that is an invented tyranny; it has nothing to do with life. The Duchess of Wrexe (to borrow a term from the anthropologists) has no *mana* at all. Rachel's revolt is absurd; and simply shows up Rachel as a very disagreeable and headstrong person. True, there is always something to make their revolts absurd. They seem not to be dealing with facts at all, these young people; probably because they are all sentimentalists, and for a sentimentalist a delusion is as good as a fact, any day. A wicked giant is, by definition, anything you happen to be tilting at—even if in real life he is a windmill.

You may say that two facts these characters do often deal with: poverty and the sex instinct. Yes, they are sometimes poor, and have a hard time. But they have just as hard a time when they are not poor. Poverty is not the root of all evil, logically exposed as such, as it so often is in the work of George Gissing. Not one of this group of authors has ever achieved the cumulative, inevitable tragedy of "New Grub Street," for example: a far better indictment of some of the ills of the social order than all this modern mouthing. Indeed, not one of them is able to make anything seem inevitable. If they would only let the indictment be pitiless and let it stand; let us draw our own conclusions. And as for poverty, have you noticed that even when these young men are as poor as the hero of Mr. Onions's trilogy, they get over it? They never end in poverty. Yet their grievances are not disposed of when they become rich. By that time, they are worried about something else. They have the complaining habit. Rich or poor, married or unmarried, they are always, one foresees, going to complain. These authors convince one that their Utopia would be a hell on earth. They cannot reason; they cannot even dream convincingly. They are in a state of pitiful intellectual poverty—or, at least, penuriousness; for, if they have wealth, they certainly do not distribute it.

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The sex instinct is, on the whole, their long suit. I do not think there is much more to be said about their treatment of it. They have not painted for us a nobler, or a more romantic, or a more passionate love between man and woman, than has been done by their predecessors. I cannot see that these novelists give us anything new in the way of human information—except, perhaps, just one thing.

That one thing can best be described as a new theory—no, not a theory, a kind of Futurist presentment—of human types. There are just two possible things to do with the heroes and heroines of the new school: either to say that, as human beings, they do not exist; or to assume that they do exist and to lament the fact. The kinder, I believe, is to say that they do not exist. It is also the easier conclusion. For they are not consistent with themselves; they pass kaleidoscopically from one state of being to its opposite; as mortals, they are incalculable, and as literary creations they are unconvincing. "I don't believe there's any sich a person," is the natural reply to their presented cases. The authors have not the power of assuring us of the real existence of their characters. Life is not in them. If it is not a fault of vision, then it is a fault of technique. I have spoken of the complete unreality of the Duchess of Wrexe; but she is no more unreal than Dick Lynneker or the hero of Mr. Onions's trilogy, or Lily's extraordinary female friend in "Sinister Street." You can believe in far viler and wickeder people, if you must; you can believe in Moll Flanders or Carker or Long John Silver. It is not moral but intellectual squeamishness that makes it difficult to accept them. Psychologically speaking, they are freaks in side-shows. Mr. Bennett presents us with a whole gallery of ignoble folk; but one is inclined to believe in some of them, at least. Indeed, one is inclined to believe, thanks to Mr. Bennett, that the Five Towns are almost entirely populated with such (which may be hard on the Five Towns, but that is Mr. Bennett's look-out). The syndicate has not Mr. Bennett's technique.

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Yet this is just where the very fact of the syndicate gives one pause. Since there are so many novelists in England doing precisely the same kind of inconsistent, unconvincing, unlovable person, there may well be some genuine type that they are trying to describe. Almost never, it seems to me, do they "get it across"; but there must be people wandering about the English landscape who have given the syndicate the idea. We hardly believe that their portraits are accurate; for their portraits are not psychologically possible. But one comes to believe in prototypes. The syndicate would not all, at a given signal, have gone off their heads in exactly the same way. They must have some warrant in fact. If the prototypes of Jacob Stahl and of Dick Lynneker, of Rachel Beaminster and of the heroine of "Gray Youth" exist, these books are, in a sense, a portent. The Five Towns might be responsible for Hilda Lessways, but the Five Towns are not responsible for the girl in "Gray Youth." One does not feel that the syndicate gives one more than circumstantial evidence, but of that, there is an almost overwhelming amount. This is depressing. Perhaps, eventually, Mr. Compton Mackenzie will resign from the syndicate and really tell us something. At present, he too is bound by their conventions. But in "Plashers Mead," tiresome as it is with the reiterant egotism of half-fledged youth, he does "get it across." Certain people whose opinion is worth much more than mine, tell me that Mr. Walpole has got it across in "The Dark Forest." I must admit, in my own case, the strict limitations of western Europe: it will take more than Mr. Walpole to make Russians credible to me. He seems to me no more plausible than Dostoievsky, and far, far short of Turgenev. And, after all, I am not sure that Nijinsky is not a better expositor than either.

It has been much more difficult than I dreamed, to deal with these gentlemen at all. The work of one shifts and plays into the work of the other so maddeningly that it is hard, not only to treat of them individually, but to treat of

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them even as a group. You think you have a line on Mr. Walpole, and you find him melting into Mr. Beresford or Mr. Onions. Everyone knows what a miserable business a composite photograph is. No feature is really defined. These authors differentiate themselves just enough by detail of plot and setting and diction, to avoid a grand inclusive charge of plagiarism. You cannot say that one has filched a page from another, because there is no telling who began it. But I believe that, as far as style is concerned, if you inserted six consecutive pages written severally by the six of them, in any chapter of any book, no one would ever know the difference. Of course, you would have to allow for different names of characters, and some havoc might be played with continuity of plot—if there happened to be any plot in that chapter. But the style would, I am sure, stand the test. Mr. Mackenzie forces his vocabulary as the others do not (he prides himself, I fancy, particularly on the number of his metaphors for the moon); but apart from Mr. Mackenzie's occasional exoticism, they write alike. They have the same rhythms, the same sentence structure, the same syntactical habits. It is clever, nervous writing, but it is not the grand style. They are not memorable: they do not stand out, any one of them, or any one of their works, as a mental experience. The only adventure to be got from them is to read them all, and then, forgetting (as you inevitably do) who is who and which is which, analyze the effect of the group. It is a hazy and perplexing effect—as I fear I have too meticulously said.

For in the long run, one's main feeling about the younger English writers is one of sheer disappointment. They have their reputation: people are always telling you that this one or that one is really important. I cannot believe that they are. As portrayers of life, they do not convince—a matter partly of muddle-headedness and partly of technique in the narrower sense. Moreover, they are dull. Mr. Bennett may not convince in the end, because in the end one

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becomes aware of his moral myopia; but he is not usually dull. He writes better than they do—that is what it comes to. If there were only one of them, we might put up with him; but how can we put up with six of him? There is not time. As for their attack on convention, whatever it may be, they will have to do it better to get any serious attention paid to them. You need seasoned troops to attack that fortress—or at least bigger guns. The only person who thinks that anything, no matter what, is better than the status quo, is the anarchist. Most of us are not anarchists; and while most of us are willing to have things improved, if necessary, at our own expense, we want some assurance that they will be improved. And if we must make blind experiments—as the reformers all want us to—let us at least know the object of the experiment. These writers do not seem to know what they would like to achieve if they could.

What they chiefly breed in one is hopelessness. If this is the best that England can do for us in the way of fiction, we must either encourage our native product, or eschew fiction and take to "serious" reading. These men are too dull. The time is ripe, once more, I believe, for a few big picaresque novels: something in the mode of the "Satyricon," and "Gil Blas," and "Huckleberry Finn." For I do not think that people will put up forever with being bored—especially as they are not boring us in the interests of virtue.

To be sure—though it is some time since I began this essay—I have still not read D. H. Lawrence.

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BOOK REVIEWS

RECENT RUSSIAN BOOKS

Modern Russian History. By Alexander Kornilov. Alfred A. Knopf. 2 volumes. $5.00. My Russian and Turkish Journals. By the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. Scribner. $3.50. The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary. $2.00; Russia in 1916. $1.25. By Stephen Graham. Macmillan. The Russian Story Book. Retold by Richard Wilson. Macmillan (London). Who Can be Happy and Free in Russia? By Nicholas Nekrassov. Translated by Juliet M. Soskice. Oxford University Press. $0.30. Dostoievsky: His Life and Literary Activity. By Evgenii Soloviev. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Macmillan. $1.75. The Eternal Husband and Other Stories. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. Macmillan. $1.50. Dead Souls. By Nikolai V. Gogol. With an Introduction by Stephen Graham. Frederick A. Stokes. $1.25. A Slav Soul, and Other Stories. By Alexander Kuprin. Putnam. $1.50. The Bracelet of Garnets and Other Stories. By Alexander Kuprin. Translated by Leo Pasvolsky. Scribner. $1.35. The Sweet-Scented Name. By Fedor Sologub. Putnam. $1.50. The Darling and Other Stories. $1.50; The Duel and Other Stories. $1.50; The Lady with the Dog and Other Stories. $1.50. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. Macmillan. Stories of Russian Life. $1.35; Russian Silhouettes. $1.35. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell. Scribner. Makar's Dream and Other Stories. By Vladimir Korolenko. Translated by Marian Fell. Duffield. $1.50.—New York. 1916-17.

Professor Kornilov's "Modern Russian History" is an excellent book, and it ought to have an enormous circulation in America. Based on lectures to students, it is written in a clear, luminous style, giving to the reader information and stimulation on every page. The author finished his work in 1912, bringing his narrative to the year 1890; but the translator, Alexander Kaun, a member of the Russian *intelligentsia,* has added about seventy-five pages, containing an account of the reign of Nicolas the Second down to the month of November, 1916. This history, more than any other book that I have read, enables one to understand the Russian Revolution of the year 1917, and its prodigious importance, not merely for the many millions of men and women in the Russian dominions, but for humanity. Indeed, it is impossible to know anything about the present state of affairs in Russia, without a fair

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understanding of events in that country during the nineteenth century, the period covered by this history. The essential nobility of Professor Kornilov's mind and character, a nobility that gives to the whole work a true moral elevation, is revealed in his judgments on the personalities of the various tsars, notably on Tsar Alexander the Second, whom most of us have apparently admired more than he deserved; while the philosophical reflections on national education and national religion are often notable. One remark in the Introduction shows how little this humanitarian professor dreamed of the methods Germany was to employ in the present war: "In the past the state budgets were not large, and the governments did not spend any big, in the modern scale, sums for either preparation or management of wars; but the very wars were not less but more devastating and ruinous than those of the present. Whereas now the enemy's attack is aimed mainly at armies, war-vessels, and armed fortresses, in those days the devastation of the land was inevitable, the civil population suffered mutilation and tortures and enslavement, cattle were slaughtered or carried away, buildings were set afire, property was destroyed or plundered." The concluding pages of the book, written by Mr. Kaun, intentionally forsake the calm historical manner of Professor Kornilov, and are, in fact, avowedly subjective. And he closes (November, 1916) with a prophecy that has been fulfilled with startling suddenness: "One need not be a prophet to foretell that the present order of things will have to disappear. The only citadel of bureaucracy in 1905-1906—the army—has learned in this war an unforgettable lesson of the crimes of their rulers in Petrograd. And one may hope that in the last conflict between the people and the bureaucracy the army will prove to be the people's army."

Lady Dufferin's Russian journals make an interesting contrast to Kornilov. She was in Petrograd when the Tsar Alexander the Second was assassinated, and naturally her point of view is quite different from that of the historian. To her Petrograd meant exactly what it meant to that delightful old English aristocrat, Lord Redesdale, whose recently published "Memories" give a vivid picture of social life in the Russian capital under the same ruler. Lady Dufferin and Lord Redesdale both knew court circles and fashionable society in Petrograd very well indeed; and both found the continuous round of gaieties immensely entertaining. Her journals, though entirely without intellectual distinction, are filled with agreeable gossip, and portraits of world-figures; her detailed account of dining with Bismarck is well worth reading.

Stephen Graham has taken all Russia for his province. We travel with him from Archangel to the Crimea, from Petrograd to China. He is an enthusiast, with the virtues and faults of that temperament; he

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gets as much fun mingling with vagabonds as Lady Dufferin found in drawing-rooms. His Mary-and-Martha division of Eastern and Western religious ideas is felicitous; and the orthodox Russian attitude is reverently and sympathetically portrayed for the benefit of Anglo-Saxons, another religion from that of H. G. Wells, for example. His violent prejudices against America and the Americans, which crop out from time to time in his books, I find more amusing than irritating; and it may be granted that the Chicago business man and the Russian mujik do not think alike. Mr. Graham's style, often slipshod and careless, occasionally, under the inspiration of deep feeling, rises to a height of real beauty. He is at his best in describing night-scenery in his book, "Through Russian Central Asia," when he slept out in the desert under the stars, after his lonely tramp all day: "Each night on the road I learned to expect the moon later and later. It always seems unpunctual, always late, but not worried, and having that irreproachable beauty that excuses all faults. She came up late over the Ili desert in a wonderful orange light, and then, emerging into perfect brilliance, paled the myriad stars."

Mr. Wilson has written the "Russian Story Book" for the benefit of British children, and with the hope that, while reading fascinating fairy stories, they may grow more sympathetic towards the Russian people. The idea is an excellent one, and the book ought to go far towards accomplishing its friendly purpose. The mythical tales are full of charm, and the illustrations would delight a child in any country. A harsh contrast is seen in the publication in English of the famous epic by Nekrassov, "Who can be happy and free in Russia?" Full of vivid pictures of peasant life in village and country, this long poem, if taken in small doses, not more than a chapter at a time, is bound to produce a powerful impression. The biographical introduction, by Dr. David Soskice, is helpful.

Soloviev's book on Dostoievski is important and valuable; and now that the works of this irregular genius are becoming accessible to English readers, the translation of a Russian critical essay is especially welcome. Soloviev helps us all to understand Dostoievski; he recognises the greatness of the man, but emphasizes as well his abnormality, his eccentricities, his downright faults. I am pleased to see that he places "The Brothers Karamazov" at the head of all the novels. Soloviev also makes clear something that has puzzled many students—the apparently strange fact that after beginning with a masterpiece, "Poor Folk," Dostoievski should have written trash for several years. An illustration of this is seen in the latest volume in the series of the novels translated by Constance Garnett, "The Eternal Husband and Other

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Stories." One of these, "The Double," was published the same year as "Poor Folk," but not even Mrs. Garnett and Dostoievski together can make it worth reading. His friend, the great critic Bielinski, condemned this story as soon as he saw it; but the young author, hoping that the public would like it, was dismayed to discover that the public found it unreadable. Nothing can excuse its inclusion in this fine series except the fact—which I hope is true—that Mrs. Garnett intends to make her translations of Dostoievski include every word he published. "The Eternal Husband" is a later work, and the exceedingly powerful close atones for much indifferent matter in the course of the story. The third and last narrative in Mrs. Garnett's volume, "A Gentle Spirit," is pathological and yet somehow distressingly human. That is the way with Dostoievski; he takes strange cases, far from the current of our ordinary lives, and makes of them such heart-rending tragedies that we can find no comfort whatever in stoutly insisting on their infrequency. Along with the translations of Dostoievski, it is good to see Gogol's immortal story, "Dead Souls," in an English version in one volume, well-printed and readable.

Two volumes of collections of the short tales of one of the most eminent of living Russian novelists, Alexander Kuprin, have recently been translated, "A Slav Soul" and "The Bracelet of Garnets"—the latter done into English by Leo Pasvolsky, the accomplished editor of the New York "Russian Review." Scarcely any duplication appears, although the biting satire, "Anathema," is seen in each volume. This is a witness to the reverence in which the genius of Tolstoi is held by contemporary Russian men of letters. Kuprin's love of animals, especially of dogs, appears pleasantly, while his tragic power is displayed poignantly in "Tempting Providence." The sketch that closes Mr. Pasvolsky's selections, "The Garden of the Holy Virgin," is a noble illustration of the poetic beauty of Kuprin's style, when he deals with an exalted theme. It is to be hoped that more works from this writer may be given to English readers.

Among contemporary Russian authors, Sologub—which is an assumed name, like Gorki—is one of the most gifted. Three of his full-length novels have appeared in English, and now we have this collection of tales, called "The Sweet-Scented Name." Some of these stories or sketches are so short that they cover only half a page, but even in a few words, Sologub contrives to make a distinct impression. Five volumes of Chekhov, with many more to follow, attest his ever-growing popularity. Although only forty-four years old when he died in 1904, Chekhov left behind him an immense number of short stories and dramas, which have been translated into all the languages of Europe; and now the Macmil-

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lan Company promises us a complete edition by Constance Garnett. Chekhov was a natural-born humorist, and his earliest work was so full of fun that the critics condemned him for prostituting his talents. No pessimist, however, could quarrel with his later work. Flashes of humor illuminate his art, but they only make the darkness visible. To call Chekhov a cheerful or optimistic writer, as some critics do, is simply either to misunderstand these adjectives or to misunderstand Chekhov. The most beautiful elements in his work—that separate him entirely from a man like Artsybashev—are the solid ethical foundation, which is always there, and his profound love of children and sympathy with their imagination. The first story in "Russian Silhouettes," "The Boys," is simply charming. It describes the effect of Cooper's Mohicans on two impressionable young Slavs, and there is not a thought or an act in this bit of fiction that might not have happened in New Haven or Bridgeport. Chekhov can forgive any sin of the body or the mind except the sin against the Holy Ghost—the failure to understand the joys and sorrows of the imagination. It is a pity he did not live to see Barrie's "Twelve Pound Look"; for the hero of that play is to Barrie what he would certainly have been to Chekhov—a type of hard efficiency damned beyond all redemption. In "An Anonymous Story," which appears in the volume called "The Lady with the Dog," he gives us a character sketch of Pekarsky, a successful director in a railway company. "But that exceptional intelligence could not grasp many things which are understood even by some stupid people. For instance, he was absolutely unable to understand why people are depressed, why they weep, shoot themselves, and even kill others; why they fret about things that do not affect them personally, and why they laugh when they read Gogol or Shtchedrin. Everything abstract, everything belonging to the domain of thought and feeling, was to him boring and incomprehensible, like music to one who has no ear. He looked at people simply from the business point of view, and divided them into competent and incompetent. No other classification existed for him. Honesty and rectitude were only signs of competence." In the volume called "The Darling," Mrs. Garnett has done well to include Tolstoi's highly significant criticism.

Although Korolenko is the oldest of the group of Russian contemporary novelists who have attained international fame, being well over sixty now, not much of his work has been translated into English. We therefore ought to be grateful to Marian Fell for translating the stories in this volume beginning with "Makar's Dream." Korolenko is a man of unconquerable faith and genuine sweetness of disposition; repeated imprisonments, exile to Siberia, bitter punishments of various kinds, have

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all failed to shake his belief in the general goodness of life and the possibilities of human nature. He is an extraordinary contrast to the prevailing tone of Russian fiction; a normal, healthy, well-balanced man. For that very reason, he will not make on American readers so powerful an impression as Chekhov or Sologub; for he is too much like one of us.

William Lyon Phelps.

Yale University.

INTERPRETING RUSSIA

My Slav Friends. By Rothay Reynolds. $3.00 net; *The Russian Arts*. By Rosa Newmarch. $2.00 net; *Potential Russia*. By Richard W. Child. $1.50 net. E. P. Dutton & Company. New York. 1916.

To interpret a foreign country adequately is a most difficult task in itself; it becomes doubly so when the audience to which the interpretation is addressed, is not acquainted with the basic facts concerning the country interpreted. This is the case with Russia when attempts are made to present her either to England or to America. It requires long and painstaking study by a sympathetic, open mind, for a foreigner really to know and understand the spirit of Russia, the *raison d'être* of her peculiar institutions, the numerous crossing and, often, clashing currents of her national life.

So far the great bulk of interpretative literature on Russia in the English language has been unsatisfactory. The writers, knowing only very different conditions, in many cases seize upon those features in Russia which appeal to them, and then generalize on the strength of their observations. Hence we have had volume upon volume extolling precisely those elements in the national life which the country itself, the vast majority of its people, considers a drag on the wheels of progress. We have been told, for example, of the impelling spiritual strength of the Oriental side of Russia's national character—the very thing that progressive and forward-looking Russia is striving to the utmost to purge out of her life-blood. At the other extreme, we have had volume upon volume of abuse, directed against everything connected with the very name of Russia. And both the dithyrambs and the abuse, usually presented in excellent literary style, equally lacked in justification as generalized interpretations.

Since the war began we have had much better books on Russia. But here another difficulty springs up. The interpreters of Russia attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable. They fail to perceive the deep gulf that

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lies between the Russian people and the governing bureaucracy of the country. Their efforts, of course, have fallen flat; and, in the light of what has just taken place in Russia, they must appear very short-sighted, indeed. Mr. Reynolds's book belongs to this class. Written in a charming style, exhibiting evidences of keen powers of observation, the volume is most readable in those portions where the author draws for us pen pictures of his impressions. But when he endeavors to interpret, one is tempted to lay aside the volume unfinished. For instance, it is more than political myopia to speak of Vladimir Bourtsev, the noted revolutionary leader of Russia, one of the men who have made possible the colossal changes that Russia has just undergone, as an "unrepentant prodigal." Bourtsev lived for years in France, a political exile from Russia. At the beginning of the war, he went back to his native land to fight for its defense. But the old régime refused to recognize the spirit that prompted him. It refused to accept the hand of harmony proffered by the revolutionaries. It arrested Bourtsev and sentenced him to exile in Siberia. Mr. Reynolds calls this arrest and exile "a suitable punishment." He speaks of Bourtsev's work for the cause of Russia's freedom as "crimes that love cannot blot out and justice may not ignore." Of course, this book was written long before the Russian bureaucracy was swept out of existence by the revolutionary tempest. Yet even a year or two years ago, such an interpretation as he puts on Bourtsev's actions, which he himself calls "splendid self-sacrifice," shows lack of understanding of the real political and social situation in Russia. Not that Mr. Reynolds is an apologist for the bureaucratic system of Russia; no fair-minded Englishman could possibly be an apologist for that vestige of mediaevalism. Mr. Reynolds simply does not know where to draw the line.

It is with a feeling of pleasant relief that we turn to Rosa Newmarch's volume on the arts of Russia. Mrs. Newmarch has been a frequent visitor in Russia, a diligent and apt student of Russia's artistic life. She has written some of the best books on Russian music that have appeared in the English language. Her volume on the arts is of the same degree of excellence. She says in her Introduction: "Interest in Russia invariably ignores origins. For us her history begins with Peter the Great; her literature with the novelists Tolstoi, Turgenev, Dostoievsky; her music—though in this respect our perception has advanced—with Chaikovsky; and the rest of her arts with the most recent developments of decorative painting, as seen in special productions of opera and ballet." Mrs. Newmarch sets out to trace the evolution of Russian arts. Her visits to Russia—the last one in 1915,—her knowledge of the Russian language, her careful studies under the direction of the famous Rus-

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sian art critic Stassov, rendered her task possible of achievement. Planned twenty years ago, the volume treats briefly but thoroughly the origins and the development of Russian architecture, decoration and iconography, illumination and engraving. The bulk of the book is devoted to painting, sacred art, and sculpture. Finally, in the last chapter, Mrs. Newmarch takes up the most recent developments in Russian art, calling it the "new art."

Mrs. Newmarch first visited Russia in 1897. Between her first and her last visit, in the course of almost two decades, a complete change had come over Russia's aesthetic ideals. "The prosaic, altruistic realism of the second half of the last century," says she, "which was partly the reaction from the dilettantism of earlier years, and partly the outcome of the awakened sympathy of the classes with the masses, has given place to new impulses. . . . With many phases of the twentieth-century movement I feel in complete sympathy; but I cannot concur in the opinion of some contemporary critics: that the new men have utterly extinguished the old men, and obliterated forever the spirit which gave birth to their works. Nothing can obliterate a movement so noble in conception, and so enfranchising in its results, as that of the national realists who broke with the Academy of Arts in 1868. That they stopped their ears to the cry of 'art for art's sake,' has possibly rendered them ridiculous in the eyes of nations less strenuously occupied with questions of social reform than Russia in the 'sixties and 'seventies. But efficient 'professionalism' has never been—and never, I think, will be—the chief consideration of Russian art or literature. We must accept this fact if we are to understand the national methods of expression."

In the new art of Russia Mrs. Newmarch notes three outstanding elements. In the first place, modern art in Russia is dominated by a "fervent interest in, and an accurate study of, archaeology." This "retrospective" spirit, which has entered deeply into Russian thought in all of its domains, Mrs. Newmarch finds in the representative artists of to-day. Russian art has exchanged official patronage for individual initiative. State patronage was generous, but it aimed to drill servants for the state. Private patronage came forward "to help genius upon its own terms." Finally, freer intercourse with the innovators of the West than heretofore has made for "freer choice in art," which the artist of to-day enjoys in an infinitely greater degree than did his predecessor fifty years ago.

In conclusion, Mrs. Newmarch points out some of the dangers inherent in the "tendency to tradition" which manifests itself somewhat excessively in many of the moderns; but, she adds, "we may feel sure that the war, among many other beneficent activities, will purge

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the new art of any retrograde, affected, or superstitious tendencies, and leave it a clear and burning testimony to the beauty of the Russian soul." Mrs. Newmarch has given the English-speaking world a volume which will be of lasting value, an important addition to the interpretative literature of Russia in the English language.

Mr. Child's "Potential Russia" is a book of less permanent value, but a significant and interesting volume nevertheless. The author went to Russia as a correspondent. His studies of the Russian spirit, which has been and is undergoing rapid and profound changes under the influence of the war, have led him into many phases of the country's life, have given him glimpses into Russia's national complexity, and have left him with a more than ordinarily clear understanding of the changes that are taking place. He writes: "I for one, coming back from Russia, more than ever wish to cast my lot with those who have faith that a nation of survivors of an ideal, is better than a world full of personal property and personal preservations. Peace is sweet if it costs the spirit nothing, but if peace exacts a tribute from the spirit, then war and not peace is glorious and kind. 'It is not a rouble in the hand, nor a heart in the breast which counts,' said a Russian soldier to me, 'only Russia.' This is the spirit from which nations are made. This is the spirit which is rising from war; it is re-making Russia." Since Mr. Child wrote his book, this spirit has already asserted itself. It has already regenerated Russia, turned her face towards a new light, and is carrying her fast towards the summit of freedom and democracy.

Mr. Child traces for us the potentialities of Russia through the spirit of self-sacrifice that actuated the enormous and unwieldly masses of Russia at the beginning of the war; the wonderful promise of social and intellectual progress that lies in Russia's conception of womanhood, woman's place in society; the miraculous delivery of the country from the blight of alcoholism; and that great economic future which must come when the unlimited resources of the country receive the impetus that the spirit awakened by the war will give to Russia. His analysis of the position occupied by the bureaucracy and the court at the time of his visit is somewhat hazy, but he realizes perfectly that Russia is "an empire of contradictions." Mere glimpses into the intricacies and complexities of her life are not sufficient to disclose in their proper relationship all the seemingly incoherent manifestations of the nation. Still, Mr. Child has seen enough to know that despite everything, despite all the troubles that Russia is undergoing, she is not depressed in spirit. On the contrary, he says, "Russia is sensing a new nationalism. The war has stuck a rude thumb into Russia's ribs; the pain will help to make a new Russia." In conclusion, Mr. Child takes up Russia's poten-

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tiality from the point of view of America. He is certain that Russian-American economic relations are not only possible but mutually desirable, and he understands perfectly that whether Russia remains a producer of raw materials or whether she goes into manufacturing, she can still deal profitably with America. In the first case, she will need merchandise; in the second, dollars and efficiency. And America has both to give. Mr. Child also realizes that a part of Russia's payment, and not the least important part, will be "the contact we (Americans) will gain from a people unspoiled, spontaneous in gladness, without hypocrisy, candid, complacent, whole-hearted. . . . We will meet a people re-awakened by war and with a new capacity for recognizing the life of the spirit. . . . Knowing Russia will not only be good for the tired business man's profit; it will also be good for his soul."

At no previous time has it been so important that Russia should be correctly presented and properly interpreted. There is no doubt that very soon our book markets will be flooded with volumes of literature upon Russia. As in the past, much of it will be thoroughly unsatisfactory, both from the point of view of facts and of opinions. And there is also a great danger that the interest in Russia, which is bound to be in the ascendant now, may change into a host of fads. Let us hope that the new Russia will find a greater number of good interpreters than the old Russia found. And indeed, the task of interpreting new Russia will be an easier one; for a disturbing and baffling element has been eliminated from her national life; and as time goes on, Russia will assimilate more and more of the culture common to the whole world, and thus become easier of understanding.

LEO PASVOLSKY.

New York.

AMELIORATING SWINBURNE

The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne. By Edmund Gosse. The Macmillan Company. New York. $3.50 net. Algernon Charles Swinburne: Personal Recollections, with Extracts from Some of his Private Letters. By his Cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1917. $2.00 net.

Most of us still have a pretty definite impression of the personality of the poet Swinburne which has lingered in memory since the earlier years of the present century. During the last years of the poet's life, people were generally aware that he was living in a sort of sanctified

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retirement at Putney, in company with Mr. Watts-Dunton, his nurse and "acolyte." Visitors to "The Pines" were in the habit of writing accounts of their pilgrimage across the Thames and of the self-absorbed conversation of the little old gentleman who received them. Even in the years of his deafness and his domesticity Mr. Swinburne kept something of his old brilliancy in monologue; his animosities blazed into life as fiercely as they had half a century before, and his enthusiasms produced the same ecstasies and led to the same physical exhaustion, in the course of which the visitors usually deemed it prudent to retire. But the glamour had gone with youth. There was no trace of that sinister young lyrist who seemed to have dedicated his work to all that was unholy, and who had caused the mid-Victorian world to blush and fume and write letters of righteous protest to "The Times."

It is this earlier Swinburne whom Mr. Gosse has chosen to record. He has condensed the last thirty years of the poet's life into a single chapter, and has devoted the bulk of his volume to the years before 1879. Mr. Gosse appears—at least it is his wish to appear—to know these years better than the era of sadness and decay after the poet had been caught and domesticated by Mr. Watts. He has made his hero a vital if not a very admirable figure. He has given us clear sight, though not always full sympathy. Swinburne emerges from the mists of hearsay and interviews and casual reminiscences into the light of day. This vitality of portraiture is likely to be the abiding value of Mr. Gosse's book. Faults it has: it is quite too fragmentary to be a definite biography; it leaves too much unsaid; there are many passages in the life of the poet which are obviously glossed over. But it has the surpassing merit of vividness. It restores, for the moment, the old interest in the poet.

It is hardly fair to compare the personal recollections of Mrs. Disney Leith with the work of an experienced biographer like Mr. Gosse; but, if the blunt truth must be told, her account of the poet in his family relations is both thin and dull, and adds nothing to our knowledge. Mrs. Leith has a large fund of British reserve. The public is to believe what it is told. Like many another biographer she devotes her book to defending the memory of her relative and to demonstrating what might have been taken for granted, that her cousin was a naturally affectionate person. This aim in itself is admirable enough, though it does not make an exciting volume; but her treatment of Swinburne's letters is less justifiable. Under her cautious shears everything that might make the poet a vital figure is shorn away. One has the impression of listening to a lady who has kindly consented to read a few elegant extracts from her epistolary treasures, all designed to prove that her famous cousin was a hero. Heroic Swinburne certainly was not; picturesque—if a little

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mad—he as certainly was. There is but one way in which posterity will consent to think of him, and that is with all his follies and his glories upon his amazing head. The public is not likely to be deceived by Mrs. Leith's gentle seraph. If we cannot have the actual man, we shall go on believing in the one who has been created by our own imagination. He at least is not inconsistent with the "Songs before Sunrise" and "Tristram of Lyonesse." James Boswell once told Hannah More that he refused to overlook the "asperities" of Johnson's character, or "make his tiger into a cat to please anybody." Mrs. Leith evidently has no sympathy with this policy of verisimilitude. She has tried to turn a bird of paradise into a canary.

For sheer exotic color Algernon Charles Swinburne might have been the creation of some perverse Pre-Raphaelite with a sense of humor. He had the gaudiness and the ungainliness of a tropical bird ("a scarlet and azure macaw," says Mr. Gosse, "a hoopoe, hopping from perch to perch"). Indeed, one has the feeling that he might have flitted from off the boughs of a tree in some particularly flamboyant wall-paper by William Morris. His ridiculous little body, with its tiny feet and quivering hands and arms, his enormous head, with its piercing green eyes and vast "balloon of red hair"—the phrase is Mr. Gosse's—must have perpetually suggested that he was about to take flight for some exotic land of orchids and poisonous shrubs. His voice broke habitually into a shrill falsetto of passion. He had a way of performing a sort of bird-like, corybantic dance before a swinging pier-glass or a portrait of Hugo or Mazzini, which apparently culminated in odd, osculatory rites. He was, Mr. Gosse asserts, more like a fairy than a man:

"Miss Alice Bird recollects Swinburne arriving at her brother's house with the first proofs of 'Songs before Sunrise' in his pocket, and a little later in the evening his dancing about the room convulsed with passion while he half-read, half-recited them to her brother and herself. In particular those in which Napoleon the Third was denounced he repeated with such violence, and, as she puts it amusingly to me, 'with such poison,' that his voice sounded like the hissing of serpents, while he jigged about the room, his hair flying out behind him, and his arms flapping and fluttering at his sides. At these times, when he was transfigured by excitement, his wonderful head looked like that of a young god, if only the weak mouth and the receding chin could be ignored. Directly the storm of melody was over, and the poem put away, Algernon would sink down on a sofa with the gentleness of a child, and his voice would immediately resume its rich, soft cadences."

Taine described him as "un visionnaire malade, qui, pour système, cherche la sensation"; and Maupassant employed the same phrase, "un

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visionnaire malade," adding the words, "ivre de poésie, perverse et magique."

It may be doubted whether the presentation of such a figure as this will go far towards spreading a general confidence or even a vital interest in Swinburne's philosophical and political views. Mr. Gosse himself makes light of the poet's radicalism, and concludes that he was moved not so much by a desire to destroy forms of government, under which he lived in perfect contentment, as to "flutter the Philistines in Gath." The biographer is evidently more in sympathy with the philosophic or pseudo-religious theory of pan-anthropism with which Swinburne's name has been long associated; but this is hardly the hour in which to win an enthusiastic hearing for vague conceptions of brotherhood, liberty, and the deification of the human race. When Swinburne died his radicalism was already time-worn. To-day it is fatally *passé*.

On the whole, Mr. Gosse's distribution of his material is excellent, for, as I have already intimated, it is a proper reflection of the relative importance of Swinburne's work. He stresses the author of "Atalanta," the "Poems and Ballads," and the "Songs before Sunrise," rather than the author of the "Tale of Balen," or the critic of Elizabethan drama. In his criticism Mr. Gosse is, as always, suggestive rather than temperate. He is at his happiest when he writes of the political poems: "Yet the vehemence of the passion was absolutely genuine, and it was overpowering. But this apparent causelessness of the emotion, and its vain violence as of a whirlwind in a vacuum, add to our difficulty in placing ourselves in a sensitive relation with a noble body of poetry." But few will be able to agree with him when he pronounces that Swinburne was more thoroughly "immersed in the poetry of the ancients" than any other English poet or that he must be "considered as among the most purely philosophic of all the English poets." Mr. Gosse throws moderation to the winds when he ends a chapter with such amazing words as these, "He breaks the alabaster box of spikenard over the bowed head of the goddess of Liberty."

In one respect Mr. Gosse must be bracketed with Mrs. Leith. He, too, feels it necessary to conceal a portion of the truth. His duty as a biographer will not permit him to omit all mention of certain moments in the life of Swinburne; but neither will he consent to inform the reader of what he knows. It is surely a mischievous business to be for ever suggesting that you know facts that you do not think it proper to reveal. It is highly irritating to read such statements as this: "Legends have been spread, and more will doubtless turn up, in support of this charge of being *macabre*. They must not all be credited, nor must they all be summarily denied." What, pray, are we to believe? If a biographer

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has the facts, it is well either that they should be frankly and kindly set forth, or that they should be passed by without mention; but his refusal either to kill the subterranean rumors or to give them real life is the surest way to propagate them in their most offensive and most injurious form. Something of this reticence is undoubtedly due to Mr. Gosse's disapproval of Swinburne's relations with Watts-Dunton. It is now quite clear that Watts had wounded the sensibilities of Swinburne's earlier friends by his description of them as "Bohemian" and by his desire to withdraw the poet from their influence. The new relations, says Mr. Gosse, "put a stop to all companionship on the old footing. Some former friends accepted the embargo and ceased to communicate with the poet, considering themselves to be 'Bohemian.'" It is clear from this utterance and many delicious bits of sarcasm that follow it that Mr. Gosse had no love for the Putneyan era of respectability; but it is also evident that in his desire to avoid the charge of Bohemianism he has permitted himself to omit certain passages which should properly appear in his book and has thereby left to a later biographer the task of completely recording the remarkable personality of the poet.

CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER.

Yale University.

PANHANDLER AND POET

The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp. $2.50. *The Collected Poems of William H. Davies.* $1.50. *By William H. Davies. Alfred A. Knopf. New York. 1917.*

It is difficult to determine whether the poetry or the personality of William H. Davies is the more fascinating. Both are individual, naïve, and illumined by a cool, clear temperament. These qualities are combined in the two volumes recently brought out by the aggressive Mr. Knopf, and both books have no little of that quality which is magic to some readers and merely strangeness to others. Not the least strange thing about the first volume is the introduction written by George Bernard Shaw—the very fact of its being there is strange. There is even a peculiarity in the contrast between the bright flash of Mr. Shaw's sentences and the quiet, almost dun-colored prose of Mr. Davies; between the keen sophistication of the Irish playwright and the keener simplicity of the English poet.

Some of Mr. Shaw's prefatory remarks are so pert and persuasive that I must quote a few scattered paragraphs, revealing, as they do, the

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nature of the book as well as the good nature of the famous writer of prefaces:

"I hasten to protest at the outset that I have no personal knowledge of the incorrigible super-tramp who wrote this amazing book. If he is to be encouraged and approved, then British morality is a mockery, British respectability an imposture, and British industry a vice. Perhaps they are: I have always kept an open mind on the subject; but still one may ask some better ground for pitching them out of the window than the caprice of a tramp. . . .

"The manuscript came into my hands under the following circumstances. In the year 1905 I received by post a volume of poems by one William H. Davies, whose address was The Farmhouse, Kensington, S. E. I was surprised to learn that there was still a farmhouse left in Kensington; for I did not then suspect that the Farmhouse, like the Shepherdess Walks and Nightingale Lanes and Whetstone Parks of Bethnal Green and Holborn, is so called nowadays in irony, and is, in fact, a doss-house, or hostelry, where single men can have a night's lodging for, at most, sixpence. . . .

"The author, as far as I could guess, had walked into a printer's or stationer's shop; handed in his manuscript; and ordered his book as he might have ordered a pair of boots. It was marked "price half a crown." An accompanying letter asked me very civilly if I required a half-crown book of verses; and if so, would I please send the author the half-crown; if not, would I return the book. This was attractively simple and sensible. Further, the handwriting was remarkably delicate and individual: the sort of handwriting one might expect from Shelley or George Meredith. I opened the book, and was more puzzled than ever; for before I had read three lines I perceived that the author was a real poet."

Thus Mr. Shaw. And the rest of his preface promises the reader even greater education and enjoyment—a promise that is lived up to in every one of Mr. Davies's three hundred and forty-five pages.

As a tramp, Davies was as genuine panhandler as he is real poet. Quite the opposite of an "upper class" vagabond, he never had the literary impulse of such "knights of the road" (whose purpose was always a cultural and studied one) as Harry Franck and Josiah Flynt. Nor was he drawn by the minnesingers' footloose fancies; his was not the vision of a Vachel Lindsay. He was, up to a certain age, a typical tramp; at home in his shifting environment, at one with Brum, Cockney More, the Australian Reds, and the Philadelphia Slims, who punctuate the story of his restless wanderings. This inglorious and almost unemotional odyssey is always on the same level of simple revelation; whether

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the author is speaking as a ship's cattleman, a pedlar, a canal laborer, a berry-picker, a shiftless tramp, a defeated artist struggling for recognition, an invalid telling with a half-smile a most undramatic account of how he lost his leg—there is in all these pages a pungence and, even in the humor, an unconscious poignance. "All I have to say by way of recommendation of this book," says Mr. Shaw (and his conclusion shall be mine), "is that I have read it from beginning to end, and would have read more of it had there been more to read."

Interesting and surprising as this book is, it is the other volume that is the author's more important contribution. In Mr. Davies's collected poems, the creative power that is suggested throughout the prose volume, is revealed at its fullest. Here is one of the most truly lyric voices in the world to-day. Lacking the sudden magic or the individuality of either Walter de la Mare or Ralph Hodgson, he shares with them an unstudied and always singing beauty. Like them, he seems often strangely unrelated to the modern world; most of his songs have the turns and cadences of old, half-remembered music. It might be said of him, as has been written of his two contemporaries, that he writes as much for antiquity as for posterity. And, if he betrays his indebtedness to his models more clearly than either of them, he adds a more clearly assertive note of social criticism. This gain does not always atone for what seems a deliberate borrowing of phrase and tone from Blake, Herrick, and even Shakespeare; but it is easy to understand how a poet of Davies's experiences and temperament would have to escape the hard vigor of his times and revive himself in a more soothing and literary past. This blend of Davies and other earlier poets is seldom without a curious personal quality and never without charm. One senses the foreign infusion, but it is counteracted by something native, which is deeper, in poems like "Days Too Short," "Kitty and I," "Songs of Joy," and "The Flood." And here is a poem, "The Moon," that shows the mixture at its best:

> Thy beauty haunts me heart and soul,
> O thou fair Moon, so close and bright;
> Thy beauty makes me like the child,
> That cries aloud to own thy light:
> The little child that lifts each arm,
> To press thee to her bosom warm.
>
> Though there were birds that sing this night
> With thy white beams across their throats,
> Let my deep silence speak for me
> More than for them their sweetest notes:
> Who worships thee till music fails,
> Is greater than thy nightingales.

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Most of Davies's poems have this echoing loveliness; a haunting lyricism that intensifies its subject without romanticizing it. Over a score could be catalogued; but of particular beauty is "Leisure," which begins:

> What is this life, if, full of care,
> We have no time to stand and stare.
>
> No time to stand beneath the boughs
> And stare as long as sheep or cows.
>
> No time to see, when woods we pass,
> Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass. . . .

In Mr. Davies's more recent work there is a decided growth; a little less of childlike, careless charm but far more power and personality. "The Child and the Mariner" which ends the volume, is a proof of what Davies can rise to, unaided by the flights of other singers. One may expect to hear even greater things from so rich and authentic a voice.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

New York City.

THE SURVIVAL OF CRITICISM

Men of Letters. By Dixon Scott. George H. Doran Company. $2.00 net. Great Companions. By Edith Franklin Wyatt. D. Appleton & Company. $1.50 net. New York. 1916-17.

"No war, my Lords," was the Queen's command in the spacious times of great Elizabeth, and so she is thought to have made possible the Drakes, Raleighs, Cabots, Frobishers, and Hawkinses without preventing the arrogance of Bacon when he took all knowledge for his province; or the complaint of Gabriel Harvey, "Every day spawns new opinions, heresy in divinity, in philosophy, in humanity, in manners, grounded upon hearsay."

When the Kaiser in 1914 began the revelation of his new gospel of peace by machine-guns and gas, not the least terrifying of the accompanying host of spectres was that of a strangled civilization and a silenced art. But the melting pot seems to have had a double bottom. At all events whatever has fallen out, there is still left the spirit of man, and daily, before our eyes, the brave new world reveals its goodly creatures. This first perhaps on the high levels, but there is a heroism of workaday art that has made a simple faith of going about its lawful occasions.

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The service of criticism is at best but a somewhat thankless one, its place in the family of the arts that of a domestic rather than that of a leader or cherished member. To a reader of contemporaneous English literary criticism, the wonder is that there should be time or attention for anything but record and response to the supreme experiences of national life. As one looks through the columns of "The Times" and "The Academy" and the rest of the weekly and monthly contributions to English criticism, one grows into a sense of the real significance of this attitude and temper of the English, and into a suspicion that it is different from most of what we have in the United States. The task is so obviously a serious one—nothing less than that of training feeling and of teaching readers to like what ought to be enjoyed, instead of rehearsing the inept satisfactions and recording the giggles and shivers for them. Now, this is not always so; the critic has been, in his time, not only despised and rejected, but he has been ashamed of himself and frankly commercial. In 1835 Macready exclaimed in his diary: "I wish I were anything rather than an actor, except a critic: let me be unhappy rather than vile!" In 1917, in the face of impending bankruptcy, and in the distractions of civil readjustments to an unprecedented demand upon the principles and passions, English criticism maintains the importance of proportion, centrality, and sanity. With its consent, the troubled years of the great war shall never become that worse thing than a sacrifice or even a waste—a mess. So "The Athenaeum" makes careful distinctions; and, while mindful of the possible transfer of much of the material for literary study and research from English libraries to collections in the United States, gallantly insists upon the possible retention of the scholarly centre of gravity in England. The critical works produced in England, it contends, "show more frequent flashes of critical intuition and more brilliance of style. If the insight of such an interpreter as Dixon Scott could imaginably be combined with the steady application and the grasp of detail which mark the American scholar, the ideal critic would at last be evolved."

Is this desirable combination accomplished by Miss Edith Franklin Wyatt in her "Great Companions"? Her publisher's statement, on the cover of the volume, implies that it is—"Miss Wyatt has done a service for all book lovers that until now no other person has adequately performed. Literary appreciations are always welcome, and especially so if they come to us in interesting style and form. Miss Wyatt's essays answer both of these qualifications, and she has added to their worth by combining with great charm of narration, historical and biographical accuracy." Her own title-page and fly-leaf quotations from Publicus Sirius, and Walt Whitman, dividing the responsibility for companionship between the great and the agreeable of the nomads, and her note referring

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to books of writers of genius, their function as purveyors of knowledge, as witnesses to what each has seen and imagined in human life from his own peculiar outlook, as a special place in relation to the mystery of the universe, and where nobody else can ever stand, and where nobody else ever has stood, are extremely clever devices for inducing the reader to think that he understands what he is about when he reads these extraordinarily assorted individualities into whose acquaintance, and old or new friendship, these essays of Miss Wyatt's purpose to speed him. If now and again a reader should remain quite at sea, and without any sense of direction or kinship in the group including Defoe, Stephen Crane, Henry James, Walt Whitman, James Whitcomb Riley, Percy B. Shelley, Henri Fabre, positive and negative qnalities of men, mind, manners, and matter,—he must console himself with the reflection that Miss Wyatt, at least, is perfectly at home. She enjoys everything except analysis; and hates nothing but college professors. Her work suggests the difference between being right and being clever, and illustrates the ease with which personal insistence may be mistaken for originality. Proportion, centrality, sanity, these three are not the guides of Miss Wyatt's pen or judgment. The separate papers are often ingenious, they have striking features, but they lack informing spirit and too often remind one of Milton's lion, pawing in his hinder parts to get free. But why multiply instances? Is it not fair to say that Miss Wyatt's work is tarred with the desultory instead of the literary brush? In brief, this is an assemblage of notes, a catalogue of the writer's adventures, not a book. The title is not an introduction to anything in particular, nor a notice of a vital experience to be expected. It is a good label, and suggests bargain-counter successes and commercial averages.

At about Miss Wyatt's age Dixon Scott is already *nominis umbra*. He sailed, a lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery, for Gallipoli, landed there October 2, 1915, and died of dysentery, on board a hospital ship on the twenty-third. Before his departure from England he had planned to make a book of some of his essays and criticisms, and to this end had subjected six of them to drastic revision and reorganization. For he was quite aware that he was literary by nature, journalistic by circumstance, as Max Beerbohm says. His editors present the other papers, with such changes as were suggested by notes found among them, and with the apologies suitable to the incomplete transformation of the rest. The author's own results are most exemplary. The "punch" and "pep" of journalism all disappear with his acceptance of the permanent in place of the momentary appeal. There is left only the over-emphasis of paradox, almost inevitable in a person who is as far from slighting his job as he is from being absorbed in it. This delicate hair-balancing

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of a complex consciousness is not effectively maintained at a small cost. Dixon Scott finds in this process, its results, and the reactions of growth and friction accompanying it, the ultimate meaning of the profession of letters. The worker's hands are colored by the dyes he uses; every expert has his own fallacy which, too often, he rates as his reason for being. To find a given writer's medium, compare his normal with his sophisticated self, and complete the curve of variation from his theoretically possible achievement, is the task of criticism as it presents itself to Dixon Scott. The resulting method has the breathless fascination of hurdle-racing. The titles of the essays are as structurally similar as the hurdles, but no two ever affect the reader in the same way. Is it at "The Innocence of Bernard Shaw," the "Meekness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling," "Henry James," or "The Homeliness of Browning," or at which one of the secret-betraying titles will the reader come a cropper, or accuse Scott of being out of the saddle? One may disagree with his opinions and resent his premises, but one must recognize the dynamic energy of the thinking involved. Into the current of that thinking, the reader is drawn, and must either profit by it, or for the time being, at least, go under.

To make the acquaintance of Dixon Scott is to add one to the critical group of which Henry James, Agnes Repplier, Paul Elmer Moore, William C. Brownell, and, of more recent entrance, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Follett are members. Then read Dixon Scott, regret the early toll he paid to the great war, but as for the ideal critic—keep on looking!

Mary A. Jordan.

Smith College.

ESSENTIAL FACTS OF MEDICAL HISTORY

The Growth of Medicine from the Earliest Times to about 1800. By Albert H. Buck. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1917. $5.00.

This book is the first volume published by The Yale University Press on The Memorial Publication Fund, established June 15, 1916, by Dr. George C. J. Williams of Hartford, in memory of his three medical ancestors. The author, a son of Gordon Buck, the eminent surgeon, is known to the medical profession as a veteran otologist, a medical editor, genealogist, and medical biographer of repute. The publication of the volume may be regarded as an honor rendered by Yale to one of her distinguished sons.

The work is designed, in its author's words, to present the essential facts of medical history in a truthful and attractive narrative to the

many doctors "who know little or nothing of the subject," and to offset the English treatises which Dr. Buck describes as "of rather too scientific a character to appeal either to the undergraduate or to the busy physician." This end is measurably attained in a plain, simple, unpretentious narrative, of the staid character befitting the subject, yet pleasantly readable. The movement of the story is leisurely, dignified, *vieux genre;* the tempo *molto moderato,* which may prove grateful to readers who do not like a style of rapid gait. Thus the manner is in keeping with the matter, since medicine did not begin to "grow" appreciably before the middle of the nineteenth century.

The course of medical history through the ages is a complex progression of ups and downs, whether the chronological arrangements be abreast or in tandem. Dr. Buck has chosen to present his material in three main sections: Ancient, Mediaeval, and Renaissance Medicine. He wisely follows the superlative work of Max Neuburger in his chronological arrangements of authors, but his subdivisions and chapters are his own. Le Clerc, Haeser, Neuburger, Meyer Steineg, Pagel are his main sources of information. Neuburger is his mainstay; but nothing whatever is said of the original researches of Sudhoff, who has done so much to stimulate the minds of others to true "historic thinking." Dr. Buck claims nothing which is not his own, and credit to authorities is honestly and fairly rendered, wherever due, without the encumbrance of footnotes. The earlier chapters on primitive and pre-Hippocratic medicine are brief but readable. Ancient medicine is elucidated by attractive citations of the communicative, and therefore easily digestible, kind. Given the limits set by himself, the author is to be praised for his consistent plan of keeping his citations well within the bounds of the elementary and the obvious, which is not necessarily "spoon-feeding." Hippocrates, the Alexandrians, Asclepiades, Galen, Harvey, Boerhaave, and Paré are treated in separate chapters; Brissot, Fernelius, Linacre, and Sydenham are grouped together in one. The biographies of the most eminent men in the different periods are given at full length, but, although the work professes to cover ground "up to about 1800," the story trails off somewhere in the seventeenth century at the end. Interesting features are the sections on the beginnings of a rational medicine in Greece, the Roman medical sects, the Arab renaissance, and the surgery of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The translating movement of the Middle Ages is clearly described; and of Constantinus Africanus, Buck rightly observes that "his associates in Salerno do not appear to have valued these translations very highly." It is taken for granted that Leonardo da Vinci collaborated with Marc Antonio in an anatomical treatise, an assertion of Vasari's which remains to be proved. "Lucri

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neglecti lucrum," the inscription over the doorway of the Paduan anatomist Fabricius, which Dr. Buck translates as "costly gifts representing unproductive wealth," affords an amusing index of the practice of paying doctor's bills in gifts rather than in current coin of the realm. This our author signalizes as a common trait of well-to-do patients, even in a metropolis. We learn that Ruysch was so skilful in embalming bodies that Peter the Great mistook one of his preparations for a sleeping child and kissed it on the mouth. The chapter on the significance of the serpent in medicine, a new feature, does not give the chthonic interpretation of the symbol, as set forth in Rohde's "Psyche."

"Claudius Galen" has been shown by Edwin Klebs and others to be an error established, in the first instance, through regarding "Cl[arissimus] Galen," in the older printed texts, as an abbreviation for "Claudius." In the account of the School of Salerno, the date of the famous "Regimen Sanitatis" is still given as 1100 A. D., a blunder perpetrated in Warton's "History of English Poetry" (1774) and perpetuated down to Sudhoff's determination of the most probable date of its first appearance as *circa* 1260. Nothing is said of the recent work of the classical philologists in medical history, nor of Husemann's researches on the soporific sponge. But these are, after all, merely *des questions de métier,* and not of overwhelming importance.

The book is printed in beautiful style, and the illustrations include the Aesculapian temples and statues, a fourteenth-century dissection, a sixteenth-century hospital ward (Hôtel Dieu), the Calcar portrait of Vesalius (Royal College of Surgeons), Cornelius Jonson's Harvey, the portrait of Sydenham in All Soul's College, Oxford, the vagrant lithotomists, Frère Jacques and Frère Côme, surgical scenes and cuts of rare instruments. Dr. Buck, a veteran of five and seventy, is to be congratulated on his success in presenting a dull and difficult subject in a manner at once accurate and readable.

FIELDING H. GARRISON.

Army Medical Museum.

THE GENESIS OF THE PLAY

The Drama of Savage Peoples. By Loomis Havemeyer. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1916. $1.75 net.

Many teachers of English lack the historical, political, and sociological background necessary to appreciate to the full the literature they strive to interpret for the student. And, on the other hand, many teachers

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of history, political science, or sociology lack the knowledge of literature and the arts which would lend a broader significance to their own branch. This book is written by a sociologist who has tried with success to trace in the recorded activities of primitive peoples the genesis of a great literary form. It is valuable reading, both for students of literature and for students of sociology.

Taking "imitation and action" as the "basic elements of the drama," Mr. Havemeyer endeavors to prove "that the savage drama is the lineal antecedent of all modern forms, and hence that a knowledge of it is needful, in order to fill out the perspective and to afford a lapse of time sufficient to allow a conception of evolution in this social form." His proof consists in the presentation of a host of authenticated examples logically grouped according to nature and purpose. He connects these examples with critical and illustrative comment. He has drawn from a wide field of sociological literature and has not allowed himself to be carried away from a judicious moderation by his enthusiasm.

Students of the English drama are so familiar with its origins in the church service that they will feel no surprise at the close connection between the drama of savage peoples and religion. They may be somewhat surprised, however, at the importance of this drama of savage peoples in education. "The use of the drama in education" sounds distinctly modern, but Mr. Havemeyer shows interestingly and conclusively that plays among certain primitive peoples had a most important part, indeed *the* most important part, in the education of the youth between the ages of twelve and twenty-three. During these years, each man child was initiated into the lore of his tribe by a long series of dramatized lessons in what he could and what he could not do. Absorbing as some of these lessons may have been, their serious purpose destroys one of our childhood illusions concerning our savage brothers' freedom from the restrictions of school.

Interesting, too, and unusual were the dramas intended to insure plenty of game and success in the hunt. Here again the serious purpose of the play is supreme. The action of the play and its performance, perfect down to minute particulars, became analogous to religion. We have nothing in our modern life to correspond to such drama as this.

So much space and emphasis are given in this book to the drama of serious nature—drama of religious or educational purpose—among primitive peoples, that we are led to question whether drama for pleasure alone received any development. We are so accustomed to the hedonistic intent of our modern stage that the word drama or "play," has come to have a connotation of pleasure. Mr. Havemeyer evidently felt the force of this query, for, near the close of his book, he inserts a chapter on the pleasure plays of savage peoples. These pleasure plays are

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what remain "when the religious element drops out, leaving only the shell whose object is merely to amuse those before whom it is performed." In spite of a number of striking examples of pleasure plays, a reader gains the general impression that these were of little importance and stunted development among the savage peoples. Mr. Havemeyer acknowledges the fact himself: "To the savage this latter stage is of the least importance, for nothing very definite is accomplished by it"; and he attempts to explain the rapid development of pleasure plays from the religious ceremonies (in Greece, for example,) by calling attention to the fact that "when the first regular drama began in Greece the people were probably on a very much higher stage of culture than any of the savage peoples."

In this connection, we should like to have had a further discussion of the stage of civilization necessary for the development of hedonistic drama, and more illustrations of the links between the primitive and the more civilized hedonistic type of play. At just what degree of average culture did the serious element cease to be of such supreme importance and the drama come to be enjoyed for itself alone? What are the characteristics of the people and of the society that bridged this gap? When did the call of "art for art's sake" originate? Possibly our records are too meagre to answer these questions.

Some of the illustrations given in the book, although they may be "imitation and action," are so remotely connected with drama that their claim to ancestry is not recognizable. Especially is this fact evident in the dances. Mr. Havemeyer devotes several pages to presenting examples of the dance of primitive peoples. "The Bushmen," he says, "have a baboon dance in which the performers imitate the actions and grimaces of baboons, jumping, gambolling, and running around on all fours like a troop of excited monkeys." Such an illustration as this might be accepted as the progenitor of the modern ballet, but it is hardly convincing in its relation to what we understand by the modern drama.

Altogether, Mr. Havemeyer is to be thanked by both the students of sociology and the students of literature. He has, on the one hand, winnowed from the extensive literature of sociology the illustrations of the crude origins of one of the highest forms of art among civilized peoples; and he has, on the other hand, considered and correlated these crude origins in their relation to their later historical development. In a simple direct style, he has presented his material and offered his opinions. He has succeeded in this little book in being scholarly without being tedious—would that we might say as much of more works of literary criticism or sociological investigation. LUCIUS H. HOLT.

United States Military Academy.

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PATRIOT AND MAN OF LETTERS

Letters of Richard Watson Gilder. Edited by Rosamond Gilder. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1916. $3.50 net.

To one in search of purely literary delight, this volume will perhaps be disappointing. Gilder was a delightful correspondent, but hardly one of those geniuses whose letters must live for ever. He was a very busy man, a telling force in the life of the metropolis for a third of a century; and most of his jottings are of value less for their literary grace than because their writer saw everything and knew everybody. The Cesnola affair, international copyright, Mugwumpery, civil service reform, the tenement house laws, Sunday openings,—these are but a few of the interests *quorum magna pars fuit;* and the Washington Arch and the New York kindergartens are as truly his monuments as "The Century Magazine" or even his volumes of verse. The letters, judiciously supplemented by the editor's narrative, are a suggestive contribution to the intimate history of our times; and they give private views of a multitude of diverse characters, from Grover Cleveland to Modjeska.

But the chief attraction of this book is neither exactly literary nor exactly historical. A quantity of letters, of no unique value in themselves, and rehearsing many matters of little far-reaching importance, do somehow in the end make the reader acquainted with a personality of extraordinary charm. A "firebrand of energy and emotion," Gilder's daughter aptly calls him; but his emotions were checked by a fine taste and intelligence, and his energy was directed by a life-long passion for the true and the good. He was an admirable citizen and patriot; and it would not be easy to name a recent biography in which the spirit of patriotic citizenship is more winningly individualized. The reader's affections keep even pace with his esteem.

Among Gilder's multifarious interests, poetry was always nearest his heart. There is a certain pathos in the extremity of his devotion to it, and a certain irony in the disclosure of his methods of composition. His inspiration came unsought, with an insistence that could not be denied. It came out of the depths of his own sorrows or joys, thrilling him to ecstasy. "Poems with me are sheer miracles." Every lyric was a "lyrical cry." And he craved passionately a poet's fame. The pathos is in the fact that Gilder seems likely to remain among the inheritors of unfulfilled renown; and the irony is in the fact that magic and ecstasy are just what his finished product usually lacks. He often struck out a fine phrase, like this on Lincoln:

> That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
> For storms to beat on;

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but he never stayed long on that level. He wrote with such facility that he rarely attained the appearance of inevitableness and ease.

But his work wears well. The present reviewer has just re-read half a dozen of his dainty volumes, which had rested on their shelf five years. They will not rest there so long again. They, like his letters, leave a final impression of much plain writing but invariable high thinking; and Gilder himself would not have rejected praise for having "uttered nothing base." His poems do less than full justice to the magic of his personality—to encounter which was a memorable experience; but the reading of his poems will always be a memorable experience, too.

CHARLTON M. LEWIS.

Yale University.

STUDIES IN CHRISTOLOGY

Jesus the Christ in Light of Psychology. By G. Stanley Hall. Doubleday, Page & Company. New York. 1917. 2 volumes. $7.50 net.
What Jesus Christ thought of Himself. By Anson Phelps Stokes. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1916. $1.00 net.

The value of these two works is inversely as their size. The college Bible classes for which Secretary Stokes intends his little essay will not expect an independent study of problems of historical criticism and exegesis, necessarily antecedent as these are to any scientific attempt to interpret the Messianic consciousness of Jesus. They will meet no disappointment in what they rightly do expect—the reverent and sympathetic insight of the well-informed modern preacher, not ignorant of the existence of these problems, yet impelled to share the glimpses he has gained of that great personality which kindled the mind of an Edwards and a Bushnell. We may rank the book somewhere between Stalker's "Christology of Jesus," and the less known but high-minded little work of Albert Hitchcock, "The Psychology of Jesus."

The only value of the two huge volumes by the well-known author of "Adolescence," which pretentiously assume to solve the profoundest problem of the entire history of religion by what the author terms "psychological criticism," is as an object lesson of things to avoid. They present the most ponderous pile of pedantic puerilities known to the present writer.

The mind of President Hall is singularly unfit for his undertaking. He not only is destitute of historical judgment; he does not even realize

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that his task requires it. He not only ignores the primary results of textual criticism, building with equal assurance on the authentic and the unauthentic, he literally does not know the meaning of the term; for he applies it exclusively to historical or documentary valuation of sources, usually in disparaging comparison with what he terms "psycho-analysis." Hence the appendix to Mark, the story of the sweat-like drops of blood (interpreted as meaning actual blood), the angel troubling the pool, have the same value for him as the context, just as he knows no distinction between Synoptic and Johannine tradition. His logic may be judged by the argument that Jesus must have been physically attractive because of "the enthusiastic rapture of the woman of Samaria after a brief talk with him," and "the impression that a glimpse of him(?) made upon the wife of Pilate." His judgment of historical inference appears in his reiterated use (with qualified approval) of the explanation of Jesus's femininity(?) in Ollivier's "Vie Secrète de Jésus." Herod's massacre of the infant boys (at Bethlehem) led to Jesus being brought up with girl companions (at Nazareth)!

Historical exegesis has the same treatment as "textual" criticism. There is, of course, no question more vital to the whole problem than the contemporary sense attaching to the title "Son of God." The primitive Christian sense is distinguished from the Jewish in a *midrash* which in Matthew and Luke follows the story of Jesus's baptismal vision and voice from heaven, a symbolic narrative thrice contrasting the higher and the lower ideal under the figure of temptations of Satan. Our "psychological" critic, ignoring the work of historical interpreters, and knowing nothing of *midrash* but the name, finds here abundant room for folly to rush in. "Son of God" means to him just what it means to the average Sunday-school pupil in Worcester, Mass. The temptations are assumed to be in some sense "factual." The answer to Satan, "It is written, Thou shall not tempt," may therefore be paraphrased: "Thou (Satan) shall not tempt one who is divine Lord over thee"!

"Psychological criticism" is equally impatient of mere "textual" methods in solving questions of order. The preaching at Nazareth is placed by Mark late in the Galilean ministry. In Luke it forms a sort of "programmatic discourse" for the entire ministry, though Luke 4:28 contains absolute proof of displacement. "Psycho-analytic" methods solve the problem at once in favor of Luke. According to Dr. Hall, the incident "conforms to the *Anlage*" of the "adolescent stage of fore-feeling, yearning, and germination," compared with the new and higher consciousness. Jesus's revisitation of home was "an outcrop sufficiently dight with circumstance of the great law of progression by regression, or of the mutual *rapport* between genius and conserved childish attitudes,

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and shows us how the loftiest ideals of achievement are bound up with and reinforced by re-awakening *das ewige* (sic) *Kindliche* in us." This proves it to be at the beginning of Jesus's career. Luke seems unfortunately to have reawakened the *ewig Kindliche* in the psychological critic.

On the whole it is a relief to discover that the results of "psychological criticism" based on logic of this type, criticism of this type, and exegesis of this type, lead a mind of this type to the following as the three leading traits in the character of Jesus (p. 429): (1) Megalomania; (2) double-dealing; (3) emotional strain. Jesus's mode of speech we are told, was "an *ipse dixet* (sic) *de haut en bas.*" He "had an invincible sense of his own vast superiority over other men." "Second only to this is that he concealed this fondest and most dominant sense of inner divinity." He "lived an incognito deity among his friends, because premature avowal of himself would spoil all." The state of strain induced by this high tension of opposites produced the third characteristic of "psychic erethism tending to become habitual." It follows naturally from the alternation between ecstasy of self-worship and "violent rage" at opposition.

The supreme problem of New Testament criticism really is in last resort psychological. We refer of course to the origin and expansion of the resurrection belief. To this Royce has made a well-known and welcome contribution. William James's application of the doctrine of the subconscious also helps greatly to appreciate the religious psychology of Paul. In like manner Hall's work naturally culminates in a discussion of the resurrection, but only to furnish the supreme example of the author's superlative lack of historico-critical sense.

The Bible affords no more startling phenomenon to the thoughtful historical critic than the disappearance, thirty years after the death of Paul, of the original apostolic gospel of the resurrection, a story explicitly certified by Paul himself in one of the earliest writings of the New Testament and the most indisputably authentic of all, as the record proclaimed not only by himself, but by all evangelists. The primitive resurrection gospel of I Cor. 15: 1-11, enumerating the manifestations from heaven of the risen Christ, to Peter, to the Twelve, to James, to "all the apostles," to the "five-hundred brethren," and lastly to Paul himself, has in the Gospels been superseded by another, a group of stories, centring on the experience of the women at the sepulchre, and dealing with the question (ignored by Paul) of what became of the physical body of Jesus. This group of later, conflicting, anonymous traditions has so displaced the Pauline, that of the vitally important psychological experiences which culminated in Paul's own, scarcely a trace remains.

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Hence true criticism and true psychology have here the amplest scope. "Psychological criticism" as understood by Hall, *absolutely ignores the Pauline record,* and bases its conclusions *solely* on traditions (including the spurious ending of Mark), taking them *en masse,* without comparison or discrimination. Paul's own experience is interpreted solely on the basis of the late and anonymous narrative which (according to Hall) "claims to be by a companion of Paul." The epistles do not come within this critic's ken, either as a source for the primitive resurrection gospel, or for the religious psychology of their writer.

Justice demands the acknowledgment that form and content in this remarkable work are mutually well adapted. The language adopted is a patois of the author's own, modelled either on Baboo-English, or that laborious concoction which in the "humorous" columns of rural newspapers is supposed to represent the talk of the precocious Boston child. Copiously interlarded with foreign words and phrases (constantly misspelled and otherwise misused) there is much to commend this jargon for its purpose. Words like "datour," "de-eschatolization," "harmatophobia," "euphoria," "erethic," "surd," "soma," should promote sales in colored Sunday-schools. Moreover the squid method of ejecting an impenetrable cloud of ink in deep water is a protective device which may have value in concealing the helplessness of the thought. In future employment, however, the author should take note that his favorite term "hebamic" (= pubescent) has no connection with the German *Hebamme,* and therefore cannot be applied to the obstetric art "praised by Socrates" (p. 697); similarly "theriolatry" if preferred to "animal-worship" should not be spelled "thierolatry" as it is *not* derived from the German *Thier.* It may be further helpful to note that the Apostles did not preach the promise of Gen. 3:15; but if they did, one should not "violate the unwritten codex" (sic) of etymology by calling it their "protevangelicum." If any considerable number of Hebrew terms such as "Bealiar," "Kodish," and "mainzer" are borrowed, at least *one* should be correct, and—in short, misspelling and bad grammar mar the effect of the most awe-inspiring pedantry.

We are in doubt whether to marvel most at the industry of the helpful librarian who accumulated the vast pile of rubbish sprinkled with some standard works, which passes for "the literature of the subject," or the state of mind which could direct such an *omnium gatherum,* while leaving out most of the apposite scientific contributions. Possibly the noticeable absence of any and every standard work on the history of New Testament literature may be connected with the author's assertion that "Revelations (sic) is the earliest writing of the New Testament," and reference to "Third Esdras" as a book of apocalypse. But second-hand bibliog-

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raphies betray themselves when they make H. J. Holtzman the author of the "Leben Jesu," and bestow the required initial "O." on P. W. Schmiedel; when a Harvard scholar becomes "*C.* J. H. Ropes," and a series of Germans (beginning with Erich Haupt) obtain a prefixed initial D. merely because German title-pages use D. for Dr.

As stated at the outset, the true value of this monstrosity of pseudo-criticism and pseudo-psychology is as a deterrent. One may well hope the work has been so thoroughly done as never to be done again. But should "morosophic" vanity hereafter tempt others to violate by presumptuous antics that sanctuary where genuine criticism and the true psychology of religion combine to lay their devoutest offerings, we trust some whip of small cords may still be found to scourge the mountebank from the temple.

B. W. Bacon.

Yale University.

A HAMLET AMONG PAINTERS

Jacopo Carucci da Pontormo: His Life and Work. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1916. $7.50.

In the entire field of decadent art there is perhaps no figure so sympathetic, so full of wayward fascination, as Pontormo. By nature a wild flower of the spring-time of the Renaissance, he was mis-born in the rank autumn of the *Cinquecento,* choked by coarse weeds, frost-bitten by winds from over the Alps, tormented and tossed about by cyclonic blasts from the Sistine ceiling and the S. Lorenzo tombs. Yet this Pontormo who grew up in the time of Leonardo and Piero di Cosimo, whose art was formed by Andrea del Sarto, and who in his last years produced at S. Lorenzo those haunting designs anathematized by Vasari, contemptuously covered with whitewash by the eighteenth century—designs that seemed to Berenson premonitions of the art of William Blake, that remind us of Rodin, and Mr. Clapp of the futurists—this Pontormo always remained a primitive at heart. His subtlety and intellectuality are in strange contrast with the cloying obviousness of Andrea. His delicacy and refinement are at the opposite pole from the power and sweep of Michel Angelo.

It is possibly this inherent contradiction between the nature of the man and the environment in which he was born that accounts for the peculiarities of his character. No other artist has ever withdrawn so

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completely into himself, has so passionately yearned for solitude. The sole entrance to his workshop was by a ladder that he was in the habit of pulling up after him to fortify himself against all interruptions. When painting the frescoes in the Certosa, he lingered for years over the task, because he loved the life of the monks with its silence and its solitude. At a time when other artists were employing pupils by hordes to aid them in their work, Pontormo had an instinctive dislike of collaborators. No other hand touched picture of his, and he would not allow his work even to be seen before it was finished.

A character of this sort was ill fitted to wrestle with the actualities of life. In fact, Pontormo allowed himself to be robbed by his mediocre pupil, Bronzino, of a great part of the fame which his talent deserved. He was indifferent to the commands and desires of the great and powerful, and would lavish upon the portrait of an artisan the time and labor he refused to those of princes. His reveries found expression with his pencil, even more than with his brush. Pontormo was far greater as a draftsman than as a painter, and his drawings indeed rank with those of the greatest masters. Here again Pontormo was born at the wrong time. Vasari tells us, in his life of Titian, that Giorgione instituted the new pictorial vision of art. He discarded drawings, and worked directly upon his canvas with colors. The result was a new technique, more facile, more splashy, more immediately effective, than that which had supplanted it, and vastly more in accord with the spirit of a later age. But at Florence the old technique still lived on, and while Veronese and Tintoretto were dashing off canvases with a speed hitherto unimagined, Pontormo was depending upon drawings more than, perhaps, any artist even of the *Quattrocento.* When these designs are finally brought to full fruition and colored in fresco or painting, the charm is almost always lessened. The intellectuality, the thoughtfulness, the indecision, of Portormo are here in strong evidence. This Hamlet among painters would let his chalk play with a motive in countless different ways, twist it hither and thither till the possible combinations seem almost exhausted. Each conception is full of life, of charm, of aesthetic power. But the finished painting equals none of the sketches, and is often founded upon the less fortunate ones.

The artist whom Mr. Clapp undertook to study, therefore, offers a subject of peculiar interest. It was a subject also singularly unhackneyed. Vasari had written a life of Pontormo, one of the best indeed ever penned by the great biographer. Berenson had listed his paintings and drawings, and devoted some of the most inspired pages of "Drawings of the Florentine Painters" to the artist. Mr. Clapp has done well to follow in the main the footsteps of Berenson. It is as impossible for

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a present-day critic to ignore Settignano as it was for the *Cinquecenteschi* to ignore the Sistine.

Mr. Clapp has wisely made no attempt to revolutionize our knowledge of Pontormo, or give a new conception of the artist. He has corrected and filled in the bold outlines traced by Berenson, thrown light upon many dark corners, published entire the diary of Pontormo, of which only extracts had before been printed. He has made a brilliant identification in the case of the Johnson portrait. His scholarship and accuracy are unexceptionable. His method of presentation is something more than clear and logical; his style has much of the refinement and intellectuality characteristic of the painter whose work he describes. Indeed, it is the author's intuitive and psychological comprehension of Pontormo that raises this book altogether above the great mass of current criticism. It vibrates with that electric thrill which can be communicated only by a poet. It is a work which satisfies the critical exactions of the epicure, but is in no wise caviar to the general. It moves swiftly, with the dramatic interest of a novel. One always waits to turn the next page before laying it down, even to light a pipe. The book is an ideal companion for a winter's evening. It will be of inestimable value in enabling the public to understand the elusive charm of Pontormo.

The present monograph was preceded by a catalogue *raisonné* of the drawings of Pontormo, published in Paris in 1914. This work in French was a scholarly amplification and re-working of the ground already covered by Berenson. The most important thing that remained to be done was to illustrate the works of Pontormo. Berenson, always niggardly of his illustrations, had reproduced only eight of the drawings. Mr. Clapp, in his catalogue *raisonné*, had added as many more. The present monograph contains reproductions of one hundred and nine of these masterpieces, as well as illustrations of all the important paintings. For all this we owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to Mr. Clapp and to the Yale Press, and it is perhaps ungracious to lament that even more drawings could not have been reproduced. We are, nevertheless, disappointed to find no illustrations of many sheets for which the winged words of Berenson have long whetted, but in no way satisfied, our appetite. The book-making of the monograph is on the whole of high quality. It is, perhaps, cruel to compare the illustrations with those in the Berenson "Drawings." Still, surely it would have been possible to have obtained a less muddy reproduction of the superb study for the second lunette at Poggio (for it is difficult to believe, as Mr. Clapp would have us, that this drawing was intended for the first lunette), perhaps the very greatest creation of Pontormo. The marvellous draw-

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ing for the Martyrdom of St. Maurice has also been divorced from all its beauty in the reproduction. On the other hand, the drawing of "the youth who looks out of wistful eyes, appealing to us as if to help him solve the mystery of himself" is quite as well reproduced by the Yale Press as by Berenson.

Mr. Clapp's book, in addition to rather more than the usual allowance of fly-leaves, half title-pages, title-pages, and false title-pages, opens with a table of contents, a list of illustrations, a preface, a dedication, a copyright page, a page with a motto, a commemoration page to Henry Weldon Barnes, a page devoted to the Barnes Memorial Publication Fund, and a foreword by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. The last we might easily have been spared. The reprehensible habit of having a well-known author write an introduction for another man in order to gull the public into buying by the use of a great name, has unfortunately become established in the field of *belles lettres,* but should not be introduced into that of scholarship. Moreover, if it be true that good wine needs no bush and a good play no epilogue, it follows that the author of this scholarly monograph had no need of crude advertisement at the hands of Mr. Mather. Mr. Clapp's work is quite able to stand on its own exceedingly high merits.

A. Kingsley Porter.

New York City.

ARNOLD AND BURNS

Matthew Arnold: How to Know Him. By Stuart P. Sherman. Robert Burns: How to Know Him. By William Allan Neilson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Indianapolis. 1916-7. $1.50 net each.

One quickly perceives that Mr. Sherman has the gift of style. He says exactly what he wishes to say, without hurry, without circumlocution, without bungling. We feel the opening sentences of his book just as a salmon feels the salt water: "Matthew Arnold is a charming but not an altogether conciliatory writer. If you disagree with him, he does not encourage you to believe that you may be in the right."

It is gratifying to find that Mr. Sherman does not confine his attention to Arnold as a poet and literary critic, but gives us chapters on the character and career of Arnold, and on his writings on education, on politics and society, and on religion. For it is by no means impossible that ultimately Arnold may be remembered rather as a distinguished publicist, educator, and civilian, or even as a saint, than as a poet or

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critic. Mr. Sherman does admirable justice to Arnold's life as a record of noble and unselfish endeavor; the life of a man who preached everywhere the duty of perfecting our natures, moral, intellectual, aesthetic, social, and religious. Particularly does he bring out that eternal self-discipline, which—verging at times on self-persecution—is at once the glory and the blight of his career. But it is the concluding chapter, that on Arnold's religion, which takes us nearest to the heart of our subject; and rightly, for Arnold's profoundest passion was the passion for righteousness. Much as he has said of our intellectual needs, he was especially the preacher of our intellectual duties. Mr. Sherman summarizes admirably also the varied ideas and activities of Arnold in the fields of education and of national affairs. His book may be heartily commended to those who wish to understand why Arnold is still an important influence in the world.

As to Arnold the poet and literary critic, the reviewer makes some reservations, owing largely to a different point of view. We believe that Arnold's aesthetic endowment was very limited. For art, architecture, and music he had at best an intermittent and languid interest. And except that his sense of style was wonderfully pure and fastidious, his interest in literature was hardly artistic. Much as he proclaimed the significance of things Greek, he suffered greatly, both as a poet and as a critic of poetry, from his failure inwardly to digest the "Poetics" of Aristotle. The importance in literature of telling a good story, and of creating interesting characters, was but vaguely apprehended by him. Everywhere his paramount interests were style and ideas. He even defined poetry as "a criticism of life," a definition which admirably suits his own interesting essays in verse. Only once does he quite succeed in telling a good story well, and that is in "Sohrab and Rustum." He had also a lyric vein, fine, delicate and charming, but hardly rich or copious. Mr. Sherman's criticism is especially occupied with defining Arnold's attitude towards his life and times as set forth in his various discourses in verse. Much of what Mr. Sherman says is acute and suggestive. Yet he hardly stimulates our faith that Arnold is a poet.

An important class which Arnold failed to conciliate is the learned class, the class that possesses, in addition to general education, erudition. His literary essays are apt to show inadequate information. He is interested less in facts than in ideas, less in ideas than in the spirit and personality behind them. Unfortunately spirit and personality are precisely what learned men are too apt to undervalue. Mr. Sherman skilfully and judiciously expounds the very helpful idea that the interest and charm of Arnold's essays lie far more in their extraordinary power to stimulate interest, curiosity, and the aesthetic sense, than in the cor-

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rectness of his estimates. There breathes through his masterpieces of literary criticism the spirit of one who coveted earnestly the best gifts; a conviction that self-development is a duty as well as a privilege. His best message, here as elsewhere, is moral and religious. This able summary of Arnold's significance, charmingly expressed, cannot fail to evoke the interest of that large public in America to whom Matthew Arnold so potently appeals.

A book that professes to be an aid to the understanding of Burns no doubt measurably justifies its profession when it presents so admirable and representative a selection from Burns's poetry as does Mr. Neilson's. Nevertheless there is one perfectly obvious duty, a duty which cannot be too carefully performed, which Mr. Neilson—like almost all his predecessors in the editing of Burns—has scanted. We refer to the elucidation of Burns's dialect. Only one who has turned to our great modern dictionaries—especially the "Oxford Dictionary" and the "English Dialect Dictionary"—is in a way to understand how much is still uncertain of the things which a person of sound general culture might like to know about the language of Burns. Mr. Neilson follows the method of the Centenary Edition of the poet. He gives fairly numerous glosses in the margin. He does this rather more freely than the Centenary editors, and occasionally his gloss is more correct than theirs. Nevertheless he leaves a good deal undone which might easily have been done. From "The Holy Fair" alone we collect the following locutions which he leaves without comment: "gaun"; "we'se hae fine remarkin'"; "the real judges"; "the Cowgate"; "waukens"; "whisky gill"; "kebbuck-heel." We believe that worthy readers of Burns would also have been glad of some hints as to the poet's pronunciation, and as to his methods of forming words; and that there are even unpedantic readers who would find the poet more intelligible and interesting for a certain amount of etymology.

We state this difficulty quite frankly, as it is not a little disappointing to find that a native of Scotland, educated at Edinburgh and at Harvard, with all these exceptional qualifications for advancing a task which it might have been venial for others to avoid, should have all but entirely ignored so great an opportunity. And we gladly turn to a more gracious part of the reviewer's task.

The selections from Burns are very judiciously made, and give an exceptionally adequate idea of the poet's quality and value. The biography is discreet, treading lightly, to use the language of Dr. Currie, over the poet's yet warm ashes. At the same time, it gives a true idea of Burns's personality and character. There is an admirable summary of the important points relating to Burns's position in the history of

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Scottish poetry and songs; his indebtedness to his predecessors; his originality; the extent to which he reflects the ideas of his time; his genius and craftsmanship. Perhaps the most original part of Mr. Neilson's book is that discussing the circumstances under which Burns uses the Scottish dialect, and when he uses standard English. Mr. Neilson reaches conclusions somewhat at variance with Matthew Arnold's, and in our opinion more correct.

As an appreciator of Burns, Mr. Neilson is happiest in the discussion of the songs. He exhibits a close and practical acquaintance with Burns, supplemented and broadened by the equipment of the scholar. There is no kind of poetry about which it is harder to make remarks that are worth while than lyric poetry. Even the gifted Edward FitzGerald is apt to lapse into ineptitude when he expresses his enthusiasm for the songs of Burns. Mr. Neilson is always sane, sensible, and discriminating; occasionally he is illuminating.

The satire of Burns is less satisfactorily handled. To our thinking, Burns is one of the most powerful and brilliant satirists in all literature. We venture to think that Mr. Neilson sounds his praise rather feebly. On the other hand, the treatment of Burns as a narrative poet is admirable. And we note with peculiar pleasure the suggestion that in his treatment of animals Burns shows qualities that might have made him the rival of La Fontaine. Burns has long been treated as a sort of rival to Béranger. Not less interestingly is he a counterpart to the ever delightful fabulist of France.

HENRY BARRETT HINCKLEY.

New Haven.

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN PRUSSIA

Frederick the Great: the Memoirs of his Reader, Henri de Catt. Translated by F. S. Flint, with an Introduction by Lord Rosebery. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1917. 2 volumes. $7.50 net.

This timely work is a translation of a portion of the late Reinhold Koser's edition of the French manuscript, published in 1884, from the Prussian State Archives under the title, "Unterhaltungen mit Friedrich dem Grossen, Memoiren und Tagebücher von Heinrich de Catt." Mr. Flint includes in his translation only the memoirs, omitting all but a few pages of the diaries—the raw material from which the finished memoirs were constructed. What the reader now has before him is "an English translation of the French conversation of a Prussian King, reported by a Swiss, and cited by a German." The original is rendered

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into vigorous racy English, and the notes of Catt and Koser are supplemented by a few of the translator's own. The volumes are admirably bound and printed.

Lord Rosebery's ample introduction is marked by the wide knowledge, as well as the distinction of thought and style, which we are accustomed to expect from him. He frankly states that he is not confident of the impartiality of his judgment. What patriotic Englishman could be? "Waves of blood are washing over the world at this moment, and the source of much of this is Frederick. For his policy of rapacity without scruple and without conscience has inspired or tainted Prussian policy ever since." Yet the appraisal, though hot and searching, is so just and comprehensive as to leave little for the reviewer to add. It does not overlook the savage tyranny of Frederick's frenzied father—a tyranny so realistically set forth in the hauntingly poignant memoirs of Frederick's favorite sister, Wilhelmine. To be sure, Frederick William "extricated his finances from a strangling imbroglio of coiled nonsense," as Carlyle tells us; he accumulated tall grenadiers and treasure for his son and set him an example in thrifty administration and tireless industry which went a long way towards preparing the foundations of the wonderful material success of later Prussianism: but he crushed out his finer instincts, his generous aspirations, and left him a calculating cynic, "sincere" only in the sense that he saw unerringly through sham. "Confess that we are poor wretched creatures," he once declared to Catt; and he is reputed to have said: "I begin by taking, I can always find a pedant to prove my rights afterwards"—Belgian aggression is only the logical aftermath of his Silesian policy.

At frequent intervals in his talks with Catt he recurs to his dreadful early days; for example, "if they had sought to raise me in my youth rather than humiliate me, believe me, my dear sir, that I should be worthier than I am." Doubtless, his own unhappy experience caused him to ponder much and deeply on the subject of the education of children and inspired the sound views which he formed as to how they should be instructed. "Before all," he remarks, "one should endeavor to make them reasonable, to give them a sense of right. For this purpose, less time should be devoted to teaching them a great deal than to teaching them in a clear and distinct manner what it is desired that they should retain." Possibly it was his addiction to kingcraft that made him admire particularly the system of the Jesuits. Not only did he have a sour youth, but he was confronted with hard conditions when he attained the throne; for he inherited a poor arid kingdom, with detached territories and exposed frontiers. This kingdom he partially consolidated, doubled in extent, and trebled in wealth. All this Lord Rosebery points

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out; yet he might have emphasized further the bitter lesson which Frederick's successors learned from the Napoleonic inroads which played such a large part in reviving and developing the grim and ruthless military organization which has resulted in making Prussianism a menace to the world. One statement of Lord Rosebery's suggests a comment of at least antiquarian interest. He refers to Frederick's proneness for shedding tears as a habit "alien to Englishmen . . . who weep with difficulty." That was not always so. They simply have outgrown lachrymal facility. At one stage of the parliamentary crisis of 1628 "sobs and tears burst forth from every side of the house"; and even tough old Coke "with tears running down his furrowed face stood up, faltered, and sat down again."

Catt's memoirs approach Boswell's "Johnson" and Busch's "Bismarck" in their intimate revelations, and, for those who read only English, furnish an excellent supplement to Carlyle's fervid and memorable epic. It is true that they cover only the two years from 1758 to 1760; but those were years of the greatest stress when Frederick was often plunged in the blackest despair, when, indeed, he alluded more than once to the little oval gold box which he wore under his shirt—containing eighteen opium pills—enough, he said, "to take me to those gloomy shores whence there is no return." During the arduous campaigns of those years when he was usually up at three in summer and four in winter, he found time for a vast amount of reading, for futile versifying, and for an almost daily talk with the patient Catt. The latter, at the age of twenty-seven, while a student at Utrecht, had met by chance a gentleman in a black wig and cinnamon-colored coat, who turned out to be the King of Prussia travelling incognito. He was engaged by the King as reader in March, 1758, and retained that position during the remainder of Frederick's life, though during the last five years he ceased to enjoy the perfect confidence of his employer which he professed to have enjoyed for the preceding twenty-four.

As Lord Rosebery aptly remarks, Catt was a "listener" rather than a "reader": he had to listen to the doleful strains of the flute, to readings and recitations from the King's favorite poets, to his views on things in general which were frequently worth while, and to his amateurish productions in verse. Let us hope for Catt's own sake that he did not have the exquisite sensibilities of Philoxenus! The King was more reasonable under criticism than Gil Blas's master, the famed Archbishop of Granada; nevertheless, the "reader's" position was a delicate one. Frederick's rough jests on members of the royal household were so distasteful to him that he was more than once forced to protest. As a Calvinist, he had to defend his faith against the royal free-thinker. It also fell to

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him to break bad news and to report the not infrequent grumblings of the army officers. In spite of his rapier-like penetration there was one sham Frederick never saw through; like another very great man, Richelieu, he never saw that his literary effusions were "rarely mediocre." Thus he sought to console D'Alambert for the burning of his works—an erroneous report as it proved—by sending him an epistle in verse; in this way, also, he undertook to salve the sorrows of one of his officers to whom he had promised a recompense for losing a rich heiress. Was this thrift, vanity, or sardonic humor? Perhaps a touch of all three.

The conversations on campaigns and battles are good as illustrative side-lights, but too fragmentary to be otherwise valuable. There are occasional evidences of the King's magnanimity as well as of his hard-heartedness; moreover, he constantly gave vent to lofty sentiments about integrity and uprightness of heart and harped continually on his desire to retire from the turmoil of war and the burdens of administration that he might spend his days in social and lettered leisure. Finally, he at least had the decency to denounce the policy of frightfulness that the present Prussian military party have so brazenly justified. All this with much more appears in these very striking memoirs which, if they were worked up after the events they describe, are based on rough contemporary notes of actual conversations. It may be that Frederick knew the most of the time that he was talking for posterity, yet apparently Catt snapped him now and again when he was not posing. We are made to realize his tenacity, his devotion to duty, his hardness, his vanity varied with occasional humility, his love of literature which he could not produce, his groping for friendship which his own regal station and his warped nature frustrated. So he ended his days, a remarkable, solitary figure who founded a system so efficiently inhuman that it has roused practically the whole world to arms.

Arthur Lyon Cross.

University of Michigan.

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THE
YALE REVIEW

Edited by WILBUR CROSS

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Book Reviews

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THE

YALE REVIEW

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THE YALE REVIEW aims to present the best American and European thought. Readers who desire vigorous and well-considered discussions of public affairs, science, biography, and art, will appreciate its high standards. It publishes dramatic and literary criticism, poetry and essays, by the most distinguished of contemporary authors. Its signed book reviews, which are independent and authoritative, deal with the significant publications of the year. The editors invite the co-operation of the interested reader.

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THE YALE REVIEW

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TO THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER

By Leonid Andréev

SOLDIER, what hast thou been under Nicholas the Second? Thou hast been a slave of the autocrat. Conscience, honor, love for the people, were beaten out of thee in merciless training by whip and stick.

"Kill thy father and thy mother if they raise their hands against me," commanded the autocrat,—and thou becamest a parricide.

"Kill thy brother and thy sister, thy dearest friend and everyone who raises a hand against me," commanded the autocrat,—and thou didst kill thy brother and thy dearest friend, and becamest like Cain, shedding the blood of thy kin.

When the gray coats appeared in the streets and the rifles and bayonets glittered—we knew what that meant: it was death stalking! It meant death to those innocent and hungry ones who thirsted for brighter life and raised their voices bravely against the tyrant. It meant death, destruction, peril, tears, and horror. Thou wast terrible, Soldier!

But thou wast brave in the field, Russian Soldier. . . . Thou wast a martyr, but thou wast never a traitor, nor a coward, Soldier!

The Russian people loved thee secretly for this and waited for thy awakening. . . . They called to thee: "Come to us,

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beloved brother! Come to thy people. The people are waiting for thee!"

Soldier, what hast thou been in the days of the Revolution?

Thou hast been our love, our happiness, our pride. We did not know as yet who thou wast. We were still in dread of the gray coats, we still mistrusted the dashing cossacks. And dost thou remember, Soldier, how the heart of the people leaped when the first blow of the cossack's sabre fell not on the head of his brother but on that of the policeman-executioner? Dost thou remember it?

But still we were not able to believe. Already our hearts were overcome with joy, happiness took our breath away, but still we did not believe. How is it possible to believe all at once in freedom?

Yet the soldiers are bringing it with them! They are coming, stalwart, brave, beautiful, in their armed power. They are coming to give their life for freedom. As yet they themselves do not know whether they are all awakened. The Tsar's hirelings shoot at them from the roofs and from behind street corners. The soldiers expect only death, yet they are coming, stalwart, brave, beautiful!

Then we believed them. The throne of the Romanovs cracked with a noise heard throughout the world. For the first time in our life soldiers' bullets sang a new song—not the song of death, of shame, and of degradation, but the wonderful song of freedom and of joy. . . .

And what hast thou become now, Soldier?

When cursing, drunken, thou didst come tearing down peaceful streets in thy automobiles, threatening women and children with guns, bragging, debauching, swearing the basest of oaths—didst thou hear the answer of the people? "Be accursed! Be accursed!" Thou didst shoot in mad frenzy, and the people yelled fearlessly to thee: "Be accursed!"

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Scoundrel! With quick-firing guns didst thou threaten; yet invalids, old men, and women grabbed at thy rifle with their bare hands and tore it away from thee. And thou didst give it away, overcome with shame, helpless, sweating, ugly.

Soldier! How many didst thou kill in those days? How many orphans hast thou made? How many bereaved mothers hast thou left inconsolable? Dost thou hear the words that their lips whisper? The lips from which thou hast banished forever the smile of happiness?—"Murderer, Murderer!"

But what of mothers? What of orphans? A moment came unforeseen and still more terrible. Thou hast betrayed Russia. Thou hast thrown thy native land that nourished thee under the feet of the enemy, thou Soldier, our sole defense!

Everything is entrusted to thee: the life and welfare of Russia; our fields and forests; our peaceful rivers; our villages and cities; our temples and those who are praying in them.

And all this thou hast betrayed, Soldier!—the quiet fields, and the young, buoyant liberty. Behind thy back grain was ripening in the fields—Russia's sacred treasury; now the Germans will reap it. Under thy protection the people were working in their villages; now they are running along all the highways, leaving dead in their wake. Children and old men are weeping—they have no roof over their heads, no home, only death staring into their faces.

Ah! how thou didst run from the enemy, Russian Soldier! Never before has the world seen such a rout, such a mob of traitors. It knew the one Judas, while here were tens of thousands of Judases running past each other, galloping, throwing down rifles, quarrelling, and still boasting of their "meetings." What are they hurrying for? They hurry to betray their native land. They do not even wait for the

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Germans to shoot, so great is their haste to betray Russia, so ready are they to deliver her almost by force into the hands of the astounded enemy.

And what hast thou done to thy officers, Soldier? See, what piles of them lie in the fields appealing to the all-merciful and all-forgiving God with their still, sightless eyes! They called thee—thou didst not obey. They went alone to their death—and they died. They died, Soldier!

And what hast thou done to thy comrades? Traitor! Dost thou see their bodies? Dost thou see the ditches where careless German hands have thrown them? It is thou who didst kill them!

But look ahead of thee, Soldier! Dost thou see that terrible structure that is being erected in Russia?

It is the scaffold.

And for whom is it? For thee, Soldier! For thee, traitor and coward, who hast betrayed Russia and her liberty. Thou seest, but thou dost not understand as yet. Thou dost not understand our sorrow.

Was Russia not happy in having destroyed the scaffold as it seemed forever, and in giving its accursed memory to oblivion. But now it grows again, unwelcome, sinister, evil, like the shadows of night.

Thou hast torn the body of Russia. Now thou desirest to tear her heart and soul—thou, Soldier.

Thou, Soldier, whom we loved and whom we still love.

Arise!—Look at thy country which is calling in distress.

Awake!—If cruel fate has no laurels of victory in store for thee, put the crown of thorns on thy head. Through it thou shalt find expiation, through it thou shalt regain our love.

Russia is dying, Russia is calling to thee:

"Arise, dear Soldier!"

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AMERICA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD

By George Louis Beer

ANY consideration of America's present and future part in international affairs must be based upon some more or less precise visualization of the post-bellum world that is being engendered in the present agonizing travail. In turn, this involves some definite estimate of the military outcome of the war and of the terms of its settlement. Thus, the entire discussion must be largely hazardous guess-work based upon equally perilous prophecies. Yet, while it is futile to attempt to tear asunder the veil that hides the inscrutable future, we can lift the baffling covering here and there and can catch occasional glimpses through its rents. The experience of the past also furnishes some clues, and current developments afford many indications. If we are to be masters of our fates and not underlings plodding along a road made for us by mere circumstances or by the decisions of others, we must face the realities of the existing situation and prepare betimes for those of the dimly discerned future.

In spite of the failure to establish a super-state authority and the effective rule of a broad common law over all mankind, the states forming the unorganized world community are in normal times of peace bound together by an intricate network of treaties, by more or less well-defined customs, and by a rigid code of etiquette. Under the surface lie, apparently dormant but oftentimes seething, not only inter-state rivalries, but also many acute problems whose actual import transcends the state's limits, yet whose adjustment cannot be brought before an international conference without violating the jealously guarded sovereignty of the modern state. One effect of war, and especially of a general war, is to brush away the reticences of international punctilio and

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to throw into the red-hot alembic the greater part of these vexatious problems, both those that are regarded as essentially international in scope and also many that are deemed to be purely domestic. The contestants are, as it were, in the unhistorical state of nature described by Hobbes, and each belligerent becomes necessarily the ally of the malcontent groups within the opponent's body politic. These dissatisfied elements, again, see in a world in ferment their opportunity to redress their more or less valid grievances and to attain their more or less selfish ambitions. Thus what was predominantly academic may suddenly become a political possibility. Once the hounds are unleashed, their course is most uncertain.

At the outbreak of the great war no one foresaw its future vast extension nor the fact that it would make possible the settlement of a very large part of those questions that were producing unrest. With its extension new issues have arisen and, furthermore, with the course of naval and military events, the emphasis upon the various issues has shifted and will continue to shift. Thus, the question of re-establishing a united Poland out of the constituent elements of the nation under Russian, Austrian, and German rule, has gradually emerged as one of the large issues, although at the outset of the war it was apparently very remote from the sphere of practical politics. Similarly, the future destinies of many countries—Lithuania, Courland, Rumania, Armenia, Mesopotamia, and Palestine—have gradually been brought either within or close to the range of the arbitrament by force. It is, however, highly essential for Americans to remember that above all the multitudinous issues of minor importance, is one great issue which must determine their foreign policy if it is not to go astray.

It is in general recognized that German ambitions looked towards both the East and the West and that the fundamental German purpose was to build upon the basis of an established military hegemony over Europe a world-wide

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empire that would rival, if not overthrow, the British Commonwealth. This purpose is quite frankly revealed in Prince von Bülow's illuminating account of his stewardship of German foreign affairs. In their intense hostility to the influence of this far-flung empire, German publicists and statesmen, with true insight into ultimate realities, were wont to regard all the English-speaking peoples as one great cultural aggregate constituting a barrier to the spread of *Deutschtum*. Thus, it was recently stated in an inspired discussion of the German Emperor's attempts in 1904 and 1905 to form a coalition of Germany, Russia, and France against the British Empire, that "even at that time the Kaiser fully appreciated the fact that the Anglo-Saxon world was the enemy of the European Continent and that England would move every possible lever to prevent such a fundamental continental agreement as the Kaiser had in mind."

Every effort was made by Germany to drive a wedge between the two political branches of the English-speaking people. But, in the end, it was only Germany's arrogant defiance of American rights that converted their cultural unity into political co-operation in joint defense of a common cause. Since America's entrance into the war, it has become increasingly apparent that all the English-speaking peoples have a common destiny and that the forcible disruption of the British Empire would be a portentous blow to the United States. The immediate danger to this commonwealth was eliminated by the British navy's assured control of the sea and by the battle of the Marne. But the menace still exists and will become even more serious in the future if Germany should by any chance escape clear-cut defeat. Should the Central European *bloc* remain intact and should the peace treaty leave the Teuton empires predominant in the Balkans and masters of a nominally independent Poland, it requires but little perspicacity to see that the settlement would be immediately disastrous to the liberties of Europe and prob-

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ably in the end also to those of the whole world. With the added economic resources and with millions of subject peoples available for her armies, Germany would be supreme in Europe. There would be but scant freedom of decision for France and Italy, not to mention Holland, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian states. Nor would there be anything to prevent Germany from building a vast armada with which to challenge anew, and possibly under better auspices, the position of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world. This duel would unquestionably be renewed unless the British Commonwealth and the United States were fully and betimes prepared to play their joint defensive part.

The first years of the war demonstrated that the British Commonwealth was for the time being to remain intact and that, indeed, it would emerge from the conflict with stronger spiritual foundations and with a more cohesive organization. While this issue was definitely eliminated in so far as the immediate future was concerned, there remained and still remains the question of German domination over Europe. All other questions must be subsidiary to this major issue, but their solution in accordance with liberal principles in itself involves the complete nullification of Germany's ambitious aims. The settlement of the various problems arising from suppressed and exploited nationalities implies the unequivocal defeat of Germany. Only a clear-cut victory will enable the Entente to draw a map of Europe that will mean a riddance of the evils inherited from an undemocratic dynastic past. A negotiated peace between unbeaten equals cannot but portend the continuation of Europe's division into two armed camps and the persistence, probably in an aggravated form, of the Balkan, Jugo-Slav, Czecho-Slovak, and Polish problems.

Hence the firm determination of President Wilson and the Entente statesmen to persist until economic strangulation and military pressure have brought conclusive victory. But the mere will to victory is unfortunately not sufficient.

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Strenuous efforts will be required before this goal is reached. It would be folly to ignore the fact that so far Germany has not been concretely beaten. Her forces are in possession of most valuable territorial pawns and must be dislodged by direct or indirect means. If we attempt to view the military situation by itself, artificially isolated from the vitally connected economic and moral factors, we perceive that there are two outstanding uncertainties, a minor and a major one. The former is the shifting relation between offense and defense, and the latter is Russia's problematical part.

In 1902, a few years after the publication of Bloch's famous book on the future of war, a French military student, Colonel Emile Mayer, argued that, as a result of the increased strength of the defensive, battles of movement would be transformed into siege operations with nearly absolute immobility of the opposing fronts. Provided the flanks were well protected from a turning action and both sides were well equipped with men and material, this immobility, he insisted, would continue. The virtual deadlock would end, he claimed and still claims, only in consequence of extraneous circumstances and conditions—such as, military events in an entirely distinct field, a decline in morale, internal disturbances, lack of men and supplies, or financial and economic difficulties. But it is a question whether the military superiority of the defensive is not here exaggerated. As Mr. H. G. Wells has brilliantly demonstrated, the offensive in this war has been steadily gaining upon the defensive, as a result of more and better artillery, as well as of aerial observations. This advance of the offensive was visible on the Somme in the 1916 campaign. But this growing superiority is not irresistible and, in the present "war of positions" on the western front, progress is slow. Yet it is possible, entirely apart from factors other than purely military ones, that the Allies will in time be able to drive the German forces from Belgium and France, and even

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from Alsace-Lorraine. The Allied offensive of 1917 did not have a fair trial, as the virtual armistice on the eastern front enabled Germany to concentrate her most effective divisions in the west and to devote her economic resources to the supplies required there and for the Italian campaign.

The great military uncertainty is not the relative strength of defense and offense, but the future part of Russia. If we take into consideration merely military factors, it is evident that an absolutely decisive victory is largely contingent upon Russia's ability to reconstruct her partially demoralized army and to rehabilitate her disorganized industrial system. When we remember the successes gained by the soldiers of Revolutionary France in 1792 over Prussia and Austria, it would be folly to dismiss such recuperation as impossible. The leader of the defeated army, the Duke of Brunswick, did not need this bitter experience to teach him to recognize "the immense forces, the unknown strength, which lay behind the apparent confusion of things in France." Lack of such clarity of vision may to-day be the cause of some undue pessimism regarding Russia's future part in the war. At all events, it is somewhat encouraging that many Russians, who eight months ago were clamoring for a separate peace, now realize acutely that the fate of the Revolution depends upon the defeat of Germany. Their dread at present is that a peace in the near future would leave Germany not only in possession of Poland, but also of many Russian provinces, and would doom the Revolution by making it synonymous with national humiliation and disaster.

If military factors alone were considered, such apprehensions would not appear to be altogether so unreasonable. Regarded solely as a military question, it is doubtful if Germany can be so decisively beaten in the field that a new Europe may be created unless the Russian army is capable of a vigorous offensive. It is quite possible that the German armies in the west will ultimately be driven back to their frontiers; but, if at the end of that more or less prolonged

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process Germany still retained control over her allies and they together still occupied Poland and Serbia, as well as large sections of Russia and Rumania, the settlement might have to be made largely on the war-map—were it not for other factors. Some of these factors are most difficult to gauge.

The most essential facts as to the internal condition of Germany are naturally carefully concealed by the authorities. It is quite plain that her man-power is being steadily drained and also that her material resources, both for sustaining the civil population and for supplying the armed forces, are nearing depletion. The cracks cannot be altogether hidden, but whether they are of such extent and depth as to make a collapse imminent is far from clear. With her allies, the situation is probably even worse; but history affords many instances—notably that of the South during the Civil War—of military resistance continuing after the limit of exhaustion had apparently been reached.

Even more uncertain is the social and political situation in Germany. The Russian Revolution has had repercussions throughout all Europe, in Italy, France, and England, as well as in the Central Empires. In Austria, the ferment is conspicuously active, and the open discontent of her subject nationalities may yet cause a breakdown of the military machine. In Germany, also, considerable unrest is manifest. There is growing dissatisfaction with the autocratic, militaristic, and bureaucratic régime, and a serious attempt is being made to raise the Reichstag from the level of a mere organ of criticism and restraint. The war, with its immense losses and continuous privations, may possibly in the end produce a social upheaval. But this is improbable in the case of a people so well disciplined and so largely convinced that it is fighting a defensive war. As its able-bodied manhood is with the colors, the revolt would not only have to gain the support of the army, but it would also have to emanate in large part from this unlikely source.

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While the internal condition of Germany—economic, social, and political—constitutes a most uncertain factor in estimating the duration and outcome of the war, another set of economic forces can have a determining influence. As the German military expert, General von Freytag-Loringhoven has frankly admitted, "the strategical situation is conditioned by the world economic situation." Beyond peradventure, Germany has almost exhausted her accumulated stock of raw supplies, and, in many instances, she has even converted manufactured goods into raw materials for munitions of war. Industry is completely upon a war basis. The people have been on short rations and have had to do without many things that are deemed essential by civilized man. As soon as peace is re-established, Germany will have to replenish these depleted stocks in order to restore the vitality of her people through increase of consumption, and also in order to start again the wheels of normal industry. Vast imports will be necessary. To pay for them Germany will at the outset have little to export. Before the export trade can be revived, the necessary raw materials must be imported. Hence credit must be secured in foreign markets by individuals, or governmental loans must be floated abroad. If the peace terms are not satisfactory to the Allies and virtually the entire world should remain alienated from Germany, this will be exceedingly difficult, except possibly at exorbitant rates. Hence, from this standpoint alone, the urgent necessity of a conciliatory attitude on the part of Germany. But even if Germany could by hook or crook find means to pay for the essential supplies, it is highly improbable that the Allies would permit Germany to secure them unless the settlement of the war met their views.

There is a world-wide scarcity of raw materials, and the Allies not only control many of those most essential, but also all means of access to them. Unless Germany agrees to a satisfactory settlement, they are in a position to deny to her their surplus food-stuffs, their copper, cotton, tin, jute, rub-

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ber, silk, wool, tea, coffee, and cocoa—to mention only some of these materials. Germany cannot demobilize her armies or revive her export trade unless the needed supplies are secured. In other words, not alone the speed of Germany's recuperation but the very process itself depends upon the disposition that the Allies make of the supplies controlled by them. By firmly pressing this advantage they should be able to force from Germany the necessary territorial concessions in Europe, even if the victory in the field be incomplete.

Germany's public men are becoming more and more conscious of the power of this adverse leverage. It was plainly in Dr. Dernburg's mind six months ago when he advocated a negotiated peace. He then said: "The Central Powers have used up their natural resources to a greater extent than the Entente. . . . There will be an immeasurable and world-wide hunger for raw materials and commodities of all kinds. . . . All countries will compete for raw materials." In view of this menacing situation, Friedrich Naumann has virtually abandoned the project of an economically self-sufficient *Mitteleuropa.* Dr. Michaelis, in his speech on July 19, 1917, in connection with the Reichstag's peace formula, referred directly to this situation when he said: "Peace must offer the foundations of a lasting reconciliation of nations. It must, as expressed in your resolution, prevent nations from being plunged into further enmity through economic blockades and provide a safeguard so that the league in arms of our opponents may not develop into an economic offensive alliance against us."

In President Wilson's reply of August 27, 1917, to the Pope's peace proposals, there was a definite allusion to the possibilities of the economic situation when he declared that "no peace can rest securely upon political or economic restrictions meant to benefit some nations and cripple or embarrass others." And there was further a distinct warning to Germany when he added later that peace should rest upon the

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rights of peoples "to a participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world, the German people of course included, if they will accept equality and not seek domination." The Allies are fighting to oppose the desires of the German government, but they have in their hands the means of opposing the needs of the German people. If the same leaders continue in control and still cling to their policy of open and veiled annexations, these means will have to be used. It is for Germany to decide whether she will abandon her doctrines of ascendancy and her dreams of world power or have her economic rehabilitation and development retarded and frustrated. The alternatives are most clearly defined.

These varied factors—the general military situation, the economic, social, and political conditions within the Central Empires, and the overhanging dread of the combined economic power of the Allies—will determine Germany's attitude at the peace conference. Unless there is the unexpected *volte-face* produced by a social revolution, no sincere attention will be paid by her representatives to the claims of nationalism nor to the Wilsonian code of international right. Germany will hold whatever she can, and will make concessions only in return for concrete advantages to herself. Considerations of power and prestige alone will determine her decisions, and in this course she will have the general approval of her citizenry, who for generations have been indoctrinated with the principles of the most self-regarding nationalism and have become ardent votaries of organized force.

Thus it is quite obvious that, unless Germany is decisively beaten, all the radiant dreams of a better international future will turn into hideous nightmares. Very many of the questions that were causing unrest in eastern Europe will have to remain unsolved, and there will be but little prospect of establishing an effective super-national organization for their future pacific settlement. If six of the eight great powers

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in conjunction with a number of lesser states are not able to restrain the Central Empires and to make their will effective, the project of an inclusive league of nations to ensure peace and justice must be still-born; all hope of disarmament must for the time being vanish, and the world of the near future will continue to be divided into two entrenched camps continuously *en vedette,* expecting at any moment a renewal of the internecine struggle.

Two clearly defined alternatives are presented to the United States: a premature peace negotiated between unbeaten equals, which will not remedy the evils from which the war sprang and which will lead to even more extensive armaments, culminating in all probability in a further ordeal by battle; or a conclusive vindication of public right and international good faith. This vindication can be attained only by a complete dedication to this purpose, by full mobilization of the country's economic resources, by the development of its military strength, and by a judicious but unflinching use of the potent economic weapons that the Entente jointly holds.

The English-speaking democracies of the world are becoming more and more the mainstay of the coalition against Germany. The strength of Great Britain has been fully developed and is being exerted; that of the United States has not been nearly so completely organized. The Administration realizes the gravity of the general situation and the imperative necessity for a decisive military victory. "Peace without victory" has either been discreetly relegated to the dust-bin of misleading phrases or is being interpreted to exclude only a "militaristic peace" with punitive and vindictive damages imposed upon the vanquished. Yet to the people as a whole, the war is something remote and unreal, and the disastrous consequences of an indecisive issue are not generally grasped.

The conflict, with its hideous brutalities inflicted upon combatant and civilian, has greatly aggravated national

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antagonisms. It has, if only temporarily, disrupted the fundamental unity of mankind. The consciousness of nationality has been heightened, and in many instances feelings have been polarized in accordance with mere racial origins. Between the two groups of belligerents lies a deep abyss. On the other hand, the peoples ranged upon either side have, in general, been more closely drawn together. There are distinct indications that new unities are in process of formation and that the relations between the English-speaking peoples, those between the Teutons of Germany and their fellows of Austria, and those between the Latin peoples of France and Italy will be closer than ever before.

Probably few who look forward to the universal rule of law as the embodiment of reason and justice will deny that this ultimate goal is attainable only in a world state embracing all mankind. Every constructive international policy must have this final end in view. Progress in this direction has hitherto come from the combination of ever larger political aggregates. This development is destined to go on, as it is the surest method of substituting law for violence. Hence, the true internationalist should not only welcome but further the formation of such large political systems, provided the process is voluntary and ample opportunity is given for the development of their constituent groups. When based upon the desire and necessity for co-operation, the former even more than the latter, these vast commonwealths have solid foundations. But if imbued with the doctrines of ascendancy and the creed of racialism, resulting in the political and economic exploitation of subject nationalities and their cultural subjection to a dominant group, they denote regression to the ephemeral military empires of the past.

The official international programme of the Administration is to lend its aid to the establishment of a league of nations to ensure justice and peace throughout the world. Whether this league is to include all the belligerents or

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merely the members of the Entente, who are now in fact a league to enforce peace, is a moot point. The decision will probably depend upon the degree of Germany's conversion from its non-moral international code. It is quite apparent that the more comprehensive this projected league is, the less initial vitality it will have. Its effectiveness will vary directly in proportion to the reciprocal confidence of its members. But if the league does not include both sets of belligerents, the world will continue to be divided into two hostile camps and there will be no mechanism ultimately to reunite it after the memory of present injuries has become somewhat dimmer. It is quite possible that this scheme points to one of the many indirect roads that lead ultimately to the world state.

But whether such an inclusive league be formed or not, it is beyond question that the fundamental factors in the international future will be the democratic alliances and co-operative relations that are developing from the necessities of the war itself and the demands of reconstruction after its close. It is becoming more and more evident to thinking Americans that a close political understanding and some form of co-operative association between all the English-speaking peoples is essential for their own welfare and for that of the world as well. Apart from the fundamental unity of their civilizations and apart from the virtual identity of their political ideals, the existing situation and its inevitable developments are producing this outcome. If the British Commonwealth and the United States are to emerge victorious from the struggle, they must co-operate closely. And, after its conclusion, they will have to remain intimately associated, not alone to prevent a recurrence of the catastrophe, but also to supervise the reconstruction of a war-harassed world.

Both branches of the widespread English-speaking people depend largely, though in very unequal degrees, upon sea power. This inequality is, however, being steadily lessened.

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Not only is the sea-borne trade of the United States rapidly becoming a very important factor in the national economy, but the exigencies of the situation are forcing the creation of a large mercantile marine. In this time of general deficiency the scarcest things are ships, and the dearth is bound to continue for some time after the war's conclusion. Considerably over one-half, possibly two-thirds, of the world's merchant tonnage will then be under the American and the British flags. If there is not to be a haphazard and wasteful resumption of trade, the entire question of ocean transport—its rates, conditions, and allocation to different routes—will have to be handled by international agencies. The decisive voice in these far-reaching arrangements will naturally rest with those who not only own the major part of the tonnage but also control a large share of the port and coaling facilities the world over. The closest co-operation will be essential both in this respect and also in regard to the distribution of supplies.

The shortage of supplies will be almost as great as is that of ships, and here again the United States and the British Commonwealth will control the bulk of the sorely needed raw materials. The world cannot be reconstructed without their gold, cotton, wool, copper, rubber, jute, tin, and oils. Entirely apart from the question whether it will be necessary to prevent an obdurate Germany from securing access to these essential supplies, the distribution cannot be left to uncontrolled private agencies. The unregulated scramble to procure them would result in soaring prices and economic chaos. Not only will price regulation have to be continued, but the distribution of supplies among the various countries will have to be controlled by international agencies. Here again the United States and the British Commonwealth will have to co-operate actively, and with them will rest the major decisions.

Another vital and quite unprecedented factor will also give the English-speaking peoples a predominant economic

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position in the world and will likewise make further close co-operation highly advisable. Due to the methods of financing the war, there is developing an international situation which is so different in degree as to be entirely different in kind from anything in the past. Hitherto, it has been quite customary for the citizens of one country to own property in another country and to hold blocks of a foreign government's loans. What is now happening is something quite distinct. In both groups of belligerents, that member of the coalition most advanced financially and industrially is supplying its associates with stores for which payment is deferred to a later period. Instead of the individual or the government of one state owing money to the individual in another, government lends to government. The group as a whole, the state itself, is indebted to another state. Thus Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria owe unknown amounts to Germany. Until America's belligerency, Great Britain was the main financier of the Entente combination. Since then, the United States has assumed a very considerable share of this burden and has made advances to the Allies at the monthly rate of somewhat over four hundred million dollars to pay for supplies purchased here. If the war should last through the summer of 1918 and the financing should continue at the same rate, the United States government would then find itself a creditor of various European states to the extent of about seven billion dollars.

Of this amount about one-half would be Great Britain's share. But, in turn, she would be in a position similar to that of the United States. During the first three years of the war, Great Britain advanced to her Allies and Dominions a trifle less than six billion dollars, of which the share of the Dominions was 730 millions. As England is still supplying stores to the Allies, these advances are being continued, on approximately the same scale. Thus, if the war should end after the 1918 campaign, both the United States and Great Britain would then have owing to them by

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various continental European states, principally Russia, Italy, and France, the huge sum of roughly ten billion dollars. The effect of this upon international relations is quite incalculable. There are many possible interactions. But, unquestionably, this situation, in which various European states will owe to Great Britain over six billion dollars and to the United States about three and a half billions, while Great Britain will in turn owe to the United States three and a half billions, will increase the already great economic interdependence between the English-speaking peoples and will give them an unprecedentedly influential position in world affairs.

Thus, no matter what the exact terms of the future peace may be, intimate co-operation of the United States and the British Commonwealth will be imperative throughout the more or less prolonged period of reconstruction. It is likewise self-evident that the less radically the German menace is eliminated, the more necessary will be the continued association of the world's democracies; for their freedom will still remain in jeopardy. The corner stone of such a defensive group in the future, as in the present, must be the sea power and economic resources of the associated English-speaking peoples. The strength and stability of the group as a whole, as well as its effectiveness as a warning to future aggressors, will vary in direct proportion to the closeness of the ties binding together the culturally kindred *bloc* within it. This association of the English-speaking peoples will not be based upon hostility to Germany, but must rest, in part at least, upon something radically different—upon Germany's avowed hostile purposes against the position that centuries of laborious pioneer work have given to these peoples throughout the world. The moral value of this combination in defense of hard-earned rights is far other than one based upon active hostility. All arguments against it on such a score neglect this vital distinction and contain the error satirized in the French saying, "Cet animal est très méchant;

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quand on l'attaque, il se défend." Nor is there any concrete validity in the argument that such an association will induce the formation of counter alliances. This contention ignores the vitally fundamental fact that such an opposing group is already established in Central Europe. Unless this alliance is disrupted or rendered innocuous, it will tend to be stronger in the future, and the barrier to the most imperious of its many wants will still be the position that the English-speaking peoples have slowly earned for themselves in America, Africa, and Asia.

Even if the Allied aims were fully attained, even if Germany were to become a democracy, it does not in the least follow that these world-wide ambitions would be abandoned overnight. The German people as a whole have become so imbued with the creed of racial superiority and the correlative doctrines of ascendancy, these concepts have become so firmly imbedded in the nation's thought by two generations of systematic teaching, that only a signal defeat or the menace of overwhelming economic power will in the end demonstrate that they are inconsistent with the fundamental needs of modern civilization and cannot be tolerated by an interdependent world. In all countries the war has produced a distinct antinomy. On the one hand, it has emphasized the unlimited nature of the individual's obligation to the state; but, at the same time, and in spite of the intense bitterness of national feelings, it has led to a realization of the fact that there is a community of states, however completely unorganized it be, and that the state cannot continue to be the ultimate political reality. "Patriotism is not enough." The individual, while freely offering his life in defense of his country, is at times keenly aware of this disharmony and inwardly protests against it. Not infrequently he revolts against what are often the more or less remote, and to him even mysterious, forces that compel him to abandon a peaceful life and to take his place in the field of battle. The fact that he is not master of his fate is a constant irritant and has led

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to widespread dissatisfaction with the state itself. Its moral authority has been somewhat undermined. The established political and social order is being widely questioned. This revolutionary leaven is working most conspicuously in Russia, but it is in varying degrees active elsewhere. It has combined with the agony of the most destructive of wars to produce a notable increase in the pacific temper of all peoples and a growing distrust of aggressive imperialism even when disguised as manifest destiny or as national mission. In the prospect that this spirit will also ultimately permeate Germany and her allies lies the chief hope of a sounder comprehensive international system in the more or less distant future.

How far or how near be that day no one can tell, but it is apparently not in sight. The peace terms will be the resultant of many inter-acting and opposing forces, but the predominant influences will be the war-map throughout the world and the economic weapons that the Allies hold in reserve. Even were the terms such as to denote a distinct thwarting of German ambitions, the result would not be satisfactory unless the German military machine were discredited at home and its prestige abroad undermined. It is not at all impossible that if Germany's military machine is not discredited by unequivocal failure, France and Italy as well as the neutral European states will be forced by military terrorism into the German orbit and that then there will emerge the situation that Germans have been forecasting, namely, all Europe actively or passively ranged against the English-speaking peoples.

What we must face is the possibility, however slight it may appear to be, of an entirely new gradation of the powers after the war. Instead of eight great powers, there may be only five, the United States, the British Commonwealth, the Central Empires, Russia, and Japan. But of these five, only three would unquestionably be in the first rank. On account of her limited economic resources, Japan would

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not fit into this category, unless she were able to establish complete control over most of China. Russia also will probably require decades of training in self-government and the long process of industrialization before her vast resources can become fully effective. A militant Germany able to dominate Central Europe and to awe the whole Continent would outweigh either the British Commonwealth or the United States if they remained distinct units. But if closely associated and fully prepared for all eventualities, they should be able to give effective pause to Germany's apostles of force. What Germans with their stress upon a crude racialism are wont to designate as the "Anglo-Saxon *bloc*" must become a concrete reality, if the English-speaking democracies are to continue their development along the historic paths towards greater and fuller freedom. Due to no conscious choice of their own, but because Germany has forced this onerous part upon them, these peoples have become the guardians of the liberties of the world. Their close association is both the only reliable bulwark for their further pacific development along the course of individual freedom and also the only available means of securing in the near future to the democracies of Europe, pre-eminently to France and Italy, anything like adequate freedom of choice and action.

The necessity for close co-operation between all the English-speaking peoples and also the moral and rational justification of such a combination, are recognized by all who have devoted serious thought to the problems of the future and are willing to face the world as it really is. In Germany, and also in Japan, such an association is widely considered to be inevitable. But the question still remains what, if any, outward form shall this essential co-operation take. As the Germans deny the reality of the world community and base their policy upon the assumption of an inherent antagonism between juxtaposed states, they cannot conceive of this future relation as other than an offensive and defen-

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sive alliance of the older type with its aggressive and selfish purposes. To them the project is merely the expression of the self-regarding, but entirely justifiable, nationalism of a world-wide group of closely related states. But an association of this character, an alliance of governments, would mark no real advance to a better international future. It would probably suffice for some time to protect the United States and the British Commonwealth, and it might in a large measure safeguard the general freedom and peace of the world, but it would in itself be no real step forward towards the future integration of the world. Unless it were an alliance of peoples based upon their common ideals as well as upon the common needs, it would be an ephemeral arrangement. Fortunately the spiritual foundations exist. As Viscount Grey has expressed it: "The more closely the two peoples come into contact, the better they get to know each other, the more I believe it will be apparent to each not only that they speak the same language, but that they use it to mean the same things, that they both have the same idea of freedom and liberty, and desire the same sort of world in which to live."

A popular democratic alliance based upon such like-mindedness points the road to new types of political association which will permanently unite under a common law different nations and states. Such an organization based upon the will to co-operate would give some assurance of the possibility of an ultimate world state. Otherwise the outlook would indeed be black. If mankind is to be forever split up into the water-tight political compartments of the modern state system, if each state is to cling forever to its sovereign independence, there will be no ultimate prospect of an effectively organized world community and war will continue to demand its human holocaust.

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THE AMERICAN ESSAY IN WAR TIME

By Agnes Repplier

A PROFESSOR in an American college bewailed the fact that he had sold an essay on Sir Thomas Browne to an English review in the spring of 1914, and that it had never been printed. His words affected his hearers more profoundly than he had anticipated. They glanced back briefly and tragically upon a half-forgotten world in which people really did write about Sir Thomas Browne, and even read Sir Thomas Browne; a world in which literature pleased, and art was safe, and hearts were strangely at peace. They felt like the little group of urchins who, in "Punch's" pathetic picture, gather gaping around Billy Smith—" 'im wot remembers when there wasn't no war."

To write essays in these flaming years, one must have a greater power of detachment than had Montaigne or Lamb. Montaigne's troubles during the civil wars of the League were singularly vexatious, and one of his precious volumes came near being lost to the world. But he was a high-hearted gentleman, living on his own estate, safe from a morning post, and deeming religion the last thing in the world to fight about. A great deal was happening in Europe when Lamb wrote his unagitated studies of beggars, and chimney-sweepers, and poor relations; but amid all the turmoil he witnessed with seeming unconcern there was no plunge into barbarism, nothing to take him by the throat, and strangle his serenity. The poet is, and has always been, entitled to live in his own world—if he can. Herrick published his "Hesperides" a few months before Charles the First was beheaded, and awakened to the full significance of Puritanism only when the Puritans, who had scant regard for Corinna's May-flowers, or for Julia's pretty

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furbelows, thrust him from his pleasant vicarage. The essayist has only the common world in which to rejoice or suffer with the men and women who fill it. The element of artifice in his work unfits it for bitter and blinding truths. If we open an index to periodical literature, and see how many columns are headed "European War," we understand why there is no room left for the essay. If we look next at the columns bearing the sub-title, "Atrocities," we know why there is no heart left in the essayist. The college professor could not have written his paper on Sir Thomas Browne after August, 1914.

The submerging of the essay in the "Great Preoccupation" means a heavier loss to English than to American letters, because this "cadet of literature," to borrow Mr. Curtis's happy phrase, is more in accord with the genius of English than of American prose. Its personality is born of leisure and reflection. If Steele were familiar alike with the rough world of the soldier and the thick atmosphere of party strife, there is little to indicate it in his detached and delicate virility. His tentative treatment of Montaigne's "experiment" is a wonderful admixture of freedom and precaution. He seems complete arbiter of his essay's fate, but he deeply respects the laws which give it form. The early prose writers of the United States were by way of thinking that a composition which was not a tale or a sermon became, by this simple process of elimination, an essay. A printed lecture (and lectures were much in favor) was an essay. A spoken essay was a lecture. The terms were interchangeable. This flowing and generous standard has not been wholly abandoned. Letters of Benjamin Franklin's have been ranked as American essays because they deal with generalities instead of details, and are written in a moralizing instead of in a gossipping strain. Even his dialogue with the gout, too heavily playful and too relentlessly didactic to be tolerated as conversation, has been presented to American readers as an essay.

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When Hawthorne prefaced his great masterpiece with the long "Custom-House" chapter, written with irritating zest, his contemporaries accepted this excrescence entirely on its own merits; deeming it, says Mr. Brownell, "a marvel quite eclipsing 'Elia,'" and never asking why, in Heaven's name, it was there. When Poe analyzed in twelve pitiless pages the mental processes which gave birth to the "Raven," dwelling explicitly upon every symptom, like an old lady tracing the rise and progress of a cold, *his* contemporaries devoutly believed in this "Philosophy of Composition." The essayists of the "Spectator" and the "Tatler" owed their vivacity, no less than their brevity, to the fact that they wrote for a public which resolutely refused to be bored. The early American essayists had the fatal fortune to write for a public incapable of boredom. When that good patriot, accomplished gentleman, and melancholy humorist, Mr. Francis Hopkinson, undertook to be funny, he would have drawn tears from any eyes save those of his own countrymen. Even Irving's humor, graceful, felicitous, and disciplined by unimpeachable good taste, is sometimes, as in "The Mutability of Literature," of a visibly premeditated order. Dr. Richard Garnett was perhaps right when he regretted that fate had not led Irving westward, to the newest new world, where he could have studied fresh and rough types of humanity. It is true that the "Tour of the Prairies" has little to commend it; but tours of any kind make negligible reading. We might have had from Irving's facile pen pictures of those pioneer conditions which never fail to interest because they are both adventurous and short-lived. Yet who can have the heart to wish he had exchanged his eminently enjoyable life for one of unloved harshness, simply for the sake of a background? If the England he describes seems now, and seemed before the war, as remote as Belshazzar's Babylon, and far more remote than Caesar's Rome, its verisimilitude passed muster in its day. And Irving, with admirable astuteness, wrote for his readers.

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Mr. Owen Wister, whose word it is always well to consider, holds that American essayists are as good as American novelists are bad. Just how much praise is conveyed in this somewhat gloomy comparison, I should not like to say. The notable point in Mr. Wister's criticism is his definition of Washington's Farewell Address and Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg as belonging, "in their essence, to the family of the essay." Personally, I believe these immortal utterances to be closer in form than in essence to what has been authoritatively recognized as an essay. They are short prose compositions of faultless phrase, but also of heroic substance. They belong to the splendid category of professions of faith, political or polemical. Their wisdom is essential, not incidental. Their place is in mid-stream where the current of life bears swiftly; not in the backwater where personality finds time to intrude itself delicately upon observation.

Without accepting Dr. Johnson's interpretation of an essay as an "irregular, undigested piece," which would seem to indicate he was no reader of Bacon, there exists a not unnatural desire to sever Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding" from Lamb's "Mackery End in Hertfordshire." A stout volume may be called an essay by its author. A preface or a random chapter may be classed as an essay by a compiler. Mr. Arthur Benson designates the "Anatomy of Melancholy" as a gigantic essay. If we are to accept Burton, why balk at Locke! Mr. Curtis ranks "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" with the familiar essays of Addison and Steele; and in this instance the likeness is one of essence, not of form. The "Autocrat" tempers his wit to the shorn lambs of a Boston boarding-house, and the result is a brave, wise, and homely philosophy of life. Dr. Holmes, moreover, owed a great deal to his profession. Next to a statesman or a diplomat, a physician speaks authoritatively, as one acquainted with intricate human ways. But a point to be remembered is that when this admirable commentator started out to write a detached essay, he devoted

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fifty-four unflinching pages to "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," and fifty-two pages to the "Seasons," a theme pre-empted—and exhausted—by Thomson.

If the American essay is to include our best political utterances, as well as our noblest thinking and our most acute criticism, Mr. Wister is right in assigning it a high place in the world of letters. Through this medium Emerson taught us superbly his austere philosophy. Whether we accept this philosophy or reject it, whether it ignites our souls or chills them, we are equally aware that "great men taken up in any way are profitable companions." The essay was the chosen field in which Mr. Lowell displayed his urbane scholarship, his sanity and wit. Mr. Henry James turned from the despotism of fiction long enough to give us two volumes of essays which Mr. Brownell rightly says, "stand at the head of American literary criticism." There is nothing to put by their side, unless, indeed, it be Mr. Brownell's own studies of Victorian and American prose, so sure, so balanced, so immaculately free from personal preference as a basis of criticism. To escape from the portentous solemnities of Poe's "Philosophy of Composition," and read the crystal-clear sentence in which Mr. Brownell disposes of the situation, "An incurable dilettante coldly caressing a morbid mood," is not merely to understand the "Raven"; it is to step from the ordered and intricate nothingness of a labyrinth to the naked and open land.

The personal essay, the little bit of sentiment or observation, the lightly offered commentary which aims to appear the artless thing it isn't,—this exotic, of which Lamb was a rare exponent, has withered in the blasts of war. England and France paid scant heed to its unresisting decay. In the United States our long cherished neutrality offered it a precarious foothold. Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick has perhaps striven longest and striven hardest to preserve its imperilled life. He has turned a smiling and resolute face to permanent things; to the breakfast table, which we hope

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to have always with us, and to school-girls who interest him because he was born a boy. He professes a veritable curiosity concerning these transparent young creatures who hold back no shreds of their souls from inspection. But the price he pays for his steadfastness is that his words, whether grave or gay, seem to his readers to have been written in some unstirred, prehistoric days with which we have lost connection. When he counsels us to exclude the newspaper from our morning meal because it arouses our "sectarian emotions, our prejudices, our annoyances," and so is not fitted "to bring out the best in breakfast," we cannot without conscious effort follow his fancy back to those forgotten mornings when we had room in our souls for prejudices and annoyances, when we picked up our morning paper without a pang of apprehension, and read it without sharp pain or sacrificial joy.

Even Mr. Sedgwick's admirable essay on Goethe, who is as permanent as breakfast, seems inconceivably remote. We read the opening paragraph in which he speaks of Mr. Lowes Dickinson as embodying in the eyes of Americans the spirit of Oxford and of Cambridge, and his words sound like the echo of a dream—a dream from which we have awakened to know of what mettle the Universities are made. If Goethe could now bring serenity to our souls, we should have no right to admit it. There is unlovely work to be done. Saint George doubtless had his serene moments, but not when he was battling in the dragon's coils. Devotion is to war what temperance is to peace. An emancipated spirit is a divine spirit only when it is resolute to brook no evil willingly.

The humors of war are the humors of humanity. They have a body and a substance as real as are the fighting men who jest before they die. They bring relief to our spirits, because they savor of nature's "indefatigable renewals." The callous levity of the trenches never offends us when we remember that the jokers are pledged to the great sacrifice.

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The determined and not too easy cheerfulness of the warring nations is a miracle of courage. We shall have plenty of chance to be courageous along these lines. But the mirth of neutrals is apt to be distasteful when it mocks at the things of war. There is no kindlier essayist than Mr. Simeon Strunsky, no one closer than he to the "simple, humorous, average American man." Yet when he ventured in the early days of our neutrality to voice a thought which, in one form or another, has intruded itself into every mind, and to smile at the people of Europe clamoring in divers tongues to the Almighty, and all "calling for victory which is the code word for slaughter," we listened, chilled and affronted, to this embodiment of a universal jest. Perhaps there swept across our minds a vision of the Belgian woman who sees her man standing up to be shot against the old church wall, who knows herself to be the destined spoil of battle, and whose inarticulate cry to Heaven is the call of all suffering creatures to the Creator. Our fallibility does not release us from the obligation of severing right from wrong—an obligation which is the converging point of Christianity and civilization. In one of the most charming and intimate of early English essays, Cowley speaks this word of wisdom: "God laughs at a man who says to his soul, 'Take thine ease.'"

When a habitually sober thinker dallies with a playful mood, his frivolity is apt to be weighted; but when a habitually humorous thinker grows grave under the stress of a great emotion, his gravity is pointed with wit. Mr. Crothers is an essayist who has seemed to court vivacity rather than yield to it. He admits himself to be a leisure-loving man, whose pleasure it has been to escape from the clamorous present to the peaceful past, to dig into old books, to peer into old churches and school-rooms, to ponder over old theologies. He remarks with illuminating candor that the drawback of living with our contemporaries is that they are forever standing around, waiting to do something for us, or

have us do something for them. Every human relation involves responsibility; whereas when we have drawn from an ancient volume all the wit and sweetness it can yield, we put it back on the shelf and have done with it.

This is the true spirit of the essayist who is meditative rather than satiric; yet it is to the pen of Mr. Crothers that we owe a most delicate and pitiless exposition of that moral debility which has blighted the far-famed scholarship of Germany. With admirable art he has embodied the Prussian philosophy in a letter from Epaphroditus to Epictetus. The master bids the slave to be content with slavery, since it in no wise interferes with intellectual and spiritual progress: "In all that concerns thy higher life thou shalt be free. Thy master will watch thy flight into pure virtue with approval. He will be the lower limit of thy activity. He will prevent thy powers from being wasted on matters unworthy of thee. Thy problem is to be as free as it is possible to be while yet his slave." What Epaphroditus asks—and it seems to him a just demand—is that the wisdom of the slave shall be the possession of the master. Epictetus must be wise within bounds, and his teaching must support the well-ordered fabric of established rule. It is for him to give men correct answers before they are prompted to ask difficult questions. Thus and thus only shall authority be fortressed by intelligence. "Man is a rational animal, and loves to have a reason for what he is compelled to do."

To this acute and specious argument Epictetus opposes one overmastering fact. A slave, he admits, may be a lofty philosopher, but only a free man can teach the truth: "The teacher does not hold his thought. He releases it. It straightway flies to another mind, and urges it to action. How can you expect your lame slave to follow his freed thoughts that now have entered into minds more enterprising and courageous than his own. If I teach justice, how shall I prevent some quick-witted young man from doing a just deed which may disturb the business of my master?"

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If the personal or social essay—the felicitous study of men and things—has fared ill for the past three years, the critical essay has been well-nigh obliterated. It is certainly easier to read a few pages on commuters' gardens or the perils of precocity than an analysis of Sir Thomas Browne. We can even make shift for the present to do without any further comment on Mr. Bernard Shaw, and this elimination will leave a large free space in our lives. But critical essayists, like Mr. Paul Elmer More, and social essayists, like Mr. Edward Sandford Martin, have long helped us to do our thinking, and their task is not yet done. All essayists have a right to preach a little (the lust for preaching burns in every soul), provided their method be indirect, and their message capably brief. There is an hour's good sermon condensed into Mr. John Jay Chapman's two lines, "Hardy, self-perpetuating ethics must draw constant life from religion." There is another in Mr. Martin's discerning sentence, "A sincerely religious man may become a great money-maker; but it seems a good deal safer to regard his money-making as something concurrent with his religious duty rather than as the realization of it."

Even the delicate tracery of a pen portrait, the most finished if the least inspiring form of essay-writing, conveys its moral to the world. I do not include in this category sketches of public characters or of personal friends, which are journalistic, and belong to an exclusive class of reporting. I have in mind such a triumphant piece of work as Mr. Flandrau's "Mr. and Mrs. Parke," in which a human type, set in its appropriate surroundings, like a jewel in a ring or an island in the sea, is presented without pity and without asperity. The elderly Boston couple whose lives have been spent in "the deification of the unessential, the reduction of puttering to a science," live convincingly in the few pages assigned to them. Mr. Flandrau is as kind to their facile virtues as he is tolerant of their essential unworthiness. He murmurs endearing words while he probes delicately into

their tranquil and unfathomable selfishness. If the intrusion of a friend into their vast empty house affects them as an unwarranted eruption of Vesuvius might affect a careless dweller on its crest, if they feel that the universe is out of gear when an expressman has left their daily box of flowers at the wrong house, it is because they have come to believe that making themselves superlatively and harmoniously comfortable justifies existence. Moving as smoothly in their orbit as do the "formal stars," they feel they are part of the well-ordered scheme of creation, and they have said to their souls, "Take thine ease"!

The wind of war has winnowed the chaff from the wheat, and the pleasantness of life is not, at the last analysis, the gift most deeply prized. We have let it go, and gathered to our hearts impelling duties and austerities. In one of the best of American essays, written nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Henry James says of London, which he loved, but never idealized: "It is not to be denied that the heart tends to grow hard in her company; but she is a capital antidote to the morbid, and to live with her successfully is an education of the temper, a consecration of one's private philosophy."

"One's private philosophy." This is the essayist's birthright. This is his inheritance from Montaigne, who turned a deaf ear to religious strife, and from Lamb, who looked with seeming unconcern upon Napoleon's downfall. And who so upheld by philosophy as Mr. James; who so unmoved a spectator of the intricate game of life; who so well fitted to escape from the agony of nations to the impregnable world of the intellect? Yet the invasion of France, the rape of Belgium gave him his death-blow. The grossness of Germany's treachery and violence wounded his honor, his manhood, and his heart, which was not cold. Never for one moment were his eyes withdrawn from the strife until death kindly closed them. He died in a year of shattered hopes and profound depression. It was not for him to hear the great profession of faith in which Mr. Wilson asked for war;

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nor the ringing words of Mr. Beck, "If I saw the United States going down to defeat, and the cause of civilization perishing, I should still thank God we had the heart to fight"; nor Mr. Roosevelt's strong and straight appeal, "Only by putting honor and duty ahead of safety, shall we stand erect before the world, high of heart, and the masters of our own souls"; nor the noble assurance of Mr. Martin, "This is a world of promise beyond all the promise of a thousand years, a world in which whoever is strong in the faith may hope everything that saints foresaw, or martyrs died to bring."

These are the words of American essayists in war time, and when Heaven permits us a return to peace, and to the pleasant perusal of Sir Thomas Browne, we shall remember by whose help we cleansed our hearts, and shouldered our burdens, and faced our share of responsibility for the assaulted civilization of the world.

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A PLEA FOR HONESTY

By Moorfield Storey

THE United States has enlisted in the most terrible of all wars, and is using all its resources, material, intellectual, and moral, to assure victory. We have departed from the traditional policy which has kept us hitherto from taking part in European struggles, have clothed our President with autocratic power greater than is exercised by any other ruler in the world, and every right-minded American heartily approves. Why? Because the fundamental principle of human government which this nation was founded to maintain—the right of every people to govern itself—is at stake, and our help is needed to defend it. President Wilson in his address to the Senate on January 22, 1917, stated as an "American principle" that "no nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful." Again in his address, urging a declaration of war against Germany, he said: "We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience." In his brief and sufficient phrase, we are fighting to make the world "safe for democracy."

We are opposed to Germany because she has trampled on the rights of Belgium, Serbia, and every other small power that stands in her way; because she claims the right to rob her neighbors; because she regards a solemn treaty as "a scrap of paper"; because she sets at naught all international

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and all moral law; because she claims that her civilization is superior to all other and that she has the right to impose it on the world, while her barbarous cruelties mock her pretense of being civilized. We hold the whole German nation responsible because her statesmen, the leaders of her thought and her business, her teachers, her editors, her clergymen approve the conduct of her rulers, and no considerable fragment of her people utters one word of protest. Their silence is their consent.

We cannot doubt that our attitude as a nation is right, and we are proud to dedicate "everything that we are and everything that we have" to maintain the great principle that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed": or, as Lincoln pithily put it, that "no man is good enough to govern another without the other's consent"; this he described as "the leading principle, the sheet anchor of American republicanism."

As we propose at all costs to maintain this great principle in Europe, we are of course bound to maintain it in the western hemisphere where we claim a commanding position. We recognize as vital the necessity of gaining and keeping the confidence of the nations in Central and South America, that we may live at peace with them and work harmoniously for our common prosperity. This is the Pan-American policy, which is in fact merely an application of our fundamental policy—the policy of non-interference by one nation in the affairs of another,—and we wish to supplement it by an attitude of benevolent and sympathetic co-operation with our neighbors. It is vital that we should do so since Latin America contains some twenty different nations with one hundred million people occupying a territory some three times as large as the United States. Hence the hospitality with which delegates from all the countries which lie south of us were welcomed to the recent Pan-American congress. Hence while that congress was in session in January, 1916, Mr. Lansing, the present Secretary of State, Mr. Root,

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the former Secretary of State, and Dr. Scott, perhaps our leading authority on international law, framed for the American Institute of International Law "the declaration of the rights of nations," from which the following passages are quoted, and which was adopted unanimously:

1. Every nation has the right to exist, to protect and to conserve its existence; but this right neither implies the right nor justifies the act of the state to protect itself or to conserve its existence by the commission of unlawful acts against innocent and unoffending states.

2. Every nation has the right to independence in the sense that it has a right to the pursuit of happiness and is free to develop itself without interference or control from other states, provided that in so doing it does not interfere with or violate the just rights of other states.

3. Every nation is in law and before law the equal of every other state composing the society of nations, and all states have the right to claim, and, according to the Declaration of Independence of the United States, to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them.

4. Every nation has the right to territory within defined boundaries, and to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over this territory, and all persons, whether native or foreign, found therein.

5. Every nation entitled to a right by the law of nations is entitled to have that right respected and protected by all other nations, for right and duty are correlative, and the right of one is the duty of all to observe.

It would be difficult to imagine a declaration of our policy which should be more authoritative than this, which Democrat, Republican, and non-political authorities combined to phrase, and which was adopted unanimously by such a body. But it may be supplemented by the statement of Mr. Root when as Secretary of State he visited South America to attend the Pan-American congress at Rio Janeiro, and to reassure the countries on that continent as to the policy and purposes of the United States: "We consider that the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest members of the family of nations deserve as much respect as those of the great empires. We pretend to no right, privilege,

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or power that we do not freely concede to each one of the American republics." No fairer statements of national policy and of careful respect for the rights of others could be made than these, and we all insist that they state our fundamental principles.

Professions alone, however fair, do not inspire confidence unless they are supported by deeds. "Actions speak louder than words" is a homely proverb which expresses a truth that we all recognize. If our neighbors are to trust us, we must show that we are worthy of their confidence by living up to our promises. Otherwise the more we promise, the less we are believed. Nations like ladies may profess too much. It is proposed in this article to compare our acts with our words, to test our conduct in recent years by the same tests which we apply to Germany. Do we practise what we preach? Perhaps a chronological review of the last twenty years will enable us to answer this question.

In April, 1898, stirred by a recital of the wrongs which the Cubans were suffering at the hands of Spain and excited by the destruction of the Maine, the United States declared war upon Spain; but before doing so Congress passed a resolution introduced by Senator Teller which contained the following words:

> That the people of the Island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent. . . .
>
> That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

President McKinley relieved the apprehensions of his countrymen by saying first in his annual message to Congress on December 6, 1897, and repeating in his special message of April 16, 1898, the following:

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> Of the untried measures there remain only: recognition of the insurgents as belligerents; recognition of the independence of Cuba; neutral intervention to end the war by imposing a rational compromise between the contestants, and intervention in favor of one or the other party. I speak not of forcible annexation, for that cannot be thought of. That, by our code of morality, would be criminal aggression.

These promises were as clear as those which are made now, and both President and Congress concurred in making them.

The war was brief and left us in control of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. How did our action correspond with our promise? So far from leaving "the government and control of the island [of Cuba] to its people" and recognizing the independence which we had declared to be its right, we made our retirement conditional on Cuba's agreeing not to enter into any treaty or compact with any foreign power which would tend to impair her independence, nor to permit any foreign power "to obtain lodgment in or control over any portion of the island by colonization or for military or naval purposes or otherwise," nor to "assume or contract any public debt" for paying the interest and ultimately the principal whereof "the ordinary revenues of the island . . . shall be inadequate." On the other hand, Cuba was to permit the United States "to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." The treaty also provided for the acquisition of naval and coaling stations in Cuba by the United States.

An independent nation such as we had declared Cuba to be had as much right to make such a treaty with and give such privileges to a foreign nation as to the United States. While this treaty gave our government more power to intervene in Cuba than it ever exercises in its own States, where our colored fellow citizens are systematically deprived of their right to vote and of other unquestioned rights without let or hindrance from the national government, common honesty

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requires us to admit that we made Cuba dependent upon us and not independent as we promised. We can test this statement by asking ourselves how we should feel if Germany on evacuating Belgium should retain the same powers over it that we retained over Cuba. Should we consider that Belgium had regained her independence? No man who is honest with himself can answer "Yes" to this question.

We took Porto Rico as a spoil of war, though it had every right which Cuba had. We have since governed it as a dependency of the United States, and until the Act of Congress approved on March 2, 1917, its people were not even citizens of the United States. Even now under that Act, the governor and other executive officers of Porto Rico are appointed by the President of the United States or his appointees, though in some cases the assent of the Porto Rican Senate is necessary; and the President has an absolute veto on all laws passed by the Porto Rican legislature. The essential fact is that the Porto Rican people had no part in forming the government under which they live, and have to-day no power effectively to govern themselves. Our Constitution contemplates no such anomalous relation between the people of the United States and a dependency which is not self-governing and which is not held as a territory to be hereafter admitted to the Union as a State. It is enough, however, to point out that the annexation and holding of Porto Rico were "forcible" and cannot be reconciled with the professions which were made when we entered the war with Spain.

Of the Philippines it is only necessary to say that there we overthrew a republic and by a bloody war of conquest took the islands, repeating in them the reconcentration and other horrors which excited our fierce indignation when perpetrated in Cuba by Spain. He who runs may detect the difference between what we promised when the Spanish War began and what we did when it ended; nay more, have persisted in doing ever since.

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A few years elapsed, and we wished to build a canal through territory belonging to the United States of Colombia. To do this we needed the consent of that state, and accordingly undertook to obtain it by negotiation. A treaty was framed by the representatives of the two countries which to be valid must be ratified by the Senate of each. The Senate of the United States ratified it, the Senate of Colombia refused to ratify. It was alleged that this was done in order to extort a larger price from the United States, but if so it was within Colombia's right to fix the price on her own property. The reasons given in the Colombian Senate were very different, and of all the amendments introduced into that Senate not one related to the compensation to be paid by the United States. What happened may be given in the words of President Roosevelt: "If I had followed traditional conservative methods, I should have submitted a dignified state paper of probably two hundred pages to the Congress and the debate would have been going on yet. But I took the Canal Zone, and let Congress debate, and while the debate goes on the canal does also."

This is historically correct. Without authority of any kind from Congress, he used the land and naval forces of the United States and treated as "a scrap of paper" a treaty by which the United States guaranteed "the rights of sovereignty and property" that Colombia had over the Isthmus of Panama—an obligation repeatedly recognized by our government. Mr. Roosevelt without a shadow of legal right, as he says, "took the Canal Zone." Even he might reflect that if Congress would otherwise still be debating our rights in the case, they could not have been very clear.

This was fourteen years ago. His course was either right or wrong. A large and well-informed body of his fellow countrymen think he was inexcusably wrong. The late Senator Hoar is said to have been asked by Mr. Roosevelt to support him, and to have been shown in advance the message afterwards sent to the Senate in which the President announced

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what he had done. It is said that after looking at it he replied: "I hope I may never live to see the day when the interests of my country are placed above its honor."

Yet the United States has steadily refused any reparation to Colombia, or even to submit the question whether its action was right to any court of arbitration—in itself a confession. How can the action of President Roosevelt thus supported by his countrymen be reconciled with the fair words of Mr. Root or the Pan-American "declaration of the rights of nations"? What confidence should we, if we were South Americans, place in such professions? Why is it wrong to treat the international compact with Belgium as "a scrap of paper" and right to treat in the same way our treaty with Colombia? This is a question which we may evade, but to which if we are honest there is only one answer.

During the same Administration, Santo Domingo, one of our small neighbors, came under our control to a certain extent. What happened may be stated in the words of Professor Borchard in an address delivered at a recent National Conference on the Foreign Relations of the United States:

> In 1905, when the foreign debt of San Domingo had risen to $32,000,000 and her credit was destroyed, the pressure of foreign claimants became so great (accompanied as it was by war vessels) that the Dominican president turned to the United States for relief from the situation. Our own interests in a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty led us to effect a composition with creditors, negotiate a refunding loan of $20,000,000 in the United States, and establish by treaty an American receiver of customs, who collects the revenues, sets aside a certain amount for the customs administration and the payment of interest and amortization of the debt ($1,200,000 at least per annum), and turns over the balance with certain deductions to the Dominican government. By this means the public revenues are placed out of the reach of the revolutionary despoiler or the dictator, and the primary motive for revolution is removed.

How far this action was entirely voluntary on the part of Santo Domingo may be questioned, but it is mentioned here in order to explain what has since happened.

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Under President Taft and Secretary Knox, Nicaragua was dealt with. The following statement of the facts is taken from an article by Lincoln G. Valentine in "The Century Magazine" for October, 1915:

Nicaragua is the only one of those little states having two well-defined political parties, the Liberal and the Conservative. Until 1909 the country had been ruled by the dictator José Santos Zelaya, a member of the Liberal party. In that year the Conservatives, encouraged from without, started a revolution against him that was about to be radically crushed when the United States intervened on the ground that two Americans, Groce and Cannon, had been murdered by Zelaya. Authentic documents showed subsequently that these men were mere adventurers, who had joined the ranks of the revolutionists and had been caught in the act of blowing up a government steamer. They had been properly court-martialled, found guilty, and shot.

For the ostensible purpose of "avenging the murder," hundreds of American marines were thereupon sent to Nicaragua. They openly backed the Conservatives by preventing the government from exercising its sovereignty. The government at that time controlled the whole country with the exception of the port of Bluefields occupied by the revolutionists. The resignation of Zelaya being the objective point of the intervention, the dictator turned the power over to Dr. José Madriz, a man of the highest culture and intellect. Not satisfied with this substitution, the United States used further pressure, forced out Madriz, and established the Conservatives in power.

In 1912, General Luis Mena arose in revolution, and, although himself a Conservative, was backed by the Liberals. The uprising soon became so general as to threaten the immediate overthrow of the American-backed government. And here is where the page of shame in our history begins. Between 1,500 and 2,000 United States marines were despatched to Nicaragua under pretext of protecting American life and property. They fulfilled this duty by fighting side by side with the government troops, to whom the necessary arms and ammunition were supplied by them, and killing off the Liberals by thousands. And how many of our troops lost their lives!

Upon thus ousting the Liberals, the American flag was hoisted on the Nicaraguan White House, and presidential elections were called. As our diplomatic representative agreed to Conservative candidates only, the Liberal party, composed of about seventy-five per cent of the people, refused to vote. Nevertheless, we held these elections to be valid, and

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the elected government is still being maintained in power by the presence of the American marines quartered in the White House of Managua, the capital of Nicaragua. That, without the presence of our soldiers, the present administration would have fallen long ago, goes forth from the official reports of their commanding officers, particularly the one of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Long, dated November 18, 1912, which says: "The Liberals constitute three-fourths of the country. The present government is not in power by the will of the people."

All this was done without any authority from Congress, and the government of Nicaragua to-day rests upon our bayonets. This is in direct violation of the first Article of the Convention Supplementary to the General Treaty between the United States and the five Central American Republics, which says: "The governments of the high contracting parties shall not recognize any other government which may come into power in any of the five republics, as a consequence of a *coup d'état*, or a revolution against the recognized government, so long as the freely elected representatives of the people have not constitutionally reorganized the country." The people of Nicaragua have never approved the present government nor have their freely elected representatives recognized it.

We have with this puppet government made a treaty by which we are granted certain rights in Nicaragua, including the right to build an inter-oceanic canal, and which purports to give us certain rights in property belonging to San Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica. How shamelessly lawless this whole proceeding has been is made apparent by the statement of certain plain facts. The first is that President Cleveland in 1888, as the arbitrator appointed by treaty between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, decided: "The Republic of Nicaragua remains bound not to make any grants for canal purposes across her territory without first asking the opinion of the Republic of Costa Rica, as provided in Article VIII of the Treaty of Limits of the fifteenth day of April, 1858." This opinion, he proceeds to say, "in cases where the

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construction of the canal will involve an injury to the national rights of Costa Rica . . . should be more than 'advisory' or 'consultative.' It would seem in such cases that her consent is necessary." The report of the so-called Walker Commission reiterated that "the geographical situation" required the consent of both Costa Rica and Nicaragua to the construction of the canal, and declared: "Whatever doubt may have existed on this point was removed by the award made by President Cleveland."

The treaty with the government which the United States set up in Nicaragua was not consented to by Costa Rica, nor was that republic consulted. The question involved has been submitted tó the Central American Court of Justice, created in 1907 to deal with controversies between the Central American States by a treaty to which the United States was a party; and that court has decided that the treaty with Nicaragua "menaces the national security of El Salvador and violates her rights of co-ownership in the gulf of Fonseca." Yet this treaty made with the illegal government that we maintain in Nicaragua was ratified by our Senate, and stands upon our records as a binding compact, though it should be apparent that we can claim no rights under such a treaty thus made which so clearly violates the rights of other nations. What effect will the assertion of any such rights have upon our standing with our Southern neighbors? Would we have dealt thus with a great empire? That is a question which no honest man can find it difficult to answer.

We now come to a new chapter in our dealings with Santo Domingo. On November 29, 1916, one H. S. Knapp, styling himself "Captain, United States Navy commanding the cruiser force of the United States Atlantic Fleet and the armed forces of the United States stationed in various places within the territory of the Republic of Santo Domingo," issued a proclamation in which he recited that the government of Santo Domingo "has on various occasions violated

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a provision of its treaty with the United States" not to increase its debt or modify its import duties without the consent of the United States, and that "domestic tranquillity has been disturbed and is not now established." He thereupon declared and announced "to all concerned that the Republic of Santo Domingo is hereby placed in a state of military occupation by the forces under my command and is made subject to military government and to the exercise of military law applicable to such occupation." He directed that "all revenues accruing to the Dominican government, including revenues hitherto accrued and unpaid, whether from customs duties under the terms of the treaty concluded on February 8, 1907, the receivership established by which remains in effect, or from internal revenue, shall be paid to the military government which will in trust for the Republic of Santo Domingo hold such revenue and will make all proper legal disbursements therefrom necessary for the administration of the Dominican government and for the purposes of occupation." The proclamation promises to uphold "the Dominican laws in so far as they do not conflict with the purposes for which the occupation is undertaken."

This was done without any authority from Congress, and thus it appears that a military officer of the United States, claiming to be, and doubtless in fact, instructed so to do by the President, has overthrown the government of a friendly power, has taken control of its territory, and now governs it by military law, collecting its revenues and deciding how they shall be spent, and out of them paying the expenses of the military occupation. No wonder that the first act of this military governor was to establish a rigid censorship so that behind the veil thus established he might govern freely. This order was rescinded, but little news from Santo Domingo reaches us.

This is levying war without any action of Congress, without any declaration of war, in violation of international law as laid down by our own statesmen, and in utter disregard of

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every political principle which we profess to respect. How does this compare with the words of Mr. Root? Would we treat a "great empire" as we have treated Santo Domingo? Which truly represents us, Mr. Root or Captain Knapp?

Haiti's turn comes next. The armed forces of the United States occupy the territory of this "negro republic of one hundred and twelve years' standing"; its government is under our control; and, as a picture in "The National Geographic Magazine" showed, one of our marines stands behind the chair of the so-called President. We have forced upon Haiti a convention which Professor Borchard in a recent address thus describes: "No such all-embracing treaty had ever before been concluded by this country. The United States not only undertakes to collect the revenues, but through a financial adviser it may practically determine what those revenues shall be, for they cannot be modified without our consent; . . . the United States may at all times intervene to preserve order; and the United States undertakes to aid in the development of Haiti's natural resources." Let Mr. Villard take up the narrative:

> Having signed the convention, we then imposed upon them a military occupation, have refrained from paying the interest on their foreign and domestic loans while using $95,000 a month of their income to pay the costs of our occupation, which the Haitian people detest—particularly our rigid martial law. . . . The fact is that the government and the people of Haiti, who always paid the interest on their foreign loans, are now on the point of bankruptcy and their government is on the verge of being broken down by us, while the Washington authorities delay the payment of interest on all loans and the refunding of the total indebtedness, which, despite years of revolution, is only $32,000,000. They take pride, and justly so, that our marine officers have created a splendid gendarmerie of sixteen hundred men, have built and repaired a number of roads, and given the peasantry a sense of security which has not been theirs for years.

In a paper giving some history of the Marine Corps intended to promote enlistment, we find this account:

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"Grave disturbances in Haiti compelled the despatch of the first provisional brigade to that island in the summer of 1915, and the establishment of a military government by General L. L. T. Waller. Several units of this brigade are still on duty in Haiti, and will continue there until the organization of a force of native constabulary known as the Gendarmerie d'Haiti, and officered by marine officers and non-commissioned officers, has been perfected." This also cannot be distinguished from war, and the military occupation and continued military government in Haiti are without any authority from Congress.

Thus far we have been dealing with accomplished facts. We may now consider what is proposed. At a recent conference which was attended by men of light and leading from all parts of the country, Professor Shepherd of Columbia University read a paper in which he called attention to the fact that "east and south of the United States of America stretches a long chain of insular and continental areas belonging to Great Britain, France, and the Netherlands." He then proceeded to advocate the acquisition by the United States of these areas. His argument in substance was that they are near us; "that we need those areas ourselves; . . . that the European owners do not; and that as a natural consequence the owners ought to turn them over to us for the good of all concerned." Referring to the outcome of the war, he did not hesitate to say:

If Great Britain and France are to derive material compensation from a victory rendered certain by the opportune aid of the United States, it is only fair and just that, in accordance with terms acceptable to all parties concerned, they turn over their Caribbean possessions to this country as a fitting token of gratitude for our support. . . . To pledge the colonies in and around the Caribbean, accordingly, as a return for aid extended, is not to take advantage of national distress; it is a plain business proposition like the extension of the aid itself. . . . If the European nations and Japan are to secure means for their material advancement as a result of this war, the essential interests of the United States require it to obtain similar advantages for itself.

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This is curiously cynical when compared with President Wilson's statement to Congress which preceded the declaration of war: "We have no selfish ends to secure. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind."

Professor Shepherd pointed out the advantages to us from the acquisition of these territories and the probable advantages to them at length, and concluded as follows: "When the moment for the ultimate disposal of the Caribbean colonies arrives, the question whether they should be transferred to the United States might be resolved, if practicable, in democratic fashion by leaving it to the decision of the people themselves. That they would vote right on a matter that affects so intimately their welfare and progress cannot be doubted." Suppose they did not? Would that prevent our taking the territory, or should we decide that their independence is not "desirable" or that the "democratic fashion" is not "practicable"?

At the same time Professor Borchard made an address on similar lines from which a passage has already been quoted, and in which he said: "We must frankly recognize that the rights of small states and of government by consent of the governed, of which we have recently heard so much, have never been a consideration or factor in our Caribbean policy, nor has the social regeneration of a backward people, who constitute the bulk of the population, yet had any tangible manifestations." One may ask in passing whether Professor Borchard had just heard of the Declaration of Independence!

After painting the resources of these countries he proceeded:

> Many of these products, particularly sugar, bananas, and oil, or enterprises like railroads, can be profitably exploited only by vast corporations, who control by concession or otherwise large areas of land, transportation systems, both rail and water, and an immense supply of cheap labor.

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Such commercial control of the sole or principal natural resources of a weak country leads easily to political control of the functions of government, which the United States has not been slow to recognise. It is only a short step from private investment in a railroad or in a large concession for the exploitation of a weak country's important resources to the exercise of a sphere of influence by the home government of the investor; and the sphere of influence easily merges into political control. . . . The danger of a foreign investment becoming political and bringing about international complications has led the United States, in certain countries where our interests would be seriously affected, to seek to control the amount of debt those countries may contract and the character of concessions they may grant to foreigners. . . .

It is not generally known that many foreign concessions in Central America or the Caribbean are first submitted unofficially to the State Department to avoid subsequent interference on the ground of infringement of our political prerogatives, or—in our character of trustees for our weaker neighbors—because they take unfair advantage of an exploited country. . . .

Our interposition in the matter has in each case been occasioned by some special circumstance or opportunity which required prompt action and which was then extended to include the larger aims which have remained fundamental principles of our Caribbean policy. The maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine was only an incidental motive of our intervention in Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and Haiti. Common prudence and the promotion of our own interests and those of our weaker neighbors would have prompted the same course. . . .

In closing, it should be frankly admitted that the policy on which we have so successfully embarked is economic imperialism. We must be prepared, in supporting it, to encounter the dangers and risks involved.

No franker statement, no more complete admission that all our professions of respect for the rights of our weaker neighbors are in practice disregarded, can be imagined. This is "dollar diplomacy" naked and unashamed. The weakness of our neighbors is dwelt upon as a justification for our interference, and the theory that we are trustees for them and as such entitled to use their resources for the employment of our capital and the increase of our commerce, is openly avowed. We are to become trustees in order to use the trust property for our own benefit.

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We are going to restore order and going to benefit them of course. Men stifle their consciences by saying "We are doing them good." Who knows what we are doing? No newspaper tells us, and of our self-appointed trusteeship no account is rendered to us or by us. Who shall decide what is good, the wolf or the lamb? We complain of trust magnates who exploit us at home. Can we trust them abroad? Lincoln told the truth when he said of these contentions:

> They are the arguments that kings have made for the enslaving of the people in all ages of the world. You will find that all the arguments of kingcraft were always of this class: they always bestrode the necks of the people,—not that they wanted to do it, but because the people were better off for being ridden. . . . Turn it every way you will—whether it come from the mouth of a king as an excuse for enslaving the people of his country, or from the mouth of men of one race as a reason for enslaving the men of another race,—it is all the same old serpent.

Let us remember that when Austria attacked Serbia on the ground that the Serbian government was encouraging plots and machinations which threatened the integrity of the Austrian empire and culminated in the assassination of the heir apparent, no words were too strong to express our indignation at this attack on a weak neighbor by a mighty empire. Are we sure that when we interfere as volunteer policemen to repress disturbances in a "weak neighbor" which are not aimed at us, and in so doing levy war and overthrow its government, we are not following a bad example? Are the small nations in this hemisphere entirely independent and entitled to have their independence respected, or have we the right because they are weak to constitute ourselves their trustees and exploit them? This is the practical question which confronts us. Are we to take our stand upon the theory that strong nations have a right to govern the weak ones and to impose upon them their theory of civilization, or has each nation a right to work out its own salvation "unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid"?

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The latter is the principle upon which this government was founded, which it has ever since proclaimed, and to maintain which it has now plunged into a great war. The former is the theory upon which the nations of Europe have proceeded in colonizing and which the Kaiser and his supporters are now asserting. Let us at least be true to ourselves. Let us not denounce illegal acts done by Germany which we ourselves, in less measure, are doing, nor weep over violations of international law in Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, and other little countries while we exploit our Central American and West Indian neighbors because they are weak. Nothing can so surely destroy the confidence of other nations in our professions and our treaties, a confidence which is vital to the peace of this hemisphere, as such a contrast between words and deeds as we are exhibiting.

But it is not only our principles and our professions which we set at naught by such dealings with foreign nations. Our own Constitution and its limitations are openly violated. The President has no right to send our troops into foreign countries, to levy war and overthrow governments unless the Congress of the United States has declared war. It is dishonest to shut our eyes to the facts. To attack a nation, to kill its citizens, to occupy its cities, to displace its government, to take possession of its property, to collect and spend its revenues, is war. If any nation were to do any of these things to the United States we should not doubt that it was making war on us, and this is what we have done in the cases that have been cited. Our capture of Vera Cruz was war.

Unless we are willing to give up the fundamental principle that the lives of our citizens and the revenues of the nation can be used in levying war only if the representatives of the people have directed it, these practices must stop. It is no excuse that the President believes that these things are beneficial. He has no right to exercise any power not given to him, and to decide the question of war or peace, which is expressly committed to Congress. He is not entitled to

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decide for this country whether acts of war are "beneficial" or not. It is for Congress to decide the policy of the country. The President's powers are executive, not legislative. It behooves us to take care lest in the struggle to overthrow autocracy abroad we suffer it to establish itself at home.

The Latin-American nations, as we call them, and the West Indian islanders belong to races different in very essential respects from our own. We are prone to consider ourselves their superiors, very much as the Germans boast their superiority over other peoples. Yet we are of all nations the most unfit to deal with men of a different race. Can we who have almost exterminated the Indians, whose war upon the Filipinos is a record of shame, who do not even try in our own country to protect the negroes but neglect their education, ignore their rights, afford no adequate protection to their lives and property, meet them with insult and injury at every turn, and even suffer them to be burned at the stake with impunity,—can we be trusted to undertake the government of other countries where new race problems will confront us? Are we men enough to confess the truth and mend our ways, or shall our country stand a Machiavelli among nations, feared by all our weaker neighbors, and trusted by none? Shall patriotism be degraded to mean loyalty to "the interests" that would exploit our weak neighbors, or shall we adopt a nobler patriotism and say with Garrison, "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind."

It would be a far nobler policy, if this great country were to use its influence in favor of a United States of Central America and a Caribbean republic made up by a union of the various West Indian Islands, helping them to real independence and a government by men of their own race and traditions, who would understand their feelings and their wishes and not regard them as inferior. Let the contending republics, now passing through a stage of development not unlike that which in our own history preceded the adoption of our

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Constitution, find in us a disinterested friend helping them to realize and enjoy their own resources, and not a predatory power helping its rich men to plunder them because they are weak. Above all, let us not deceive ourselves by any pretense of trusteeship for our small neighbors, or of doing them good by exploiting them. Let us be honest. If we mean what our President and our statesmen profess, let us prove it by our acts. If not, let us abandon our false pretenses, and be brave enough to admit that we propose to do on this side of the water what the despotic powers of Europe wish to do on the other. As Professor Alvin Johnson has well said, "It is national selfishness erected into a religion that menaces the peace and liberty of the world."

Let no one imagine that what is said here is news to any Central or South American. We are blind at home because we do not realize that our policy towards these people threatens our future. They are not blind to the dangers which impend over them. They are fully aware that our professions cannot be trusted, and we are only hiding our heads in the sand if we do not face the situation. It is as true of nations as of men that "he who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare, but he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere." The memory of nations is very tenacious, and when we see how much in her extremity England has been hindered by Irish hatred at home and abroad, we may realize what dangers to ourselves are created by trampling upon our weaker neighbors. Our own future is not free from clouds. Let us not by the wanton exercise of power make enemies to increase our troubles when the storm breaks.

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THE EXPANSION OF OUR ARMY

By William Addleman Ganoe

WHEN little Samuel without his linen ephod stood up in the cold night to inform the Lord that His diminutive servant was attentive, he was in much the same predicament as the American army in the face of a summoning nation upon our entrance into the great war. Slight, inexperienced, unprovided, and unsettled, the frail military child of a commercial people was up and eager for its triple task of organizer, instructor, and fighter.

How it came to be in this restless state of adolescence after two years and eight months of illuminating struggle abroad, is worth a moment's glance in passing. A campaign of our own which had been fruitless in gain had been most productive in experience. Some of the things we as a nation had failed to extract from the vicarious lessons in Europe, we learned directly by pecking at the northern edges of Mexico. Long before the fight at Carrizal, it was patent to every citizen that there was a lack in cohesion of the parts of our system. Large bodies of troops were slow and awkward in assembling, commonwealth troops were variously and imperfectly trained, and our whole service of supply was antiquated and inadequate. There was for the mass of the people a complete demonstration of that which the military authorities had long known—our inability to cope with concentration over wide areas.

The result was that one year and ten months after Austria declared war on Serbia, there came the first legislation to reconstruct our military establishment. The law, known as the National Defense Act, allowed the regular army to be approximately doubled in five annual increments, and the strength of the National Guard throughout the entire coun-

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try to be fixed at a little over three hundred thousand. Thus there was to be provided a force of about six hundred thousand regulars and militia, which was not to come to its full strength until July 1, 1920. In the meantime the state troops were to undergo more successful training, and the regulars were to add to themselves a tenth of their original strength each mid-year.

In such an enlargement as this where one part had to grow by putting on layers, and another by changing its tissue, it was natural that the undisturbed nucleus should become the chief factor in the spread of knowledge and discipline. It was also logical that the officers of the National Guard, with the interruptions of civil pursuits and the varied instruction received in Maine and Texas, could hardly be depended upon to perform efficiently the office of instructor. Those men who had given their lives entirely to military service were the rational selections for this vital part to be played. It was, then, to the Regular Army alone that the country could turn in an emergency for its military pedagogues.

Accordingly the blow that fell upon the nation on April 8, 1917, caught its training force recovering from an unsettled condition due to the addition of its first fraction of increase. The old regular regiments had skeletonized the new ones, leaving their own units depleted and the fresh ones unstable. The enlarged General Staff was adjusting itself to its added duties. Officers transferred from one arm of the service to another were familiarizing themselves with a different specialty. And in all this displacement it was discovered that the newly made units of both line and staff corps could not be recruited to full strength under the voluntary enlistment.

Our incompleteness, however, was not the only hampering influence in our path. The kinds of experiences our army had passed through were in themselves but negative approaches to the great province to be encompassed. Nearly all exercise and experiment in our previous military work had consisted of the "bushwhacking" and small unit type.

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Even the practice on a greater scale, which was largely theoretical, had dealt with open warfare—mobile exercises above ground. This generation in its active engagements in Cuba, the Philippines, and Mexico, had in no way encountered anything, either in size or character, like the procedure of the western front in Europe.

There had come into the field an inscrutable something, like the charger of Richard Coeur de Lion, which was to dominate the whole tournament. There had to be quick transition to whisk back suddenly to the bastion fortress of mediaevalism—to crouch before the besieged château enlarged to a five hundred mile circumference; and to pull from their mouldy hiding places the hand grenade, *chevaux-de-frise*, the catapult, and the trench knife. On this account, the artillery had come into a wholly new ratio and relation with the infantry; it had to spring to twenty times its strength and to learn to use in the field rifles and mortars the like of which had hitherto been found only in seacoast defenses or on battleships. Thousands of tons of big guns of new calibre, design, and carriage, had to be made and understood. The change looked as though it were going to take from under the feet of our military youthfulness much of its ordinary support. There had to be comprehended, on the one hand, all these archaic devices and, on the other, the most subtle uses of modern invention. And in the meantime all our military understanding was lying somewhere in the interval between.

In this tremulous condition where both organization and training were uncertain and undeveloped, the General Staff of our army was to be the fairy prince of our preparation. It was to produce quickly a sizable and competent army. Jack's beanstalk had to climb into a country of the giants overnight. But the military hierarchy in Washington backed by the War College, which had not been sleeping during, and before, the war in Europe, was ready with projects to meet the sudden demands. It suggested and gave impetus

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to the emergency war bill, the main provisions of which were: to raise the Regular Army immediately to its full total as authorized for July 1, 1920, by the Act of the year before, to federalize over 400,000 of the militia, and to create at least one force of 500,000 under a draft system. The whole army when completed was to contain a minimum of one million men.

Throughout the biblical forty days and forty nights, the heads of the War Department waited for our law-makers to come to a decision. It was a tense period for those acquainted with the truth of Forrest's maxim that military success lies in "getting there fustest with the mostest men." The heads of the army were not content with straining at the legal leash. They projected plans which presupposed the legislation completed and daringly went so far as to inaugurate the expenditure of funds not yet authorized. When the President signed the bill known as the Selective Draft Act, orders were waiting to be shot out of Washington with the quick explosions of a Lewis gun. Even before his action the training camps under extensive and novel regulations had been set on foot. The various branches and depots of the service had begun to expand. The voluntary recruiting of the regular forces had been vigorously urged by every inducement. Sites for trench training and extended target practice had been examined. Concentration camps for the draft were well under way. And in the midst of all this incipiency, troops were leaving for France, and the magnificent programme was affecting every department of the government.

The infinity of detail with which the military authorities were confronted can only be sketched. One small staff corps, for example, had to have the additions of gas and flame, mining, water supply, general construction, engineer supply, surveying and printing, road, forestry, quarry, light railway, and standard-gauge railway services. Other corps felt themselves to be similar embryos. The infantry

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itself, the backbone of an army, had to have its pivotal unit—the company—completely revolutionized. It had to progress at once from 150 to 250 men, from 3 to 6 officers, and from simple riflemen to grenadiers, bombers, rifle grenadiers, automatic riflemen, and ordinary riflemen. The change in the smaller units affected also the large ones; battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, and armies, had to be reconstituted. The strength of the respective units of the new army is as follows:

Company	250	Enlisted	Men	6	Officers
Battalion	1,026	"	"	27	"
Regiment	3,755	"	"	100	"
Brigade	8,210	"	"	225	"
Division	27,152	"	"	975	"

Even the supply corps felt the expansion keenly. Forty thousand motor trucks were to be purchased with all possible speed. Thousands of such lesser articles as signal flags, wire-cutters, and telephones, the same number of larger ones such as field-pieces and aeroplanes; and hundreds of thousands of uniforms and shoes had to be turned out immediately. These supplies were necessary not so much for the front as for training in our own country. As one cannot learn to swim by peering into the water, neither can one fly aircraft or shoot a 3-inch rifle by gazing at a drawing. The rifle had to be aimed and the airship piloted by novices who were in turn to be teachers of others. Everything at once seemed to be imminently requisite. Wherever the heads of the War Department looked, whether towards the demand for men or material, necessities turned, like Alnaschar's castles, into vast and hazy proportions.

With this sudden swelling of quantity went inexperience in handling large numbers. Our entire military service lacked practice in magnitudes. To represent a division on a map by pins, and to have it crawl along between parallel

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black marks by pricking new holes, were the greatest adventures most of our general officers had ever had in manoeuvring large forces. What new worlds the military heads of bureaus, corps, and departments, had to enter hurriedly can be illustrated simply. Under the organization at the beginning of the war a brigade contained 172 commissioned officers; a division of three brigades consisted not of three times 172 or 516, as one would naturally suppose, but of 909. The difference—393 officers—was the quota for the auxiliary or accessory troops. So for each higher unit, the corps, and then the army, the ratio of incidentals progressed geometrically. In fact, since a modern corps or army has never been assembled as such in the United States, it was highly speculative as to what adjuncts were really needed. And when it is remembered, too, that the smallest unit, the company, the fabric upon which the whole product depended, was to be enlarged and reorganized, it can be imagined how the dull mist of prognostics grew thick over the heads of those at the helm. Magnificent plans carefully projected by consideration and computation and applied to actual cases were wanting.

The chaos into which the General Staff was thrown would have bewildered men with less training and honor. They neither balked at responsibility nor shifted the burden. It would have been an easy matter to say to the people: "All this is your fault because you called us jingoists five years ago when we cried, 'Prepare!' It is exactly what happens when a nation begins learning war after declaring it. We're all in a pretty fix. We will do our best, but you can't blame us if we're slow." Not at all—not a whimper! Face to face with an incredible labor the General Staff enthusiastically tried to pierce the universe of growing detail.

The vision which they attained was due in large measure to a fact of military precept and practice. When in battle, skirmish, or manoeuvre, a commander of any grade finds himself in the density of many complications, he harks back to

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the one word—mission—that one thing which he has been ordered to accomplish. After having reviewed his main purpose, he carefully chooses from among all surrounding circumstances that which tends most towards the execution of what he has been told to do. He divests himself of all lesser items and cuts straight through to the end in view. To attempt everything he knows would be to lose all. On the astuteness of his judgment depend largely his efficiency and skill. Naturally, then, the General Staff did not wait for the smoke to clear, but rather penetrated the blackness to find the determining issues at stake.

They came forth triumphantly with two tenets to which they rigidly clung. One was some form of draft, and the other, the training camps for officers. In these two provisions they spied daylight for the nation.

The draft was the first thing to be insisted upon because it was the key to a more far-reaching problem later. The immediate proposition, as the General Staff conceived it, was to gain some amount of certainty as to the immense army to be prepared. They had to have this assurance to work on. At every opportunity they put in their plea unanimously for a champion against Germany that would be on the spot when ordered—a force which could be depended upon. But they estimated that the only way to make our aid to the Allies count, would be to have speed in training large numbers. What would be the good of a mass of punctual recruits if there were inefficient or insufficient officers to train them? By far the more important of the two tenets, then, was the idea of the Reserve Officers' Training Camps. The draft was regarded rather as a crucial point to be settled on the way to the undiscovered country where officers were to be raised in three months from untilled soil.

It was our greatest advance over England's haphazard arrangements that compulsory and universal service was enacted. That we would at least profit by mistakes of previous bloody wars, by Washington's warnings, and the fal-

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lacy of voluntary service demonstrated by the Civil War, had been a hope too sanguine for military experts to entertain. And it was a feat of economic athletics over which the United States should justly feel proud. It is not an easy thing for a nation while fighting for the very essence of democracy to wrap itself about with a garment of autocracy. No greater compliment can be paid to the intelligence of our bulky population than that it was able to perceive the nice distinction between the harsh means and the noble end. It is possibly the first case on the record of our true history where we have actually advanced in military policy.

Our expansion could now be counted upon. Our officers who would otherwise have had to organize voluntary forces entailing uncertainties and endless fluctuations, or would have had to help rake the country for sparse recruits, could be spared for training purposes. The War Department could turn over to trustworthy citizens the business of registering and obtaining the necessary number of enlistments. It was free to give its immediate attention to the matter of the training of the trainers. Of course, if it could not have been certain of a fixed number of recruits present for duty on a specified date, the number of officers necessary to train them would have been conjectural. But since that matter had been settled by the draft, the greatest energy and care could be poured into the channel of the main mission—the Reserve Officers' Training Camps.

Although the President did not sign the bill until May 18, on May 15 forty thousand civilian candidates appeared in sixteen large cantonments throughout the country—willing and green. At the individual camps they reported in lots of twenty-five hundred as martially helpless as school-girls at a fire. And there were to receive them from ten to a dozen regular officers, scattered barracks, a few partially constructed shacks, and the open air. The scarcity of instructors can be accounted for by the fact that the Regular Army was attempting to have its more experienced officers

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take charge of its doubled personnel. In the average case, an instructor fell heir to one hundred and fifty candidates who had to be immediately clothed, fed, and equipped. His sensations were much like those of the setting leghorn hen which found itself unexpectedly and responsibly in the presence of a whole crate of eggs. There were no lieutenants or non-commissioned officers in most cases to aid him, so that he was forced into picking up at random any candidates or reserve officers of previous military experience. In many places for lack of railroad facilities the food was insufficient; and the clothing oftentimes consisted of any cotton khaki the Quartermaster Department could collect.

The order and provision that could have existed had our preparation been more leisurely and timely had to be foregone. Again the General Staff said to itself, "What is the thing to be insisted upon at any cost?" And the answer it found explains why many of the discomforts had to be endured: "Enough instruction to make the selection of officer material secure and effective." It was certain that twenty thousand officers must be chosen in order to give any chance of success to the training of the drafted hosts. On this fulcrum swayed back and forth all the hope of our enterprise in Europe. Anything that stood in the way of the great object was to be bowled over summarily, no matter what individual hardship might arise.

Personality for leadership and a commensurate intelligence were the two qualities to be sought in the candidate. Either without the other would be valueless. Through the dingy clothing, misleading exteriors, and various grades of familiarity with military customs, the instructor was to ferret out this intellect and evasive personal aptitude. And he must come upon such protoplasm during countless drills and lectures. At wedged intervals he had to mark every indication and phase of change in the actions of his men which bore on the qualifications cited, and had to endeavor to know them at

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odd moments when they least suspected his criticism. It was a keen competition in which both nerve and mind were tried by extreme physical and moral measures.

In the application of this experimental course of training and study, instructor and candidate were left few idle moments. The day began at 5:30 A. M. and ended at 10:00 P. M.; and the interim was filled copiously. Some men complained that it was difficult to find time for a bath, and others swore that their greatest luxury was to go to bed at night. The continuousness and novelty of the work especially at first put many in a whirl of bewilderment from which they did not recover. The instructor himself was in a vast turmoil of giving and receiving. To him was entrusted the rapid motion of the schedule and the thoroughness of the impartation of knowledge. He became during the lulls in lectures and explanations an information bureau for his ravenous-minded company. And all the while he was conscious that his real duty was that of learning intimately and personally in ninety days the qualifications of one hundred and fifty individuals. As a consequence, a war sprang up between instructor and candidate over the possession of two opposite kinds of information, one very human, and the other highly technical.

A glance at the mixed manhood that made up these camps will reveal the difficulties into which the success of this odd undertaking was plunged. A bank president took his place in the ranks beside a callow college graduate; an established lawyer alternated in the use of the same pick with a grocery clerk; the son of a Fifth Avenue home slept side by side with the burgess of Podunkville. One day at an extended order drill when candidate Abraham E——stein was acting company commander and Patrick O'——ll was platoon leader, the instructor had difficulty in getting the various commanders to use the proper signals. Finally in exasperation he went up to O'——ll and berated him soundly. On

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leaving he overheard O'——ll mumble to the platoon guide and then exclaim disgustedly, "Oh hell, what chance has an Irishman in arm signal communication with a Jew!"

Nevertheless, the spirit of the camps was marvellous. There existed little snivelling and much American sportsmanship. Once when an instructor had called into the office a man of about forty to tell him that his chances for a commission were next to nothing, the fellow bit his lips a minute, gritted his teeth to keep back the tears, and finally observed in a subdued voice, "Well, I'm sorry—I guess what you say—is true. But—Captain—there's no reason is there—why I can't enlist as a private?" Patriotism like that was cropping out when it was least expected, so that one was led to believe that the "flag-waving" type was certainly transforming itself into the sacrificial kind.

What would the result of all this problem be? Would this impossible task for the instructor and this incomprehensible régime for the candidate produce anything worthy of the name when the camp was over? So the War Department queried and met the complications of each arising difficulty. For not only was it necessary to pick the raw material but also to sort it into piles for the different branches of the service. From each training company were to come the officers of a regiment from major down, provisional second lieutenants for the Regular Army, additional reserve lieutenants, second lieutenants of the Quartermaster Corps, machine gun specialists, aviation candidates, ordnance lieutenants, and those recommended for a second camp. Would this rush of training and selection be worth anything to the government after all?

The answer was partly to be expected from the surprising circumstances at the finish of the camp. In the first place those who had fallen by the wayside in the race attested voluntarily in the great majority of cases to the fairness of the selection. They were certain that the best men had been retained. And the men themselves who were successful, as

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soon as they had been informed of the certainty of their commissions, became different personalities. The breaking of the tension of competition was the loosening of so many shackles about their natural dispositions. The staleness and effort accompanying this supreme test had often made them creatures other than their former selves. When, therefore, assurance became doubly sure they were quickened like so many Galateas into unexpected life. But the great element which seemed to point directly to success was the universal feeling among them that they knew nothing—that they were totally unfit to command men. "Show me," declared the Preacher, "the man who knows he's a sinner and I will show you a conversion." The very fact that these men in the flushed pride of becoming officers should realize that they were in the primer class in the great school of arms, gave to those who had been watching over them in trepidation a justified sense of security.

Another set of Reserve Officers' Training Camps which has recently ended has profited by the mistakes of the first. Since the lines of qualification were drawn more tightly, the product should be better than that of the former venture. And since the first trial has proved itself beyond expectation, there should be no doubt as to the second. The communication of the rudiments has been all along in excess of estimated efficiency, and the discipline is apparent.

The National Army cantonments, so dependent upon the output of the Officers' Camps, are now running ahead of their schedules. Their uniforms, equipment, and arms have been hurried to them by the co-operation of the civilian firms on such a scale that visitors are aghast at the outlay. The organizations are housed and comfortable for the winter. The quota of officers is complete, and there is a smoothness about the routine that reminds one of a staid army post. English and French officers are so high in their praises of this achievement as to be positively embarrassing, one British officer of high rank going so far as to call the training of the

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National Army the greatest achievement in military management of modern times.

Little by little we are discovering that the unattainable is through suffering being attained. The army is gaining in training each day; the service of supply has been thoroughly renovated; the Line and Staff Corps are reorganized and re-established; the Regulars and National Guardsmen are recruited to full strength; supplies are being turned out as fast as the great resources and factories of this rich country will permit; the style of warfare both for the infantry and artillery has been completely made over to suit the prevailing mode; the concentration camps are proving that our tripartite army is being welded into a smoothly-working single machine; and these drafted men and Reserve Officers are growing into an ominous and prodigious wave against the common enemy. During all this growth, troops have been stealing in the darkness silently down to their boats on the shore so that already a greater number of soldiers than composed the Regular Army at the beginning of the war is within the borders of France. The child awakened in the dead of night has waxed strong and is becoming a power against the Philistines.

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CHRIST AND THE PACIFIST

By Benjamin W. Bacon

THE world war has reached a stage where the vast murmur of the unconsidered millions on both sides is becoming more and more articulate in the cry for peace. Peace is the supreme hope, the irrepressible demand of the new year. It must come. But in what form? A peace made in Germany would be a disaster great as the war itself, a compromise pregnant with new wars of ever-growing frightfulness, a monster plotting the spoliation of the weak and the overthrow of liberty, cloaking meantime with the garb of friendship the infamies of German diplomatic intrigue. A peace dictated by any single belligerent, or made in the interest of any single social class, might be a calamity almost as great as the perfidious German peace. True peace is as far from these as heaven from hell, and the difference measures the greatness of the present issue. The goal towards which humanity's almost despairing eye is turning has seemed remote, but no longer seems unattainable, and the prize, like its cost, is almost infinitely great. The terms are slowly shaping for a world's peace, a peace "just and lasting," because based, so far as human wisdom and sincerity allow, on righteousness. To win it is to make even the war worth while. To lose it is to lose the highest hope of humanity, to make the world's four years of agony a useless sacrifice.

America, the late-comer, has been brought into the war by the appeal of moral ideals. All the attempts to explain away the obvious fact that she has no ends to subserve which are not shared by the whole world of free peoples, break down in absurdity at the spectacle of her sudden turning from a neutrality which was pouring the world's wealth into

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her coffers to a participation which has already swept away thrice her possible gain. It is not that Americans are idealists, though their great experiment in self-government naturally inclines them to idealism in this field. It is not that their sense of international morality is higher than that of nations whose school of diplomacy has been the half-century of competition in exploitation of the weak. Americans claim no more of national morality or national idealism than other people. We have other reasons for entering the war. The intellectuals of our universities, our historians, our journalists, our students of sociology, would have flung down the gauntlet long ago. To them it was a bitter humiliation, almost a disgrace, that America did not at once break off diplomatic relations with the violator of Belgium and answer the sinking of the Lusitania with an ultimatum. But New England and the intellectuals could not carry the country. The South and West regarded talk of England and France fighting *our* battle as academic moonshine. Only one thing, as the President well knew, could drag the country out from the torpor of its easy, profitable pacifism, and that was pacifism itself.

Americans are pacifists to the bone. Physical geography and national history have combined to make militarism and all its works hateful to Americans of every class. To the rich, war is hateful as the destroyer of values and credit, to the poor, as the cause of the heaviest burdens and sacrifices. We have no military class such as in other countries profits by war, working hand and glove with plutocratic munition makers. Our people have neither need nor desire for conquest. The propaganda of a Nietzsche, a Treitschke, a Bernhardi, is known to us only as a curiosity provoking horrified amazement. Pacifist propaganda, on the other hand, is limited only by optimistic indifference. Our pacifism is almost a disease. This is not from greater nobility of spirit. Disarmament seems to Americans as obviously their national interest as armament has seemed to Germans

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theirs since the consolidation of the empire under Prussian autocracy. Let Germany make the most of the paradox, let her sneer at Wilson's "hypocrisy," the fact remains as true for America as for China (which now in express terms makes this the basis of its declaration of war), that we are "fighting for peace." We could not be driven to fight by any less urgent motive.

Herein lies the danger. To fight for peace is only a last recourse, and not every mind can see the necessity. We have indeed had revelations from our State Department concerning the use by the German legations of poisons, dynamite, provocation of internal revolt and external invasion, as the means of persuasion of friendly powers that withhold participation in militaristic crime. These revelations have some tendency to disabuse the pacifist mind as to the reality, the value, and the permanence of the kind of "peace" militaristic powers consider it suitable to grant. But there are a vast number of sluggish minds to be reached and a smaller number whom no amount of evidence will disabuse. The event has proved that the German braggart, Bernhardi, and the rest of the Prussian conspirators for world conquest could safely count on the world's incredulity. The more plainly we were told, the more we scouted the idea that a civilized people would consent to be the agent of international banditry. And to-day there are still those whose idea of "peace" is a restoration of the status quo, a return to the fatuous dream with which we lulled ourselves in indolent torpor while the plot matured!

Peace is our supreme aim, and pacifism our deadliest danger. For pacifism without devotion to a definite common ideal means disloyalty, chaos, betrayal. Where is the unity of spirit that will stand the test of hardship, discipline, self-subordination, and self-sacrifice? We have to-day our bourgeois pacifists, whose notion of "peace" is a generation's leave to make money undisturbed. We have "slacker" pacifists, whose love of peace is mere indolence and cowardice.

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We have our international pacifists, who would halt the common struggle for liberty to inaugurate the class struggle for economic betterment. We have our socialist-anarchist pacifists, our proletariat and our pro-German pacifists, differing in the phases and degrees of their disloyalty, but one and all false to the nation's and the world's ideal. Last, and least in numbers but far from least in significance and influence, is the "conscientious" pacifist.

Few there are who make open profession of a non-resistant creed. Fewer still are they whose profession is reasoned and sincere. But many are they of the unreasoning, or the baser sort, that find the mantle of a Tolstoi or the skirts of a Jane Addams a convenient refuge from the contempt of their fellow men. If, as they contend, non-resistance be really Christian pacifism, it is vital to know the fact. Even if we decline to discard the sword as a last recourse in the struggle for right and peace, we shall be held accountable, for admittedly it is a descent to "the things that be of men." Until the oft-quoted precept of the Sermon on the Mount, "Resist not evil," is met, an insidious, disintegrating power will ever gnaw at our morale. If, therefore, we have qualified interpreters who can show that there are times when Christianity approves our girding on the sword, and that this is such a time, it is well the task were soon begun, lest religious enthusiasm, which in a worthy cause lifts the self-devotion of the patriot into sublimity, be found instead a hindrance in the path, a drag upon the spirit of our soldier sons.

Christianity differentiates itself from Judaism by the claim not to be a legalistic religion of formal precepts, but a religion of the spirit. In Christianity precepts take a subordinate place as mere applications, variable according to circumstance, of the underlying principle; and that underlying unifying principle of Christianity, by relation to which its every precept is both limited and understood, was well defined by the late Josiah Royce, philosopher and interpreter of faith. Christianity, he said, is the religion of loyalty.

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It inherits from Judaism, in glorified, universalized form, its ideal of the kingdom of God, the human commonwealth of justice and right, taking this object of loyalty from the hand of its Founder, who died a death of self-devotion to this ideal, faithful unto death to the achievement of his Father's sovereignty—the doing of the righteous will on earth even as it is done in heaven. By virtue of both its character and history, Christianity is indeed the religion of loyalty, and as such contains the inherent power to unify in splendid heroism all that humanity can offer of devotion to the race's common weal.

Scatter, then, the dust and rust which becloud this central meaning of our faith, show what was distinctive in the teaching and spirit, in the life and in the self-devoting death of its heroic Founder, and you will do more than resolve inconsistencies. You will restore to Christendom the impulse of the Crusades, of armies that can fight for the City of God under the emblem of self-devotion. You will have an international patriotism that fuses together in one white heat all true metal of manly spirit in all levels of the social order, among all races, all nations, all religions, of free men.

Strange—and yet not so strange in view of our narrow biblicism and traditional worship of the letter—that Christians can so limit their gaze as to see a part of the Sermon on the Mount and be blind to the whole! Strange that they can read the Sermon on the Mount, and be blind to the fact that in the older Gospel of Mark underlying both those gospels which give us the Sermon, as well as in the still older letters of Paul, the Sermon plays no part at all. For Paul and Mark "the gospel" is the life of Jesus, and his devoted death of loyalty. And in the Sermon itself, it takes a half-blind literalist (of which, alas, the church has given us all too many) not to see that the so-called precept of "non-resistance" is but one of a series of illustrations commending as the true norm of righteousness the imitation of God. The ideal is made as explicit as words allow. It is: "Seek ye

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first his kingdom." The method of its attainment is that men become imitators of God's goodness "even to the unthankful and the evil."

Taken in the mechanical, legalistic sense to which disciples are prone, it is possible to make of the precept of forbearance a rule or doctrine of non-resistance. Yet in practical application this doctrine would promote the precise opposite of that spirit of service and devotion which is the vital breath of our religion. For it belongs to the very nature of the system of domination and slavery to cultivate arrogance in the oppressor and servility in the oppressed. To the slave there is no higher law than non-resistance, till in some happy turn of fate the slave himself become oppressor and vent his pent-up spite in brutality towards the weak. Far as the study of mankind looks back, this is the notorious tendency of systems of autocracy. When cats are killed by choking them with cream, the remedy for brutal arrogance and spoliation of the weak will be non-resistance.

But non-resistance is not the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. Its teaching is in substance: "Avenge not yourselves, but overcome evil with good"; and its example is the God who, in the exercise of goodness and wisdom alike, though he frustrates with almighty power the designs of wickedness, yet wins by his forbearance every sinful heart that can so be won. Even the noble example of a Tolstoi cannot blind us to the fact that the Sermon teaches no doctrine of a non-resistant God. It commends forbearance. It upholds the example of the forgiving God. But in all things it would have us "seek first his kingdom and his righteousness." For that ideal it is well to turn again the smitten cheek. And for that ideal it is also well in the evil day to put on the whole armor of God and to withstand, to fight and bleed, to resist as the God of righteousness resists, to die as the Christ has died.

The "conscientious" pacifist does not, however, limit himself to a single precept, as to whose meaning scholars may

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differ. He turns to the conduct of Jesus, and asks: Can you imagine Jesus Christ taking up the sword? Can you imagine him sighting a rifle over the breastworks? The pacifist forgets that it is as easy for the historical imagination to look backward two hundred years as forward two thousand. In the days of Roman rule, which gave full religious liberty, Jesus took the side of Pharisean passive resistance. In the pre-Maccabean days when Antiochus had sought to root out the religion of Jehovah by force, he might have done otherwise. Moreover, the sons of his own mother, the disciples and friends with whom he surrounded himself, bear the names of the Maccabean heroes who "out of weakness were made strong, who turned to flight armies of aliens," and won freedom to worship God. Let us turn historical imagination backward also, and ask, Where would Jesus of Nazareth have been found when Eleazar laid down his life to make way for his comrades in arms—Eleazar-Lazarus, the Arnold-Winkelried of Jewish liberty? Where would Jesus have been found when Mattathias-Matthew gave his sons, when the Maccabean Judas and Simon and John shook the tyrant's throne by their incredible victories? It is well to remember that he who sent forth the twelve in Galilee armed only with the glad tidings of peace, sent them forth again in darker days with the warning: "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."

The Gospel of Mark is not in real conflict with the Sermon on the Mount, when it represents Jesus throwing down the gauntlet to corrupt authority and almost courting death by driving out the traders from the temple. On the contrary, Mark reveals the same paramount ideal and solves all conflicts of Christian ethics in its record of the last public teaching of Jesus, the summing-up of his doctrine, in his answer to the question of the scribe: "Which is the first commandment of all?" The object of the question is to attain to that controlling, unifying principle by which every problem of conscience may be determined by the man of religious life.

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Jesus answers it in all the sincerity of his own pure, unfaltering devotion. He answers it with the credo of Jewish loyalty, the oath of allegiance consecrated by a thousand Jewish martyrdoms: "The Lord our God is one; and thou shalt love him in the undivided unity of heart, and soul, and mind, and strength. This is the first and great commandment." And to this he adds a second, which sets the standard of human brotherhood on the same high pinnacle where the Sermon also sets it in bidding us imitate the loving-kindness of God: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The gospel which presents loyalty and brotherhood as the twofold law of Christ, telling the story of his own utter self-devotion for the kingdom's sake, scarcely needs in addition a Sermon on the Mount.

But we have an older and more authentic witness than the Gospel of Mark to the ideal of Christian pacifism. Paul on such a point is a better witness to the mind of Christ than any later anonymous evangelist; for, while later evangelists might faithfully record the tradition of individual precepts of Jesus, it was the business of Paul to interpret to the Graeco-Roman world the spirit and principle of the new gospel. In particular, it was Paul's business to interpret that ideal of the kingdom of God for which Jesus had given his life, and so to interpret it that men enamored of the Graeco-Roman ideal, the world unity of imperialism and *Kultur,* might appreciate that here was a higher object of supreme loyalty, a lordship higher than Caesar's, a more effective universal bond of peace and order.

And peace-making was the supreme effort of Paul's life; it was also the motive of his sacrificial death. To speak of Paul as after Christ the peace-maker par excellence of the New Testament may seem strange to those who view him only through the fiery polemics of Galatians and Second Corinthians. Nevertheless, all through those ten years of bitter conflict with the Judaizers, wherein Paul fought in defense of his apostleship and his gospel of liberty, the

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supreme object in his mind was the unity of the church, the prevention of the schism threatened by intolerant exclusion of the more liberal Gentile branch. Peace-making was the object of all Paul's visits to Jerusalem, including the last, made at the supreme risk, and ultimately the sacrifice, of his life. Peace-making is the burden of his entreaty to the schism-torn Corinthian brotherhood; it is the central plea even of the "thunder-bolt" epistle to the Galatians itself. No wonder it becomes central in the later group of epistles, in which Ephesians sets forth systematically the dominant message of the rest. In Ephesians if anywhere, we may expect to find the key to Christian pacifism.

In Ephesians, Paul interprets the Christian doctrine of the kingdom of God—"loyalty to the beloved brotherhood" is Royce's phrase—in special application to the world problem of the social order. For social welfare was as conspicuously the problem of Graeco-Roman imperialism as it is the problem of our own day. The world was consciously confronting the problem of social unity, order, peace. Like Aristotle, Paul also has his philosophy of the state. He even covers in a way its two divisions of ethics and politics, the conduct of the individual, and the theory of authority. In Ephesians (iv:17-vi:9), these applications of the theory of social unity appear, of course, in religious rather than philosophical form, because Paul is talking as a religious teacher to plain and practical minds, but there is lack of real discrimination if we fail to see that these ethico-political applications of the doctrine of the kingdom of God as a "unity of the Spirit" are not the fruit of an unphilosophical mind. Still, it may be needful as a preliminary to trace in a slightly later epistle, the epistle to the Philippians, what Paul means by "the unity of the Spirit" when as a practical missionary he is called upon to apply it in a specific case of schism.

The loving entreaty of the second chapter of Philippians to unity of mind, by "having in you the mind which was also in Christ Jesus," has always been recognized as one of the

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classics of the New Testament, worthy to stand with the lyric of "loving-kindness" in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians as joint witness to its author's right to be called the Apostle of Love. Its value as a key to the meaning of that central phrase of Ephesians, "I beseech you, give diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," is not so clearly recognized, because men fail to appreciate that to Paul the mystic, "the Spirit" is nothing else (at least from the ethical point of view) than "the mind which was also in Christ Jesus." Paul proceeds to characterize this "mind" as the humble, obedient self-devotion of Jesus, shrinking from no sacrifice for God's kingdom's sake. And in so doing, he gives us the real key to his doctrine in Ephesians of the "unity of the Spirit" as the world's "bond of peace." This key is the spirit of self-devoting loyalty, whose object is the kingdom of God.

The above may seem a digression, when our object is merely to present Paul as the true exponent and interpreter of Christian pacifism. It is, however, at least a necessary one, indispensable to an appreciation of that great epistle long characterized as the Epistle of the Unity of the Spirit, which we have now to recognize as an application by the apostolic peace-maker of the doctrine of the kingdom of God to current problems of the reconstructed social order. It would be hard to find language more fittingly descriptive of the opening chapters of Ephesians which introduce its central appeal, than to say that they are concerned with the universal triumph of the Prince of Peace, not merely in reconciling the alienation of Jew and Gentile, but in bringing the whole universe of personal being, human and superhuman, into peace and order.

Unity and peace, according to Paul, are to be had on one basis only, that of religion. The organic unity of a commonwealth of God must be found in the pervading Spirit of him whose blood was shed on the cross in unreserved devotion to the kingdom. Those whom that Spirit controls form a

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new temple of God's indwelling, a place of common access to the eternal Source of healing, light, and life. Loyalty to his "beloved community" is the test of citizenship in the kingdom of God.

It is doubtless quite unconsciously of any direct dependence on the Sermon on the Mount, that in the ethical section which follows upon the central appeal to walk in this Spirit, Paul falls into an antithetic presentation of that Christian morality which takes the place of "the law of commandments contained in ordinances." Nevertheless, the resemblance is striking between the parallel series of illustrations. Paul's examples are: "Speak ye truth, each one with his neighbor"; not because it is a commandment written in ordinances, but "because we are members one of another." Theft for the Christian is not merely prohibited by law; both it and all kindred unfairness and self-seeking, all indolence even, are excluded by the affirmative principle—"Let a man rather labor, working with his hands, that he may have whereof to give to the needy." At the close this series is summarized by the application of the same unifying principle as in the Sermon on the Mount—the imitation as sons of the goodness of the Father: "Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children; and walk in love, even as Christ, who dedicated himself for you."

Students of Aristotle's Ethics and Politics and of similar attempts to formulate the principles of social order in a philosophy of the state might well be inclined to regard current philosophical practice as accountable for Paul's introduction, immediately after this ethical section, of the section on authority, or order in the Christian commonwealth. For in Ephesians (v:21-vi:9), the principle of reciprocity of service is applied to the subordination of wives to husbands, children to parents, and slaves to masters. The Apostle's experience has taught him the vital necessity of making the spirit of the new ethic a principle also of authority and control. Hence the application to the relations of household

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order of what the Germans call *Ordnung* and make the basis of their famous *Kultur*. It is not mere subordination that is inculcated by the Apostle. Neither is there any toleration of insubordination. It is free self-subordination in the "unity of the Spirit." In this liberty of loyalty Christians are bidden to "subject themselves one to another in the fear of Christ." In this democracy of Christ even slavery can be robbed of its evil; for if "according to the flesh" masters still remain, slaves will be "obedient as if they were slaves of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart, doing service with good will as unto the Lord and not unto men"; while masters will show equal respect for them, knowing that both have a common Master in heaven, "and there is no respect of persons with him."

Such are Paul's ethics and politics, his philosophy of the state expressed in terms of the ideal of the kingdom of God, his practical application of the principle of the "unity of the Spirit," his "gospel of peace." It is religion rather than philosophy; but those who call it obsolete are those who themselves have retrograded below the plane of the world's noblest ideals.

It is said to be "democracy" for which the world is agonizing to-day; but if so it is a kind of democracy which reaches a higher level than the ideals of the practical politician—the level of religion. The toiling, striving millions of the world that blindly wrestle out its destiny are not seeking the chaos of anarchism nor the slimy triumph of plutocracy. They are not groaning and travailing in pain together until now that they may witness the manifestation of more princes or diplomats or demagogues, but the manifestation of another race. The world is crying out for peace; it is determined to have peace, but it will have to be a peace not so much of men as of God, the peace that rests on righteousness.

Non-resistance does not lead this way. In spite of voices that claim to represent Christ and his kingdom, bidding us acquiesce in the domination of greed and wrong, other voices

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claim also to be heard. Loyalty to the cause of truth and right, justice and vindication for the weak, cry aloud to strike and strike hard for victory. Men who love the cause of honor, right, and truth, are heroically laying down their lives. Unnumbered thousands by toil and sacrifice are giving new hope to the groaning millions. A gleam of the new dawn has begun to penetrate, and it flashes from the steel of mail-clad warriors. We might well choose other means than violence, but we have not the choice of method before us. Armed conflict is to decide the present issue, whether the pacifist approves the method or not. He cannot stop the fray. He cannot if he would strike down the weapon of the foe. Is it his part to weaken, to oppose, to dishearten those who are giving their lives in defense of right?

They are not fighting "flesh and blood." They bear no malice against a brave though deluded foe. Peoples, races, empires are not their enemy, save as these have made themselves agents and tools of the powers that make for selfish domination. Never in the world's history have hosts gone forth so reluctant to draw sword against the mere bodies of their blinded fellow men. Never in the world's history has the issue been so clearly drawn as between right and wrong, between a world seeking peace through righteousness and the incarnation of Satanic lust and power setting every law of God and man at defiance in the doctrine of a "non-moral state." Never has evil found a leader more ready to "sit in the temple of God setting himself forth as God." What is the attitude of Christianity now that the issue is joined? Will it be a hindrance or a help to the righteous cause? Will it kindle the spirit and nerve the arm of those who are dying to make way for liberty, or will it preach a doctrine of non-resistance that no logic, lay or clerical, can make other in its issue than disloyal surrender of the cause of justice, humanity, and the kingdom of God?

If we follow those whose notion of Christianity is blind obedience to a set of precepts they imagine themselves to

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have understood, we may transform the heroic Christ himself into a foe of the kingdom of his Father. If we take as our interpreter the peace-maker Apostle, and study his applications of Christian pacifism, we shall see that this is not above but subject to the higher principle of loyalty to the kingdom of God. Paul's doctrine of the unity of the Spirit, the Spirit of him who loved that kingdom as his bride and gave himself that he might redeem it, strips the disguise from all cowardice and disloyalty, exposes the falsity of all self-seeking license, insubordination, and anarchy, and unites all worthy devotees of the kingdom of righteousness and peace "in the bond of peace."

But in the great Epistle of the Unity of the Spirit, peace is not won without victory. We shall find in it no doctrine of non-resistance, no surrender of the chief aim of all, the commonwealth of humanity; no anarchic rejection of rightful control, no substitution of lesser loyalties for justice, truth, and equal right. We shall find rather as its climax a call to arms. There is to be battle; but without hatred for human foe. There is to be real bloodshed, and real sacrifice of life. There is to be participation in the age-long, bitter struggle of the world against an unseen foe that makes his stronghold in the minds of men, inciting them to war and conquest and the lust of selfish power. To such times as ours comes the closing message of Ephesians: "Finally be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Wherefore take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to *resist* in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand."

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DIED OF HIS WOUNDS

By Henry Head

Death set his mark and left a mangled thing,
With palsied limbs no science could restore,
To weary out the weeks or months or years,
Amidst the tumult of a mother's tears,
Behind the sick-room door,
Where tender skill and subtle knowledge bring
Brief respite only from the ultimate
Decree of fate.

Then, like the flowers we planted in his room,
Bud after bud we watched his soul unfold;
Each delicate bloom
Of alabaster, violet, and gold
Struggled to light,
Drawing its vital breath
Within the pallid atmosphere of death.

That valiant spirit has not passed away,
But lives and grows
Within us, as a penetrating ray
Of sunshine on a crystal surface glows
With many-hued refraction. He has fled
Into the unknown silence of the night,
But cannot die until human hearts are dead.

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SHOULD AUSTRIA-HUNGARY EXIST?

By CHARLES PERGLER

METTERNICH once called Italy a mere geographical expression. This statement was never really true of Italy, but it may be applied to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Who ever heard of anyone calling himself an Austrian? Even Francis Joseph, the late Austrian Emperor, once asserted that he was a German prince. There is no Austrian language, no Austrian literature, no Austrian nationality, no Austrian civilization. Still, states do not come into being without the aid of powerful social, economic, and political factors. Austria's main justification for existence may be found in Asiatic invasions, that is, of the Huns (Magyars) and later of the Turks. German Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia became a federation of independent states, bound together only by the person of a common king, for the purpose of more efficiently resisting Turkish pressure, when in 1526 the Hapsburgs were called to the Bohemian throne by the free choice of the Bohemian people and confirmed all the ancient rights and privileges of Bohemia.

One of the most important acts in the reign of Ferdinand the First, the first of the line of Hapsburg kings of Bohemia, was the destruction in 1547 of the autonomy of Bohemian cities, and the execution of the leaders in a movement for the establishment of liberty for all religious beliefs in Bohemia and the re-establishment of the elective character of the Bohemian crown, which Ferdinand abolished. After that, the history of Bohemia was largely a struggle between the Hapsburgs, aiming at Germanization and violating their oaths to maintain the independence of the Bohemian state, on the one hand, and the Bohemians, seeking to preserve their

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independence, on the other hand. The struggle culminated in a revolt signalized by the defenestration of Prague in 1618, when the representatives of Bohemian nobility threw from the window of the royal castle the representatives of the Hapsburg king. This incident was followed by the dethronement of the Hapsburg dynasty and the election of the Elector Palatine to Bohemian kingship. However, in the struggle which succeeded the act, the revolutionaries were defeated at the battle of White Mountain in 1620; but even then Bohemia was not completely deprived of her independence, although her sovereignty was somewhat restricted by an edict of the king. Complete destruction of Bohemian independence came during the eighteenth century, especially during the reigns of Maria Theresa and her son Joseph, whose aim was to make of Austria a purely German state, and to destroy the identity of the various small nationalities comprising the empire.

Notwithstanding the policy of forcible Germanization, the rise of the spirit of nationality could not be prevented, and in 1848 not only did the Magyars demand self-government, but the Bohemians also came forward with a programme asserting certain political rights. The abortive revolution was followed by a period of the most rigorous absolutism. But almost twenty years later it was realized that a policy of repression of all non-German nationalities was impossible. In 1867 the Magyars were granted independence, and the present Dual Monarchy came into existence.

There is no statute of limitations against the rights of nations; but Austria-Hungary cannot even enter a plea of waiver against the Bohemian claims, because the Bohemians never ceased to protest against the existence of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in its present form, and never waived their rights to the restoration of their independence. The late Emperor Francis Joseph on two distinct occasions admitted these rights and promised to revive them. Especially after the defeat of France in 1870 by Prussia, he was

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inclined for a short time to follow a federalistic Slav policy. On the twelfth of September, 1871, in a solemn declaration addressed to the Bohemian Diet, he made the following promise: "Having in mind the political standing of the Bohemian crown and the glory and power it has given us and our ancestors, and realizing the faithful support always given our throne by the Bohemians, we gladly recognize the rights of this kingdom and are ready to renew this recognition by our coronation oath." But when Bismarck assured him that Prussia had no aggressive intentions towards Austria, he violated his promise to the Bohemians without that decent regard for the opinions of mankind which all gentlemen have. We know to-day that Bismarck's conciliatory attitude towards Austria was dictated by purely German interests, and by his expectation of making Austria a Prussian tool for the conquest of the East, and especially for securing to Germany the heritage of the moribund empire of the Sultans.

Since the beginning of the modern constitutional era, even Austria has been forced to assume a thin veneer of civilization, which consists in at least a semblance of parliamentary institutions and well-sounding constitutional provisions. Thus the nineteenth section of the constitution of Austria provides: "All races of the state enjoy equal rights, and every race has an inviolable right to assert its nationality and to cultivate its language; the equal rights of all languages in the country, in schools and public life, are recognized by the state." This provision is nothing but a grim jest. The Germans of Bohemia are in a decided minority, and yet they are the privileged nation. Moreover, in all the administrative offices of Bohemia the equal rights of the Czech language have never been recognized, and as regards school facilities, the Czechs have always been discriminated against. In communities with German officials in the saddle it has been next to impossible to obtain adequate Czech schools, and frequently such schools as existed were maintained in quarters

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that were no better than stalls. The Germans of Austria have always treated the Czechs as inferiors, although they themselves do not equal them in culture, since in spite of being the favored nation they have about six per cent of illiterates, while the Czechs have only a little over two per cent. Even now eleven million Germans in Austria have five universities, while ten million Czechs and Slovaks have but one university.

Conditions among the non-German nationalities in Austria were bad enough in times of peace. To-day after three years of war, they beggar description. The meagre right to use the Bohemian language in administrative offices in Bohemia has been abolished, and German has been established as the official language (*Staatssprache*). On the railroads the humblest laborer cannot obtain any position unless he has a command of the German language. The present minister of railroads, Dr. Foerster, has ordered that railroad officials, even among themselves, shall not use the Czech language, but must speak German. A conversation in Czech is treated as a gross breach of discipline.

When we come to the Hungarian part of Austria we meet a condition which, if anything, is still worse. For three million Slovaks, there does not exist in Hungary a single adequate Slovak school conducted in the Slovak language. Even before the war the Slovak press was systematically persecuted, and Slovak papers were subjected to unimaginable chicanery. It is an interesting fact that there are more Slovak papers in the United States than in Hungary. These American papers the Hungarian government considers a menace to the Hungarian state, and accordingly refuses them postal privileges.

The Hungarian government is mainly in the hands of the Magyar nobility, and the Hungarian parliament is merely a parliament of this nobility. There are scarcely a million voters in Hungary, yet during the lives of men now living there has never been a Hungarian election that was free

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from violence and corruption, and that was conducted without the aid of soldiery. Although the Magyars form only fifty-one per cent of the population, they hold 405 out of 413 seats in the parliament. Even these Magyar deputies do not really represent the Magyar people, for suffrage in Hungary is restricted to a relatively small number of the privileged. Seventy per cent of the lands of Hungary is in the hands of the nobles, and as a result Hungary is a country of chronic hunger.

It is evident that Austria bases her mission on the maxim "divide et impera" instead of reconciling the various nations on the Danube, uniting their interests, and binding them closer together. She might have been, and should have been, a federal state wherein all nationalities living under Hapsburg sovereignty would have enjoyed equal treatment and equal rights. The present war shows, however, as indeed did the wars of 1859 and 1866, that Austria-Hungary is wholly unable to carry out her true historical mission and to rule justly the Bohemians and the other Austrian nationalities.

It must be remembered that in spite of all the obstacles placed before it, the Bohemian nation, during the last half of the nineteenth century and thereafter, rose higher and higher in the economic scale and in culture. Other Slav nationalities in Austria-Hungary have experienced a similar awakening. After the Balkan states defeated Turkey in 1912 and 1913, the Austrian and Magyar oppressors began to fear that the contest they were waging against the Slavs in Austria would ultimately end in their own defeat, unless they once more adopted the most extreme measures to prevent the legitimate growth of Slav nationalities within the empire, as well as beyond its boundaries. The present war is therefore but the intensification of a struggle the Austrian and Hungarian governments had long been carrying on against their Slav subjects.

The result of the Balkan wars was that in 1913 the Ger-

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man government asked the Reichstag for an increase of military appropriations. In his speech in support of the measure, delivered on the seventh of April, 1913, the former German Chancellor, Bethmann von Hollweg, made a statement which deserves to be quoted:

"For the future it is decisive that in place of European Turkey, whose life as a state has become passive, have appeared states that show a remarkable vigor. We all have an interest in seeing this power prove itself of the best in peace as it has done in war, and to see the Balkan states grow in close economic and cultural contact with their neighbors and with the group of Western powers. Thus they will also be factors making for progress and European peace. But in spite of this, one thing is certain: if it should ever come to a European war wherein Slavs and Germans stand against each other, then it would mean damage to the Germans if, in the present system of equilibrium, the southern Slav states should take the place hitherto occupied by European Turkey."

These are thoughts couched in diplomatic language, but it is obvious that even then the German Chancellor had in mind the bugaboo of a racial conflict between Slavs and Germans. Only a month after the speech of the Chancellor, there was published in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" a Vienna letter entitled "Oesterreichische Katastrophenpolitik." The writer speaks of the fact that owing to Serbian growth Austria had been twice compelled to increase its military budget and indicates that the real instigator of all these alleged troubles is Russia; that there is just one way of stopping all this: "To destroy the tools of pan-Slavism, to subjugate the small neighbors, to destroy the Russian Empire, and to form a number of buffer states under an Austrian and German protectorate between the remnants of the Russian Empire and Central Europe."

We find here a very frank confession that internal conditions in Austria require severe measures; that it has been

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impossible to solve the Bohemian question, the Polish-Ruthenian question, and other similar problems; that these matters endanger Austria's very existence, and that even if all this should lead to a European war, the Central Powers would have nothing to fear, because they are stronger than Russia and her friends. It is even admitted that in this event Austria would have nothing to lose. With the growth of Slav nationalities within her borders she would be doomed to inevitable destruction in the course of time, while in a war she might have a chance to save herself. A sudden catastrophe would be preferable to terror without end.

When Rumania entered the war, the "Pesti Hirlap," an influential Budapest paper, declared that Austria-Hungary must decide between Slavism and Germanism—this in an empire the larger part of which is Slav. It is not an exaggeration to say, therefore, that this is a war by Austria against her own dependent nationalities. From this it logically follows that Austria has lost her right to exist. She is a state without a purpose, unless this purpose be the oppression of the majority of her own subjects.

The Bohemians now claim complete independence. As early as November 14, 1915, the Bohemian Foreign Committee, representing Czecho-Slovaks, issued in Paris a manifesto demanding an independent Bohemian-Slovak state. During the recent session of the Austrian parliament the club of Czech deputies openly demanded independence for Bohemia, the new state to include the Slovaks. Bohemians living in France, England, and Russia are fighting in the armies of the Allies. There has been a Bohemian-Slovak army co-operating with the Russians; it consisted of former Austrian prisoners of war, who surrendered voluntarily in order to re-enlist with the Russians and fight against Austria for the independence of their native land. Moreover, the Bohemian-Slovak Brigade has been mentioned as having won special distinction on Galician battlefields.

A small group of English pacifists and well-meaning

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American theorists who do not understand that no comparison whatever is possible between the United States and Austria-Hungary, still seem to think that the latter can become a federal state. This might have been possible prior to the rise of the present spirit of nationalism, had Austrian statesmen been far-sighted enough to realize that the only salvation for Austria was to be sought in making of her a union of free nationalities. But now it is too late.

A glance at a few figures will sufficiently demonstrate this. The whole population of the empire is 52,000,000: 28,000,000 in the Austrian half of the monarchy; 22,000,000 in the Hungarian part; and 2,000,000 in Bosnia-Herzegovina. According to the latest census, that of 1910, the population of Austria is divided as follows: Germans, 9,950,225; Czechs, 6,435,983; Poles, 4,967,984; Ruthenians, 3,518,854; Slovenes, 1,252,940; Serbo-Croats, 783,334; Italians, 768,422. The Germans, although numbering not quite ten millions, control the destinies of the eighteen millions of non-Germans. In Hungary, according to the same census, there are 10,050,575 Magyars; 3,949,032 Rumanians; 2,937,435 Germans; 1,967,979 Slovaks; 2,939,638 Serbo-Croats; 472,587 Ruthenians. It should be remembered, of course, that the official census is grossly inaccurate, and misrepresents matters in favor of the Germans and Magyars. There is little doubt that there are in the empire almost 8,000,000 Czechs and almost 3,000,000 Slovaks. In any event, the Germans and Magyars together do not exceed 20,000,000, and rule over 32,000,000 Slavs and Latins, who in this war are forced to fight the battles of their oppressors.

"Home rule all around" might be possible if the Dual Monarchy should be preserved in its entirety; but this would mean a continued violation of the principle of nationality, and the violation of the right of the several nations to choose the sovereigns which are to rule over them. The Italians have a claim to the Trentino and a part of the Adriatic coast; the Rumanians claim Transylvania; the Serbs

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are entitled to Bosnia-Herzegovina; Croatia and Dalmatia should form with Serbia and Montenegro an independent Jugo-slav state; and the Austrian Poles should be united with Russian Poland. These claims cannot be disregarded, but if they are duly observed the Czecho-Slovaks will be left alone with the Germans and Magyars in a smaller Austria, which will continue to co-operate with Germany in her imperialistic endeavors and constitute a foundation for another attempt to realize the Middle Europe scheme.

The only solution of the problem appears to be the joining of the fragments of those races which already have a national state to the parent races; the creation of an independent Bohemian state and of an independent Hungary reduced, of course, to its proper ethnical boundaries. The Austrian Germans in the purely German provinces of Austria should be left to decide their own destinies; they could either form an independent state, or else be absorbed into the German Empire. This arrangement, by the way, would not strengthen Germany, as some claim, since it must be remembered that if the principle of nationality is carried out to its logical conclusion, Germany will lose at least a part of Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein, as well as Poland, so that what she may gain on the one hand, she will lose on the other. Moreover, the present stand of Germany against the whole world is made possible because she has control of the 32,000,000 Slavs and Latins within the Austrian Empire; once these peoples are liberated, Germany will lose this reservoir of human material, be correspondingly weakened, and her imperialistic designs thwarted.

The future Czecho-Slovak state will have a population of more than 12,000,000, of whom 10,000,000 are Czecho-Slovaks. It goes without saying that the rights of the minority would have to be protected, although the fact is that the Slav races have never been known for their attempts to impose their language and culture upon other peoples. This seems to be exclusively the trait of the Germans, who always

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couple their designs of economic penetration with a policy of denationalization of the people of the territories they control, or intend to control.

From an economic point of view, Bohemia would have an assured future, for she possesses all the natural resources necessary to an economically self-sustaining state. While she may not have an outlet to the sea, the example of Switzerland shows that a port is not especially necessary for an independent state. Again, the principle laid down by President Wilson as to economic rights of way for landlocked states, would apply to Bohemia as well as to the need of Russia to obtain access to a warm-water port. Bohemia, because of her geographical position as a link between western Europe and the eastern Slav world, is destined to be of great political and economic importance. The fact that Bohemia was able for many centuries to oppose Germanization, although surrounded on all sides by powerful enemies, is the best proof of her capacity to oppose the future pan-German plans of expansion towards the East, and to serve as a bulwark of permanent peace.

A Bohemian political exile in this country, Professor Pisecky, adduces for the dissolution of Austria-Hungary potent economic reasons, and it is true that whatever arguments for the dismemberment of the empire may be offered in the future, none will be more weighty than the fact that each of the component states or nationalities making up the Austro-Hungarian monarchy forms by itself a distinct economic entity capable of a healthy growth and development. On the other hand, a compulsory union under the leadership of the incapable and decadent House of Hapsburg threatens them all with political, financial, and economic ruin. Wealthy and full of resources separately, together they form the most poverty-stricken country in Europe.

It is interesting to glance at a few statistics indicating the state of the Austro-Hungarian national wealth and its relation to the national wealth of other countries. In 1914 the

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national wealth of Austria-Hungary was estimated at $25,-000,000,000, and the debt at no less than $3,898,094,000. The distribution of the debt was as follows: Hungary, $1,338,348,000; Austria, $1,515,871,000; common, $1,043,-675,000. This means that for every six dollars of national wealth there was almost one dollar of national debt. A comparison of the financial condition of other countries at the same time with that of the Dual Monarchy shows that of the six leading nations of the world Austria-Hungary was in the worst financial condition. Experienced financiers asserted that under normal conditions a national debt of six billion dollars would be the utmost that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy could bear without complete economic ruin. Long before the war, industries had begun to feel the burden of government taxes. The textile industry was completely ruined. Other industries were slowly but surely on the road to a complete extinction. There was a general apprehension that capital would soon be withdrawn from the monarchy and invested in more favorable regions. The industrial life was not only affected by the foreign policy of the monarchy, but likewise by the abnormal internal situation, which sapped the energies and vitality of all of the races that were herded together under a single government.

During the war Austria's debt must have increased enormously. According to some estimates it has at least quadrupled, which, of course, under the corrupt system prevalent, is quite possible. If we make an allowance for depreciation in the national wealth due to war conditions, we have a situation where the national debt is not far below the national wealth. The conclusion is obvious. Austria-Hungary is on the verge of a complete bankruptcy. Unless it be split up into its component elements, it offers practically no security to those who have given it their hard-earned funds.

Should the monarchy be preserved after the war, all the unnatural conditions leading to such a fatal result would be preserved intact. The nationalities which for hundreds of

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years have waged so keen a warfare against each other would no longer be content to live under the rule of the Hapsburgs. A continual internal strife would be the outcome, and as one of its effects, Austria-Hungary would continue in its weak and unhealthy economic situation, being largely dependent on the support of Germany. Moreover, in the Dual Monarchy the parts occupied by Austrian Germans are the weakest and poorest of all. Other portions are continually called on to make up for the deficits that arise in them. For example, Bohemia pays no less than 62.7 per cent of the Austrian taxes, whereas its population is no more than 40 per cent of the total. This disproportion must lead to an antagonism between the various nationalities.

Previous to the war there was always a chance that the industrial development of the country would compensate for the growing interest charges and the growing debt. But after the war, if Austria-Hungary should still exist, industrial and commercial depreciation is bound to set in. The natural markets for Austro-Hungarian products—the Balkans—would be permanently lost to Austria-Hungary, for she is primarily liable for the misery which has befallen the small Balkan states. The commerce of Austria-Hungary would practically die out. Germany, during the war, has accumulated enormous supplies of manufactured products which she intends to release at once upon the conclusion of peace at very low prices in order to reconquer lost markets. But, as the Allied nations are well prepared to combat this influx of German-made goods, Austria-Hungary and Turkey would remain the only markets open to conquest by German commerce. And since the Dual Monarchy is in such bad financial straits, and since her industries are so crippled, German products would have no difficulty in driving her products out of the market. Her industries would virtually cease to exist, for they are in no position to combat German capital. The very thing which Austro-Hungarian statesmen feared before the war would inevitably take place. This

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commercial conquest would then be followed by political domination, and this in turn by a conquest of Bulgaria and Turkey,—and the road from Berlin to Bagdad would then be safe. But the Allies would find no profitable markets in Austria-Hungary after the war, as that country would be a poor buyer. It would be in no position to give sufficient guarantees of prompt payment. The present claims of foreign creditors would become a dead loss in many instances.

On the other hand, if the Central Powers are defeated and Austria is in consequence dismembered, the new independent states formed as a result and such countries as Italy and Rumania, which will regain their co-nationals, will, of course, have to bear the curse of their previous connection with Austria-Hungary. They will have to shoulder heavy economic burdens. But these burdens will be of a temporary nature. Most of these nationalities will recover with ease, and all of them, with the exception of the Magyars and the Germans, will seek to establish relations with the Allies. They will likewise offer the greatest possible resistance to commercial conquest by Germany, and will constitute a natural barrier against German aggression in the Balkans. These states will be unwilling to waste their resources in military establishments, thereby getting rid of the heaviest burden which European states of to-day must bear.

The Czecho-Slovak state that would thus be created will be rich in natural resources, will have many well developed industries, and a sound banking system. It will meet the immediate difficulties with ease, for its wealth will no longer be used to support the decadent dynasty of Vienna, and to make up for the recurrent deficit of other portions of the monarchy. The old antagonism between the Czecho-Slovaks and the Germans and Magyars is the most reliable guarantee of the opposition of the Czecho-Slovaks to German expansion in the East. It is well known that the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary is in accord with the aims of the Allies, who have stated that the liberation of subject

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nationalities and their free development was one of their aims. A Czecho-Slovak state will also fit into an economic programme following the war.

A policy of compromise with reference to the Austro-Hungarian problem would be the most serious blunder American statesmanship could commit. This would be akin to the blunder of European statesmanship which has permitted the Turk to remain in Europe for so long a time. For be it remembered that the Austro-Hungarian problem is the Turkish question in another form. Just as Turkey gradually disintegrated, so Austria is gradually disintegrating. Since 1866 she has been simply a German vassal state, and it is Berlin that makes possible the German and Magyar domination. This is a situation which requires not palliative measures, but a radical operation, to wit, a complete removal of this festering sore from the centre of Europe. If war is the continuation of politics, the strategy of war must be brought into accord with the political objectives sought. The military mistakes of the Allies in southeastern Europe were due to their failure to realize the importance of the Balkan and Austrian problems. Their view of these problems of late has been rectified. It will be well for America not only to learn to avoid the purely military mistakes of the Allies, but also to learn from them the necessity of clear political thinking in international matters. A condition of such clear political thinking is an appreciation of the real nature of the structure which goes by the name of Austria-Hungary: that it is not even a state, since it has become a tool of Germany; that at most it is a government and a very poor one at that; that it is an anachronism, a survival of mediaevalism, an organization without a ruling idea, purely dynastic and artificial; that it has no place in the modern world; that its very existence is a denial of the principles for which America to-day stands.

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COSSACK OR REPUBLICAN?

By Wilbur C. Abbott

IT has now been almost precisely a hundred years since the first Napoleon gave utterance to his famous prophecy that "in a century Europe would be all Cossack or all Republican,"—all democracy or all autocracy. The appointed term is nearly fulfilled, and we hang upon the answer. Europe itself is rent with the tremendous convulsion, which has risen in scope and intensity beyond all conflicts since the world began. The whole earth is stirring to take its part in a struggle which staggers the imagination, and bids fair to surpass the bounds of human endurance and even of human understanding. Shrewd as he was, not even the great emperor could foresee what direction the conflict was to take, or predict its outcome. But standing, as he did, at the stupendous turning-point between the old order and the new—half enlightened despot, half democrat, and wholly child of revolution as he was,—he had prescience of the inevitable contest for supremacy between those principles of liberty and absolutism of which his career was the result and which he, in no small degree, personified. We have arrived at the end of the period which he set as the limit for the final trial of strength—and we confront the riddle of Napoleon. Is it to be Cossack or Republican?

But the problem, as the past three years have revealed with uncompromising clearness, is not so simple as it was at first conceived, and far from as simple as the emperor imagined. For the world has moved forward since he ceased to dominate its destinies. There is still a widespread and powerful feeling that upon the decision of arms—let us say on the western front—hangs the issue between autocracy and democracy. In no small measure this is true; but it is not the whole

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truth. For if one inevitable conclusion above all others has been forced upon thinking men since this war began, it is that, far beyond the fighting line, there has been, and there still is a conflict of forces, for the most part imponderable, upon which, scarcely less than upon the result of the appeal to arms, hangs the future of political and social affairs throughout the world. If the Allies are defeated, there can hardly be any doubt that the cause of popular government will receive a tremendous set-back. But even if they win, they will find the world about them changed in ways scarcely conceivable five years ago, and their armies will return to nations already revolutionized. The Germans, it has been observed, set out to alter the world, and, if they have not accomplished their design in the way they hoped and planned, even their failure will leave us in a situation and with a group of ideas and conditions profoundly altered from those with which we entered the conflict.

Of this there are two striking instances—to choose two out of many. No one can reflect upon the state of affairs before the war without realizing that the present government of Germany threw away the greatest opportunity for world domination which any power ever had. The German people seemed in a fair way to conquer us all by their marvellous organization, their patient industry, their scientific efficiency. They had, consciously and unconsciously, applied the principles of autocracy, of enlightened despotism and perfected bureaucracy, to the social and economic side of life. They had gone far towards what they have come to call industrial militarism. They had established new standards of national and state existence of which the army was one manifestation, and the economic organization was the other. They were rapidly realizing an ideal of a state as a fighting mechanism, which went forth conquering in the world of business as well as that of arms.

But the cup was dashed from their lips. At the moment when it seemed that they faced every prospect of success in

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this commercial conquest of the world, the short-sighted party of the sword proved too strong, and, for whatever reason, the nation plunged into war. The vast development of commerce and industry was not only brought to an end for the time being; the rest of the nations were suddenly awakened to a keen realization of what German industrialism had meant, and whither it was leading. They were not merely inspired, they were compelled, to take measures towards economic independence. In almost every department of industry they took steps to replace the products for which they had before the war trustingly, one might almost say confidingly, relied on Germany. And among the profoundest results of the present conflict will be, unquestionably, a series of declarations of economic independence, which will have the same effect in the economic world as the series of revolutions which, a century ago, brought new states into existence in the western hemisphere to redress the balance of the old European political system.

It is no mere fancy, this extension into the field of economics of those principles of nationalism which have long since made themselves dominant in politics. Now that war has become industrialized, it is apparent that, if nations are to retain even their political independence, they must provide, as Germany has long since provided, not merely an army, but an industrial strength capable of defense against the aggressions of other powers in peace no less than in war, unless some better way be devised to assure world peace. And this is one of the great lessons we have learned from the conflict.

The second is not unlike the first; and it is at once even more and less obvious. It lies primarily in the field of politics. If there is one thing more astonishing than all others in the United States during the past six months, it is the extraordinary conflict we have witnessed between the principle of liberty and that of equality. On the face of affairs nothing could have seemed not merely less probable but less con-

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ceivable than any antagonism between doctrines which, to most men's minds, seem so correlated if not so inseparable as these. It has now been a hundred and thirty-eight years since the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia concluded its labors in forming that momentous document which founded a new nation and a new state, and gave to political theory and practice new form and new direction. At the same moment there gathered at Versailles that body of men destined to bring forth no less far-reaching changes in the world's affairs, and, as the National Assembly, to inaugurate those tremendous events which we know as the French Revolution.

Both groups were dominated by the principles of the dreamer Rousseau, who, "ignorant of politics and society alike, managed somehow to revolutionize them both." Each group was inspired by his momentous fallacy of the social contract, that mythical conception of the origin of society and government by agreement between primitive men. This glittering error they transmuted into fact. They were, or they became, in truth, the founders of a new order. The one, filled with the principles of the Declaration of Independence, endeavored, in so far as the practical affairs about them permitted, to ensure "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" to the members of the society whose social contract they drew up. More logical, perhaps more visionary, certainly more liberal, perhaps even more prophetic, and relieved from the incubus of slavery, the founders of modern France committed themselves to their great trinity of "liberty, equality, and fraternity"; and, in no small measure, those principles became the guiding stars of the ensuing generations.

It is not probable that any man, on either side of the water, conceived that there could possibly be any conflict between doctrines which, on their very face, seemed to be so closely united that they were but three expressions of the same great principle. Nor, until this present war began, did it seem

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that any such antagonism could exist. To men then and thereafter it appeared that the great object to be attained was that liberty of the individual, that equality of opportunity, that open way for the talents, which is the mark of what we recognize to-day as a free society. Napoleon declared, when he ascended the imperial throne, that he came to preserve the fruits of the Revolution; and, in no small degree, he was accepted on those terms. Wherever French influence spread, it carried with it those immortal principles. Equality before the law, equality in taxation, the right of free speech and religious toleration; however these were maimed or modified under the Napoleonic rule, they remained a tangible gain to the cause of humanity and political progress. It is indeed pathetic to see how the early reformers believed that, were political power transferred to the people, all virtues would be added unto them, and government would be miraculously purified.

But to these there was added, almost at once, another element. The armies of Prussia and Austria were launched against those daring spirits who had defied the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and Jacobin became a word of anathema to half Europe. By their own excess of zeal the men who had thrown into the arena the head of a king as a gage of battle to their enemies, found the number of those enemies increased. It was necessary, if their principles and power were to be maintained, that every element of strength in the nation should be thrown into the scale; and there ensued, in consequence, an era of absolutism such as France had never known. Every district, almost every individual, was called upon, in that supreme crisis, to sacrifice goods, if necessary life, for the cause. And from that fiery trial emerged a principle that, scarcely less than those great ideals for which they fought, took its place in European life. It was the principle of general compulsory military service.

It took the form of what we know as conscription; the choosing of a certain proportion of those capable of bearing

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arms for the military service of the state; and it was, at first, a measure of self-preservation. As the Continent plunged into a quarter of a century of conflict, this emergency expedient hardened into a rule of national life, and by its use, joined to the genius of Napoleon, France was enabled to confront a world in arms with every prospect of success. At first no other states adopted it. Almost without exception they relied upon the old royal system of a professional army, with what recruits could be persuaded or compelled to join its ranks. And, one by one, they sank before French power. Such was the history of the first decade and a half of the war against Napoleon.

That period reached its climax with the defeat of Prussia, who, proud of the traditional system established by the great Frederick, having learned nothing and forgotten nothing in the generation since his death, refused to aid her neighbors, and courted catastrophe in her blind self-confidence. Upon her outworn system the blow fell at Jena, and in one day the army of Frederick the Great was crushed by the army of Napoleon. In the ensuing years Prussia reaped the bitter fruit of her rulers' inept and selfish policy, their fatuous complacency, and their obstinate reactionary spirit. And, had it not been for the genius of a handful of men, no one of them Prussian by birth, she might well have declined into that position of a secondary power whence Frederick's genius and his unscrupulousness had raised her.

Upon the conquered state Napoleon imposed not merely an indemnity but a limitation of armament. Had his foresight gone one step farther, he might have gained his purpose. But, with an army restricted to some forty thousand men, the leaders of Prussia adopted and extended the French system. They added to it the principle of universal obligation for every man capable of bearing arms, and that of short-term service with the colors. Thus, within a few years, they were able to put into the field a force virtually commensurate with the able-bodied population of the land, liter-

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ally the nation in arms. In such fashion was the modern system of military service born.

It did not, indeed, extend beyond the Prussian frontiers for many years, and even then it played no great part for a full generation after the fall of Napoleon. Only when, after the repression of the movements towards liberalism, and the failure of those German revolutionary activities of 1830 and 1848 before the strength of the Prussian arms, did there arise another group of men, this time chiefly Prussian by birth, able and daring enough to use the force thus created. In the twenty years between 1850 and 1870 the genius of Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon enlarged, developed, and put into action the weapon thus forged. First Denmark, then Austria and her allies among the North German states, then France, felt the weight of Prussian ambitions backed by Prussian arms. Prussia became the mistress of Germany, in fact and name. And, seeing not only the advantage of her military system, but, still more, its danger to themselves, every great continental state hastened to adopt her military policy; and the age of great national armaments began.

Only the Anglo-Saxon powers held aloof. Among them the dread of military establishments was too strong, the love of individual, or what they knew as civil, liberty too great; and they remained, protected by their distance or their sea-power, or both, apart from this movement. To them the loss involved in the Prussian system seemed greater than the gain; and they were, almost alone among world powers, opposed to either conscription or universal compulsory short-term service. Then came the present war. Within a month those powers which had adopted the Prussian military system had poured millions of men into the fighting line, millions more were being thrown into the second line of defense; and the whole power of the states at war was being utilized in the conflict.

Not so with England. Her tremendous resources of money and ships were, indeed, put at the service of her allies.

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Her little army, it is not too much to say, gave its life to check the onrush of the German hordes to Paris. Her navy swept German commerce from the seas, made the ocean a highway for the Allies, and began to choke the life out of the Central Empires. But England, like the United States, was organized not for war but for peace. That circumstance is to the minds of most civilized men the highest praise which can be bestowed upon any form of society; but the result was that save for the French army and the English navy, England's national existence would be forfeited to her enemy.

The results of this discovery are fresh in our minds—a huge campaign of education, a still huger campaign for volunteers, incredible mistakes, and the mismanagement inevitable in a democracy primarily constituted not for war but for peace. From that England has emerged with a great army, with an industrial organization transformed from a producer of wealth and welfare into an engine of destruction. Her government, after desperate efforts to preserve its old form and function, has become attuned to the exigencies of self-preservation, and is a virtual despotism by popular consent. It has established the principle of universal service; it has put into effect a rigid censorship; it has taken over the means of production and distribution; and it has become, as it must have become, if it continued to exist at all, a highly centralized and all but despotic autocracy. To preserve the freedom of the nation, it has been obliged to sacrifice, for the time at least, the freedom of the individual.

Now the same problem presents itself to us. Warned by the experience of our allies, the great majority of the country has committed this nation to the principle of conscription. But it has been only in the face of the vigorous opposition of the minority that this has been done. We have seen that minority opposing equality only less than the adherents of liberty have opposed autocracy. Upon such men, the reason which is derived from the bitterest of experience has been

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wasted. It is to be expected that, in a nation devoted to democracy, a multitude of opinions, good, bad, and what is worse, indifferent, should flourish. Yet the fact that the most obvious lesson of the war has made no impression upon so many minds, even though they be a relatively small minority, argues more than the reasons given by the opposition to the policy of the present Administration. It argues something more than even the charges of politics and mischievous pacificism which have been levelled against the champions of non-intervention and the volunteer system. It is partly due to ignorance; perhaps it is more largely due to an inability to comprehend the changes which have come over the world in the past fifty years.

To a sincere man, devoted to the principle of liberty, few things are more abhorrent than coercion by other than moral or intellectual pressure. Any democracy like ours, in consequence, is infinitely more easy-going than any autocracy. We are inclined continually to let things go at loose ends. Especially is this true of a people which, like our own, is recruited from nearly every quarter of the earth. We are continually in fear of offending the susceptibilities of our neighbors. We are continually hedging, compromising, apologizing, until we have elevated our national virtue of good-natured tolerance into a vice. To it are to be ascribed most of the evils which, as a whole, we endure more patiently than any other nation of equal civilization. We have, in John Marshall's words, talked liberty so long that we have forgotten—among other things—government. Until very recently, if one judged merely from surface indications, it might have seemed that we had forgotten that there were still such things in the world as right and wrong.

The result was what might have been expected. When the question arose of raising forces to defend not only our principles but our position as a nation and the perpetuation of our rights, we found ourselves hampered by our traditions, the most sacred of which was liberty. The difficulty which

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we confronted almost at once was two-fold. On the one hand, there was that element known now to all men as "slackers"; on the other, there was the infringement of every man's right to determine for himself his relations to the government to which he owed allegiance. Liberty meant freedom *not* to volunteer, no less than the duty of volunteering. As in England, the best element would hasten to the service of the state, the worst to their own safety or even their profit. Therefore, whatever liberty there was, made for inequality as between the conscientious and self-sacrificing on the one hand, and the selfish exploiters on the other.

That was the practical problem. Behind it lay a greater issue. To the men of the French Revolution, as to their followers since, equality meant chiefly equality of opportunity. To the men who reorganized Prussia, equality meant less equality of opportunity than equality of obligation. To us, as children of the same school as the French, equality meant, if it meant anything—for we have not been forward in talking equality in recent years—the right to vote and have our votes counted, and, outside that, chiefly the right to do anything done by our fellows which was not positively condemned by the courts. In the more modern sense of finance, it did not even mean equality of taxation. It did not dawn on the intelligence of most men, certainly, that liberty and equality, so far from being correlated phenomena, might possibly become the most deadly of antagonists. For we had considered not obligation but merely opportunity.

Suddenly we have been awakened to the real meaning of the doctrines we have long professed. Unconsciously—doubtless, did they know the truth, most unwillingly,—the Prussians have made us alive to the deeper meaning of our own belief. They have driven us to its logical conclusion. They have imposed upon us the equality of obligation as well as that of opportunity. And this much, at least, they have done for the great principles of the revolutionary age. They have repaid the hard lesson of Napoleon, with interest.

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Nor is this all. If there has been one danger more apparent than all others to those who have had the cause of popular rule most at heart during the past three years, it is the possibility that the peculiar situation produced by the war shall somehow maintain itself in the ensuing years of peace. Men have been dubious of democracy's ability to stand the supreme test, yet fearful of losing it. Inspired advocates of German domination have contended that there was a sharp antithesis between, not liberty and autocracy, but between liberty and efficiency. To every argument advanced for popular government, they opposed arguments, not for despotism, but for the superiority of Germany's form of government based upon that attention to detail, that organization, that far-sighted policy of developing national resources and abilities, which they conceived to be possible only under such government as Germany possessed, an autocratic, bureaucratic despotism.

There was much to be said for their case—and they said it all. Germany was well governed, in certain particulars; it had grown rich and powerful; it surpassed most other states in a variety of ways not necessary to enumerate here. But why? To the mind steeped in Prussianism there was but one answer possible. It was the government! To this two objections at once present themselves. The first is that there are two kinds or degrees of efficiency; the one like theirs, which, for want of a better name, we may call mechanical; the other of a less tangible quality, easily recognized, but hard to define, the efficiency of the individual as opposed to the corporate efficiency of the community. It is not possible here—perhaps it is not possible at all—to determine which of these is the more to be desired. But it is very apparent that what we call the spirit of liberty aligns itself rather with individual than with communal efficiency. And to that school, rightly or wrongly, we belong. And the second answer is not unlike the first. It is that we still await the proof that the desirable factors in the position which the

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Germans have attained, are due wholly or even in considerable part to their form of government. That is an assumption which, like too many assumptions proceeding from the same source, remains a dogma rather than a provable proposition.

In the past forty-six years the German Empire, and individuals within it, have grown rich. So has England, so has France, so has the United States, so has Belgium, so has every nation which has felt the quickening power of the new industrialism. Germany has built a navy, and taken her share of sea-going commerce—as have other states. She has played a part in world politics—to what end and for what purposes we have seen. She has acquired colonies—as have we all. And though it is an assumption incapable of proof that she would have done these same things by virtue of the strength and abilities of her people had the plans of the men of 1848 been carried out, and the nation been unified as a liberal rather than a Prussianized Germany, it is scarcely more of an assumption than the attribution of her recent eminence to the Hohenzollern dynasty.

So stands the argument after three years of conflict and controversy. It is too soon to say that either side has won, that Europe is yet all Cossack or all Republican. It is quite possible that Napoleon's prophecy will not come true, whichever side emerges victorious. It is impossible to say as yet what Germany has learned, if she has learned anything, from her enemies. But it is by no means improbable that the succeeding years will demonstrate that despotism, and not efficiency, is the antithesis of liberty; as it has been fully proved to the Allies that liberty and equality are not synonymous. It is all but inconceivable that, whatever the outcome of the war, those nations which have tasted the sweets of liberty will revert to absolutism in despair at the obvious difficulties of government by the people. It is not inconceivable that those which have tasted the bitter fruits of autocracy, with all its efficiency, may long for greater

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equality of opportunity to manage the concerns in which they are so deeply interested, and be willing to exchange some of that equality of obligation, to which they have sacrified so much, for the right to make their own mistakes.

It is not probable, therefore, that we shall see Europe all Cossack or all Republican. It is far more probable that, in the great resolution of events, each shall learn something from the other; that to liberty we shall join greater efficiency, and that to efficiency Germany will add far greater liberty than her people have enjoyed under Prussian domination. Possibly, in view of Russia and Austro-Hungary, Turkey, and some of the less civilized peoples of the earth, the conclusion may be forced upon men that there is no essential recipe for industrial and social efficiency and supremacy to be found in despotism, even that of the Hohenzollerns. Possibly from this conflict there may emerge a suspicion that the virtues claimed for that house and its adherents may be found among the German people themselves rather than in its autocracy. And it may well be that, whatever the fate of the contending elements, men may differentiate between the accidental and the fundamental elements of greatness; that, like France, we may become military but not obsessed with dreams of conquest; like England, we may sacrifice the lesser for the greater good; like the United States, we shall still endeavor to maintain "justice, tranquillity, welfare, and liberty"; and "make democracy safe." And if that be idealism, let us all make the most of it.

Finally, so far as we in the United States are particularly concerned, this means more than mere generalities. The establishment, even the safety, of a democratic form of government is not enough. If it is to survive, it must prove itself superior; for it is only too evident that if the Cossack can prove the better and more efficient of the two, he will at least share honors with the Republican. And in this connection there may be adduced two illustrations of the problems which confront any society that, like our own, stands for

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equality as well as liberty. The first is the question of naturalization. If there has been one problem which, apart from the actual conflict of arms, has caused the champions of liberty in this present war an incalculable amount of trouble, it is the laxness of their methods in permitting the unregulated residence of unnaturalized aliens among them. If there is one source of danger to this country which has thus far surpassed all others since this conflict began, it is the presence of uncounted masses who have taken advantage of our liberty of opportunity but have proved careless, or unwilling, or even resentful, in the matter of obligation towards the nation which provides them a living. Their presence and the tolerance with which they have been treated, have been due to economic causes, the insistent demand of employers for labor. But it is apparent that states cannot live by economics alone, and that, if we are to survive as a nation, we must compel some recognition of the rights of government—possibly naturalization after a term of years—as well as the rights of employers in the introduction and the status of aliens.

The second is the age-long problem of the exploiter; the man who sees in every circumstance of life, even in national danger, only the opportunity to better his own fortunes. In this we are not alone. No people, no form of government, has ever been free from this ineradicable enemy of society. The qualities which produce him lie deep in human nature. He is impervious to the plea of obligation, he is almost beyond the power of the state to control. Even in Germany he has been the subject of violent attack. But if the cause cannot be reached by legislation, if it can be only mitigated by education, its results can at least be minimized. It gives one heart and new belief in human nature and democracy to see how many of the greater leaders of industry have put their services, even their machinery of production, at the disposal of the government. But it is more than questionable whether the volunteer system is any more desirable in the industrial field than it is in military affairs, or would be,

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let us say, in taxation. For there, especially, we have not merely slackers; we have men who, not content with their own immunity, propose to turn the nation's necessity, even the generous impulses of their fellows, into capital.

That problem, like the question of unnaturalized aliens, has been faced, and largely settled, by the warring nations of Europe, on the same principle as military service—equality of obligation. The people have learned the lesson of despotism. "The state!" Louis the Fourteenth is reported to have said, "I am the state"; and, whatever the truth of that old saying, the sacrifice of the individual to the state as expressed in the wishes of its rulers has been the dominant note of the autocracies. "The state!" the democracies may now well retort, "We are the state." And to the general good the individual interest must be sacrificed.

So far have we come in our thinking, and largely in our practice, as the result of the great conflict. But thought and practice alike may be pushed too far. From such a position there is a danger that, when the conflict is over, one of two results may follow. The one is the continuance of the spirit thus aroused into a despotism of democracy, which is scarcely less dangerous than the despotism of a ruling house. The other is a powerful reaction against the whole system engendered by the war, and a revulsion towards a still more lax democracy. Either is to be deplored; and it will be the task of statesmanship to find that middle way between these two extremes in which, as in all human affairs, there lies the only safety. But of this we may be sure. Whatever the outcome, Cossack, or Republican, or neither, the world will never be the same again, in thought or practice, government or society. It is our task to see that, in so far as possible, we shall make it something better.

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THE SCIENCE OF CITIZENSHIP

By Ellsworth Huntington

WE talk continually about good citizenship. We believe that because America is the land of opportunity and equality good citizens can be made out of almost any sort of raw material. We point with justifiable pride to men and women who have come to us poor and oppressed and have suddenly blossomed into citizens of the utmost ability and usefulness. We exult in the efficiency with which our citizens engage in their daily work. In our joy over these achievements we are apt to forget that, so far as real national life is concerned, America is still extremely youthful. We are at the beginning, not the end, of a great experiment in immigration and self-government. While striving diligently to give our citizens a proper education and full opportunity to develop, thus far we have paid little attention to the raw material from which citizens are made. We have had only an empirical art of citizenship instead of a science, although this is an age of science. War of late has been transformed from an empirical art to one of the most highly developed sciences. Citizenship must follow suit or our great experiment will prove a colossal failure.

The science of citizenship has failed to be properly developed because two of its three component factors, namely, heredity and physical environment, have not received the recognition accorded to the third, which is training in the broadest sense of the word. Where millions of dollars are devoted to educational, religious, and philanthropic institutions whose main object is to train people, only hundreds or tens are devoted to improving the hereditary endowment of our citizens and to overcoming the effect of the adverse features of our physical environment. Consider how little

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we know about heredity. The new branch of biology called eugenics, which deals with man as a creature having a good or bad inheritance, is doing wonderful work in determining the complex effects of heredity and of racial mixture, but its most devoted adherents do not pretend to have made more than a beginning in solving the complicated problem of aliens in America. How much do we know, for example, of the effect of intermarriage among various races such as Swedes, Turks, Irish, Greeks, Poles, Hindus, Jews, and Finns? Among domestic animals we do not permit certain crosses because harmful characteristics appear, while we encourage others because they give rise to qualities that are highly favorable. If the same principle applies among men, it is of primary importance in relation to the quality of our citizens. When we know the exact truth, public opinion will learn to frown on certain types of marriages while others will be favored.

The relation of geographic environment to man's physical, mental, and moral calibre is understood even less clearly than the relation of heredity. Thus far the geographer scarcely knows whether the negro is black because he lives in Africa, or lives in Africa because he is black. A new geography, however, is now growing up. It is beginning to discover how physical environment influences human character not only through indirect means such as food, clothing, houses, disease, and economic and industrial conditions, but also directly through the effect of temperature, humidity, electrical conditions, and the like, upon energy and will power. The botanists of America have recently organized a society for the study of a new science called ecology, that is, the science of the effect of physical environment upon plants. Geography lags behind botany on the ecological side, but in a few decades human ecology will, doubtless, become a well-developed science, and will rank with eugenics as one of the two pillars of the science of citizenship.

Above the pillars of the science of citizenship lies the entablature in the form of training or education. The

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structure is crowned by the rich pediment of human institutions, character, and ideals. The pediment represents what people do after they have been trained; the pillars represent what people are apart from their training; while the entablature between them may be taken as symbolizing all the education—whether good or bad—that a citizen receives from birth to death. Unlike eugenics and ecology, the science of education is hoary with age although its youth is constantly being renewed. This is natural, for attempts at practical application almost always precede the study of scientific principles. Medicine, for example, was for ages a purely empirical art of healing, whose main object was to scrutinize the patient's symptoms and devise methods of increasing his comfort and restoring his health. It corresponded to the process of improving citizenship solely by training. At a later stage, the science of medicine began to discover the fundamental bacteria, toxins, and other hidden agencies whose action ultimately causes the symptoms. This has broadened, not lessened, the importance of the art of healing, and now the healer often does his work before the disease has had time to make the patient suffer. To-day the science of citizenship stands on the brink between an empirical past and a scientific future. Eugenics and human ecology are opening our eyes to new and vital laws regarding human character. When these are brought into the right relation to training, we may expect that the general character of our citizens will change as much as has the general health of the community during the last half-century.

This desirable change can come only through a thorough understanding of the vital part played by heredity and physical environment in determining the way in which our citizens cast their votes, conduct themselves in office, carry on their daily work, and perform other acts which influence the general welfare. As to heredity, there can be no doubt that because of immigration the inheritance of physical, mental, and moral calibre with which the average child starts

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life in the United States is rapidly changing. How much of the change is for good and how much for ill? Where it is for ill, are the agencies of environment and training able to counteract it? Obviously, these questions are of vital importance, but there is no agreement as to the answers. There cannot be such agreement until we know far more of the actual facts.

The Anglo-Saxons are the oldest element of our population. Surely we ought to know how far they are inheriting the character of their ancestors. Yet the opinions of men who deserve attention are widely divided. For instance, Professor Ross in his interesting book, "The Old World in the New," speaks most emphatically of the importance of the early Anglo-Saxon stock both in the past and the future: "It is well to state again in living terms what part the coming of the best of the English Puritans bore in building up the American people. As history makers, those who will suffer loss and exile rather than give up an ideal that has somehow taken hold of them are well-nigh as unlike ordinary folk as if they had dropped from Mars. As surely as one-fourth of us are still of the blood of the twenty thousand Puritans who sought the wilderness between 1618 and 1640, so surely are there ideals not yet risen above the horizon that will inspire Americans in the generations to come." But are one-fourth of us really of the blood of the Puritans? In will power and idealism is that fourth equal to its ancestors? Will even a tenth of our citizens belong to that strong old stock after a hundred years? Many people think that already the descendants of the early English settlers have lost their importance.

Those of us who bear old English colonial names may comfort ourselves by the words of President Eliot: "I have passed all my life in New England, and eight successive generations of my forbears lived there. I am glad . . . to bear testimony that the New England of to-day is the genuine offspring of the Puritan New England." Of

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course, President Eliot is speaking figuratively, for he is not ignorant of either the race or nature of Boston's city government. To a certain degree, however, his words are borne out by one of the few exact investigations that have been made along this line. In the preface of "Who's Who," the people mentioned in that volume are tabulated according to their place of birth. A comparison of these figures with the population of the various States at the time when the people mentioned in "Who's Who" were born, shows that Massachusetts has unquestionably produced vastly more than her proportion of the men who have made America what it is. Connecticut and Rhode Island have followed closely on her heels, while the northern New England States have much more than held their own as compared with the rest of the country. Even New York with all its possibilities ranks lower than any New England State, and but half as high as Massachusetts. The only satisfactory explanation seems to be that New England was settled by the strong-willed Pilgrim Fathers and by other Puritans who fled to the wilderness to maintain their high ideals, and that heredity has preserved some of their best qualities. It has been a fad to decry puritanism, but people of Puritan descent have undeniably taken the foremost place. Apparently they have done so because they inherit the strength of mind which made it possible to develop their stern conscientious system and carry out their noble purposes in spite of temptation and opposition.

In the face of this conclusion, it is disconcerting to find that a comparison of the older and younger men in "Who's Who" shows an unmistakable decline in New England. Westward migration of New Englanders and the incoming of foreigners may possibly offer an adequate explanation, but Colonel Woodruff suggests another solution which, if true, is most ominous. He holds the early Puritans in as high esteem as do President Eliot and Professor Ross, but he believes that to-day the old Puritan stock is decadent

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and its power is gone. In Massachusetts it may still be a vital force; but, in general, it is not touching the main currents of the nation's life. The new environment of America has been too much for it. Generation by generation, so he says, it has grown weaker in physique, more neurotic, less prolific. Its scions have strength only by accident or where intermixture with a stronger strain of more recent immigrants has, as it were, given a new basis for a revival of the old power.

Such diverse opinions indicate that here is a problem of heredity which touches citizenship most intimately. Whichever view of the early English settlers is correct, the political future of the United States is vitally concerned. If a strong element like the Puritans is dying out or is failing to transmit its strength by heredity, our citizenry is being weakened where it can least stand the strain. It behooves us to see whether we are replenishing the elements which led America upward over the stony paths of the early days. If heredity, on the other hand, is so tremendously powerful that the Puritan stock in spite of its dilution is still dominant in ideals and in achievement, it is well to ask ourselves whether heredity in weaker, duller stocks may not be flooding our country with elements that will always remain inert and sodden in spite of all the opportunities that we can offer.

How much do we know of the mental calibre passed on by inheritance to the children of the Swedish and German immigrants of the last twenty-five years, compared with those of similar races at earlier times? How does the inherited calibre of our present English, Polish, Sicilian, Jewish, Swiss, Armenian, and other immigrants compare with that of the Huguenots, Quakers, and Scotch Calvinists of two or three centuries ago? We know that more "common" laborers and peasants and fewer "skilled" laborers and people of higher ranks are coming now than in the past. In our kindness of heart we say: "Let them come. It is our mission to keep our doors wide open to all but the

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criminal and the imbecile." But what if these recent comers average so low that even the best environment cannot produce among them high-minded, strong-willed leaders and idealists? What if their inheritance mingled with ours is bound to drag us slowly downward?

I do not mean that this is necessarily the case; I wish merely to raise a question. No one can answer it convincingly. The answer can be given only after many investigators have worked for decades on a large scale and along permanent lines. Only a great privately endowed institution can do this work. The government cannot. Our present Immigration Bureau is doing much work of high character which will help along these lines. If it should begin, however, to publish the kind of results here aimed at, political pressure would stop its mouth at once. Congressman Weaknee would fear the Polish vote, and Senator Expediency the Greeks. Our government is so "popular" that it almost inevitably is a follower not a leader. Private institutions are needed to break new ground, bear the criticism, and prove the value of such undertakings. When at last the value of the work and the methods of carrying it on are proved, the government can be trusted to run it, and the private institutions can go on to something new.

If we know little of the power of heredity in determining the calibre of our citizens, we know even less of environment. Part of us talk about our duty to humanity, our mission to teach self-government, our need of a constant supply of cheap labor, and the solvent power of American institutions. The rest of us point out the degradation of many of our immigrants, their stupidity and lawlessness, and the way in which they herd in slums, and form stagnant pools on the farms or at the mines. One side upbraids the other for lack of the milk of human kindness, and the other cries out that we are forever ruining the inheritance of our children. But what is the use of berating one another when we do not yet know how far the new environment has power to alter traits

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that have seemed to be hereditary? Would any reader of this magazine dare affirm that he knows exactly what effect the climate, food, housing conditions, and occupations of America have upon the body and mind of a Hindu, a Chinese, a Hungarian, or even an Irishman or Englishman?

Consider the complexity of the problem. Professor Boas of Columbia University tells us that when long-headed Sicilians come to this country their children inherit long heads, but the heads are less elongated than those of their parents. Broad-headed Jews from western Russia, on the other hand, are said to have children whose heads, though broad, are less broad than those of the parents. In other words, a change of environment seems to cause this particular bodily characteristic to alter so that it approaches a distinctly American type, less extreme than either the Jews or the Sicilians. Other authorities assure us that here in America the negro, even without intermixture with the white race, has changed so much that his very features are less negroid than when he first came from Africa, while the diseases to which he is subject are less characteristic than formerly, and largely conform to those of the white man. Still others assert positively that after Anglo-Saxons have been in the United States several generations, their hair tends to become straight and dark, their complexion deepens, and their features take on a certain ruggedness.

Again we are told that the United States lies so much farther south than Europe that the sunlight is here too strong for the fair-skinned Anglo-Teutonic race. We are warned that for this reason the old New England stock is decadent even in the home of the Puritans, and that elsewhere conditions are still worse, so that our leaders now come from recent immigrant stocks who have not yet suffered from their lack of climatic adaptation. For the same reason our athletic records are said to be made by the children of new-comers from Europe. Down South, so they say, it is only a question of time before the white man as a perma-

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nent inhabitant becomes engulfed in a multitude of brown men. From latitudes 35° to 45°, where most of our great cities are located, the olive Mediterranean type will supposedly prevail, while only in the extreme north of the United States and in Canada can people of genuine English, German, Scandinavian, or northern French stock persist.

A less extreme view holds that the United States is so diverse that there are portions where almost every race can thrive. Yet in the South, less energy and initiative are to be expected than elsewhere, while in the North, the stimulating climate may do harm as well as good by arousing people of weak mentality to pernicious activity. When people from northern Europe settle in the South, the weaker families are likely to degenerate into "poor whites." Education and the eradication of evils like the hookworm disease may raise the level of such people, but cannot wholly counteract the effect of climate. Thus unless we discover new means of instilling them with energy we shall still be in danger from a large number of inefficient and unambitious voters, too lazy to take the trouble to overcome their prejudices. In the North, on the contrary, even though the conditions are in general favorable to people from northern Europe, the extremely invigorating climate with its trying changes of seasons, often drives the more active-minded individuals into nervous diseases, or induces such activity that heart trouble becomes prevalent. Thus many of the strongest elements are thought to be reduced in number, to the great detriment of citizenship.

To sum up the effect of environment, careful students generally agree that when races from other habitats come to the United States they are subjected to a physiological stress which gradually alters their physical and mental characteristics. Many people believe that ultimately a type like the American Indians or else like the Mediterranean races will predominate. Others totally deny this, but do not dispute that some sort of change is taking place. Whatever

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direction the physiological change may take, an equally marked change of temperament and of mental ability is almost certain to follow. Will this gradually wreck self-government by introducing a taciturn, unsocial type of mind, or a frivolous, unstable type? The authorities answer this question most diversely. Some are highly pessimistic, while others, who are apt to belong to races that desire to prove their right to be here, are equally strong in saying that the change is wholly good. As to why or how a change of either kind occurs there is the wildest disagreement. It is variously attributed to food, climate, diseases, mode of life, occupations, and the "American spirit." Perhaps the ultimate effect is good for some races and bad for others. Possibly it is good for one race in Arizona and another in Maine. We may be ruining millions of good citizens by allowing them to settle in places where they are bound to suffer deterioration because of the physical environment. Our Department of Agriculture spends millions of dollars in investigating questions of this sort in respect to plants and animals, but when it comes to man the government dare not touch many of the most important problems for fear of arousing political rancor. Does any phase of our national life present a more urgent call for effort on the part of private individuals?

This does not mean that there should be any relaxation in our efforts to educate and train our citizens. We all need further education. I flatter myself that I am a good citizen and also intelligent, yet I should hate to be asked for information regarding many matters whereon I have gravely voted. For example, once upon a time I had to vote on a referendum as to two bills providing pensions for policemen and firemen. A few days before election I discovered that such a vote was necessary. The principle sounded good, but I understood that the bills provided for different methods of carrying it into effect. I asked several friends, but they were as ignorant as I. At last I button-holed a

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friend who gave me hope. "You ask old Doc," he said, naming a mutual friend whom we laugh at and admire because he is a reformer and always works on the losing side except when the public at last wakes up and does right. "He told me the police bill was good and the other bad. I think that was it. No, it was the fireman's bill. Better ask him." I did not find old Doc till one day at the club after the election. He loudly and publicly reproached me for having voted exactly wrong.

What I needed was further education—or rather, expert and unprejudiced advice such as will be furnished on all political questions if Mr. Ziegler's proposed Pilgrim Memorial Institute is founded as a fitting celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. I gladly raise my voice in hearty approval of every effort to train our people to be better citizens. But such efforts lose much of their value if they are spent upon a people whose mental and moral calibre is slowly being undermined by the action of heredity and physical environment. Are we not like architects who carve a beautiful frieze unmindful of the fact that it rests on pillars that are misshapen, out of plumb, and set on an uneven foundation?

Few peoples have proportionally larger investments in educational institutions than have the Turks, and the Moslems of Egypt. Thousands of their best men are supported in pleasant idleness in "medressehs" which claim to be schools, but the country reaps no benefit from their supposed studies. We need scarcely fear that we shall ever fall into such mental dulness or lack of initiative as that of the white turbaned "khojas" of the medressehs, but a visit to any of our public schools is enough to arouse apprehension. Listen to the stupid half of a class. Some of the children of that half are in it because of accidents or because they have not yet been rightly trained to bring out their true qualities. The majority, however, owe their inferiority

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to inherited weaknesses, or else to disease and lack of energy for which a wrong environment is responsible. They go out to vote on the gravest of human problems, and to produce more children than the other, brighter half. In order to get rid of such conditions two methods are possible. We can employ the time and talents of many of our brightest men and women in training backward children, carrying on charitable work, and supervising philanthropic activities; and we can set scientists at work to discover first the causes and then the remedies for the physical and especially the mental weaknesses that we continually see around us. Both methods will always be necessary; but every thoughtful person recognizes that in the long run the second is far the more effective. Already our philanthropic agencies are assuming a genuinely scientific character. We need, however, to go much farther in this direction. We need a fuller and more conscious recognition of the fact that citizenship is one of the world's great sciences. Our civic structure cannot be truly beautiful, nor can it even stand securely, unless the pillars receive as much attention as the upper and more ornate portions. It is not too much to say that the value of all our training would be more than doubled if for a few generations we should devote to heredity and environment a tenth—nay, a hundredth—of the effort that now goes into training. Only thus can we know how to shape our future course, and be safe from the decay which has overtaken every great nation in the past.

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THE ROMANTIC IAGO

By Tucker Brooke

"OF Shakespeare's characters," writes Professor Bradley, "Falstaff, Hamlet, Iago, and Cleopatra (I name them in the order of their births) are probably the most wonderful. Of these, again, Hamlet and Iago, whose births come nearest together, are perhaps the most subtle. And if Iago had been a person as attractive as Hamlet, as many thousands of pages might have been written about him, containing as much criticism good and bad."

Now heaven forfend that the mountainous cairn of commentary erected over the bones of him who so infelicitously remarked, "The rest is silence," be ever duplicated. But I am constrained to take up the cudgels against this general imputation of the unattractiveness of Iago and vindicate his place in the sun, beneath the beams of that romantic luminary which so irradiates all his great compeers: Honest Jack, the Prince of Denmark, and the Serpent of old Nile. We are prone to turn our scandalized backs upon Iago and flatter ourselves, as our ancestors have been doing since the days of Samuel Johnson, that the rogue shall never beguile us; and thus we miss the many evidences that Iago was to Shakespeare intensely, even romantically, attractive.

"Evil has nowhere else been portrayed with such mastery as in the character of Iago," Professor Bradley further remarks; and he goes on to declare: "It is only in Goethe's Mephistophiles that a fit companion for Iago can be found. Here there is something of the same deadly coldness, the same gaiety in destruction."

The gaiety in destruction we may admit—more easily in Shakespeare's character perhaps than in Goethe's; but the deadly Mephistophelian coldness of Iago requires establish-

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ment. The difficulty is that what the critics see—this chilly, almost passionless, egoism—is so remarkably at variance with what Iago's companions in the play see in him. The qualities they all recognize are blunt honesty, rough imperturbable good nature, extraordinary cordiality and trustworthiness, hiding under the thinnest mask of cynicism, as in real life they so often do.

Shakespeare is at particular pains to emphasize the unanimity and positiveness of this impression. At the beginning of the third act, by way of preliminary to the great "temptation scene," he favors us with a regular symposium on Iago's character. The witnesses are most varied in experience, attitude of mind, and intimacy of acquaintance. Their evidence is overwhelmingly unanimous and consistent. Says Cassio, the foppish Florentine: "I never knew a Florentine more kind and honest." Says Emilia, Iago's plain-spoken wife: "I warrant it [Cassio's misfortune] grieves my husband, as if the case were his." Says Desdemona: "O, that's an honest fellow!" Says Othello: "This fellow 's of exceeding honesty"; and much more to the same effect.

The words are fully borne out in action. In their trust of Iago all Iago's acquaintance are united. Roderigo lets him have his purse as if the strings were his; Cassio accepts his counsel unhesitatingly; Othello, searching his brain, finds the idea of Iago's insincerity simply unbelievable; Emilia, when finally confronted with irrefragable proof of his duplicity, is thundersmitten, but still incredulous. She turns in deepest indignation to Iago:

> Disprove this villain [Othello] if thou be'st a man:
> He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
> I know thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain:
> Speak, for my heart is full.

It is Iago to whom Othello as a matter of course entrusts the safety of his bride on the voyage to Cyprus; it is he

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from whom Desdemona seeks such amelioration of distress as can be found during her anxiety lest Othello's ship has foundered; and it is Iago—not Gratiano, her uncle, or Lodovico—for whom she sends in her very darkest moment. "Prithee, to-night," she bids Emilia,

> Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;
> And call thy husband hither.

It is Iago of whom she asks her most difficult question, "Am I that name, Iago?" and to whom she most turns for assistance:

> . . . O good Iago,
> What shall I do to win my lord again?
> Good friend, go to him.

Does Shakespeare then wish us to understand that this chilly egoist, this monster of "deadly coldness," has impressed a diametrically false conception of his nature upon his entire circle of acquaintance—upon the observant and the unobservant, upon men and women, upon the most intimate and the most casual associates alike? If so, the less Shakespeare he. Since the principle was so forcibly promulgated by Coleridge, it has been accepted as an axiom of criticism that Shakespeare never makes the claptrap device of surprise a main element in his plays. He does not much avail himself of its meretricious interest in the development of his plots; far less does he in the more essential matter of character. Lincoln's adage that you cannot fool all the people all the time is no more fully verified in life than in the plays of Shakespeare.

This honesty and innate kindliness of Iago, which all the characters in the play vouch for through practically the whole course of the action, can be no melodramatic villain's mask. A man of deadly coldness and natural selfishness does not thus impress his fellows. Shakespeare's plays, indeed, do present us with figures possessing something of

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the Mephistophelian coldness of heart predicated of Iago. Cassius in "Julius Caesar" has suggestions of it; Don John in "Much Ado" has a great deal more. Now what is the general opinion of these characters? Do we find the lean and hungry Cassius a common favorite? Do we find Don John universally trusted and appealed to as a man of exceeding honesty? Can we imagine Portia carrying her troubles to Cassius, or Hero selecting Don John for confidant, as Desdemona selects Iago?

It is evident, I think, that Shakespeare imagined Iago a man of warm sympathetic qualities, begetting confidence in his acquaintances as instinctively and universally as Don John's coldness begot distrust. Can we find in Shakespeare another character possessed of mental qualities like Iago's and exerting a similar influence upon his companions? There is one such, I think.

The adjective inevitably applied to Iago is "honest"; it is the regular epithet also of Falstaff. The coupling of Falstaff and Iago may seem bizarre, and their relation is indeed a kind of Jekyll-Hyde affair; but that Shakespeare saw a likeness seems capable of proof, and each throws welcome light upon the character of the other. We need not dwell long upon their more social aspects, since exigencies of plot, which multiplied scenes of jovial merry-making almost to the point of fatty degeneration in the Falstaff plays, reduced to the minimum the treatment of the corresponding side of Iago. Yet it is clear that Iago, like Sir John, has heard the chimes at midnight and been merry twice and once. Only a seasoned *habitué* of the taverns could talk as he talks in the scene of the arrival at Cyprus and in the brawl scene, or sing as he sings:

> And let me the canakin clink, clink;
> And let me the canakin clink:
> A soldier's a man;
> Oh, man's life's but a span;
> Why, then, let a soldier drink.

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In Iago's intellectual attitude we find reminiscences of Falstaff's way of thinking, just as we find reminiscences of Brutus in Hamlet. Falstaff's famous words on honor are virtually paraphrased in Iago's definition of reputation. "O, I have lost my reputation!" cries the disgraced Cassio. "I have lost the immortal part of myself!" "As I am an honest man," answers Iago, "I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser."

One of Falstaff's most charming propensities is shared by Iago, and by no other character in Shakespeare. It is the trick of mischievously teasing the complaining victim, drawing him on from irritation to positive anger for sheer pride of intellectual superiority; allowing half-derisive confessions of abuse to accumulate till the victim is ready to strike, and then by a dexterous turn of phrase leaping clear away and leaving the dazed antagonist more firmly in his power than before. A good example is the passage in the second part of "Henry IV," where Falstaff is caught slandering Prince Hal and Poins:

Falstaff. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Falstaff. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Falstaff. No abuse, Hal, on mine honor; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Falstaff. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Falstaff. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him.

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Compare Iago, when the long-suffering Roderigo at last turns upon him:

Roderigo. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.
Iago. What in the contrary?
Roderigo. Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago. . . . I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.
Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?
Roderigo. Faith, I have heard too much, and your words and performances are no kin together.
Iago. You charge me most unjustly.
Roderigo. With nought but truth. . . .
Iago. Well; go to, very well.
Roderigo. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.
Iago. Very well.
Roderigo. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.
Iago. You have said now.
Roderigo. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.
Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before.

Falstaff and Iago are indeed Shakespeare's two great studies in materialism. Mentally and morally, they are counterparts. That they affect us so differently is due to the difference between the comic and the tragic environment. Still more it is due to difference in age. Falstaff, with his load of years and flesh, is a static force. Taking his ease at his inn, he uses his caustic materialistic creed and his mastery of moral paradox but as a shield to turn aside the attacks of a more spiritual society. Iago has looked upon the world for only four times seven years. His philosophy is dynamic. It drives him to assume the offensive, to take up arms against what he thinks the stupidity of a too little self-loving world. The flame, which in Falstaff only warms and brightens, sears

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in Iago; but it is much the same kind of flame, and it attracts the same kind of moths. One may even imagine with a mischievous glee the warping and charring of green wit which would have resulted if Prince Hal and Poins had fluttered about Falstaff when he too was twenty-eight and "not an eagle's talon in the waist."

Iago is no more a born devil than Falstaff. He too might have gone merrily on drinking and singing, consuming the substance of two generations of Roderigos, till he too waxed fat and inert and unequivocably comic. His diabolism is an accident, thrust upon him early in the play, when in seeking to convince Roderigo of his hate for Othello he convinces himself likewise, and suddenly finds himself over head and ears in the depths of his own egoism, vaguely conscious that he is being used for the devil's purposes, but incapable either of shaping the direction or checking the progress of his drift. There is, indeed, something suggestive of demoniacal possession in the way Iago yields during the first two acts to influences which he recognizes as diabolical, but cannot at all understand. He whispers:

> I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and Night
> Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light;

and again:

> . . . 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
> Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

What he should say is not "I have 't," but "It has me." Shakespeare is peculiarly careful to exclude the possibility of anything like cold calculation or preconception of purpose.

Iago's ruin results from two by-products of his Falstaffian materialism. In the first place, the materialistic theory of life corrodes the imagination. In Iago's case, as in Falstaff's, it cuts its victim off from his future and ultimately severs his bond of sympathy with his fellows. It leaves him

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only the sorry garden patch of present personal sensation. There, indeed, the will can fitfully play the gardener, as Iago boasts, "plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many"; but it cannot range with large discourse or labor serenely towards a future harvest.

A natural corollary is that the materialist makes large and ever larger demands upon the present. Like the clown in Marlowe's "Faustus," when he buys his shoulder of mutton so dear, he "had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it." Ennui grows constantly more unendurable and more unavoidable. Falstaff's life is a series of desperate escapes from boredom; it is for this that he joins the Gadshill party, that he volunteers for the wars. It is for this that he so carefully husbands Shallow: "I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions." And Falstaff thinks with rueful envy of the capacity of romantic youth for sensation: "O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders!"

It is for this that Iago so carefully secures Roderigo and his well-filled purse to spice his life in Cyprus. To avoid tedium is the great purpose of his existence, and truly his efforts are heroic. The brawl scene, with all its sinister potentialities, is for him a triumphant campaign against the blues. When at the close of the second act he looks up into the coming dawn and reviews the doings of the night, he is simply grateful for the anodyne he has ministered to himself. "By the mass," he exclaims, "'tis morning. Pleasure and action make the hours seem short." Be the future what it may, five hours have been saved from dulness!

Of course, Iago clings to a plot which offers such relief. Of course, his narcotized sensibilities prevent him from understanding the exquisite poignancy of others' feelings. Jealousy, we gather, is for him a welcome, though nearly

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exhausted, source of distraction, offering him the alleviation a man with toothache may get when he bites his finger. How should he know Othello? And so he allows his dread of inactivity, his incorrigible craving for sensation, to drive him on through the temptation scene and all its, to him, fantastic consequences. His plot succeeds so well because he really has no plot. He dances from one mischievous suggestion to another with the agility and unsearchable purposefulness of a sleep-walker.

For Shakespeare, and the Elizabethans, less touchy than we about the particular ideals he shatters, I think Iago was distinctly attractive. Never, probably, was he more delightful to his companions than while his wild scheme spins through his irresponsible brain. Never, doubtless, did he more impress them with his "honesty," his lively, capable, warm-hearted geniality. His spirit is fired with "pleasure and action," and he is almost light-headed. His case is just the converse of Hamlet's. In one play we have the problem of the exhilarated materialist, in the other the problem of the soured idealist.

Shakespeare is a great believer in the school of experience, and his tragedies commonly teach the lessons of that school. Lear is a notable instance; Iago is another. His crusted materialism fails to stand the test of actual practice to which he puts it. Pitted against the idealism of those whom Iago thinks fools, it is first pierced and then broken. When he makes his speech about reputation in the second act, he is no doubt quite honest; the contrary feeling of Cassio awakes his genuine surprise and irritation. But Cassio's is evidently a real feeling and one that challenges consideration. The next morning he paraphrases the idealistic conception:

> Good name in man, and woman, dear my lord,
> Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

He employs the sentiment, of course, for his own purposes, and perhaps with inward derision, but the day before, he

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would hardly have believed it could exist in reasonable men. To express the idea at all throws open a window of the soul. Another window is opened when his wife unwittingly presents him with his moral photograph:

> I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
> Some busy and insinuating rogue,
> Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
> Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Suddenly he sees himself in the new spiritual light which things are taking on, and he recoils incredulous:

> Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Last scene of all, we hear Iago in his final soliloquy, hedged about by the desperate perils which his own moral obtuseness has drawn upon him. Only by homicide of the wildest sort can he hope to escape, but he reasons, with a weary detachment, of his chances, and he offers as a chief inducement to the reckless game the new motive of shame:

> . . . If Cassio do remain,
> He hath a daily beauty in his life
> That makes me ugly.

Even the "counter-caster," Cassio, whose one admirable trait is his selfless hero-worship of Othello, now seems clothed in a beauty of character which makes the materialist hate himself and drives him to desperate courses. How impossible such an attitude would be to the scornful Iago of the first acts! We have thus a measure of the moral awakening of Iago. His very crimes lead him to a purer sense of the values of life. As elsewhere—in "Lear," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar"—the poet's doctrine is that false principles, if left free play, will undo themselves and work their own refutation.

We need a spectroscope for Shakespeare. Our percep-

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tion of Iago is blurred by the glow of sympathy we feel for Othello and for Desdemona. But in so far as we can eliminate these two luminous figures from our view, we can see the outlines of what I fancy was the poet's original idea, the tragedy of Iago, the tragedy of the honest, charming soldier, who swallowed the devil's bait of self-indulgence, grew blind to ideal beauty, and in his blindness overthrew more than his enemies.

> . . . What is a man,
> If his chief good and market of his time
> Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.

Iago illustrates Hamlet's words. So, less luridly, does Falstaff, and the parallel may explain the poet's alleged harshness in the rejection of Falstaff by his king. But Falstaff's creator, as he brought Iago to a realization of Cassio's "daily beauty," gave Sir John also at his death a glimpse of the ideal: "A' babbled of green fields."

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A GROUP OF POEMS

By Karle Wilson Baker

The Ploughman

God will not let my field lie fallow.

The ploughshare is sharp, the feet of his oxen are heavy;
They hurt.
But I cannot stay God from His ploughing,
I, the lord of the field.
While I stand waiting,
His shoulders loom upon me from the mist,
He has gone past me down the furrow, shouting a song.

(I had said, it shall rest for a season.
The larks had built in the grass. . . .)

He will not let my field lie fallow.

Leaf-Burning

The flame of my life burns low
Under the cluttered days
Like a fire of leaves.
But always a little blue, sweet-smelling smoke
Goes up to God.

The Tapping Bush

The bare bush close to my window
Taps and scratches on the glass—
Taps and scratches. . . .

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It was a maiden once, with the wild heart of a poet,
Who would not come into the house
And be tamed. . . .
And some fret at the pane from the inside,
And some from without.

Vanity

I know why ladies dress themselves
In silky sheens and peacock dyes:
They hush their little hungry souls
And feed them through their snatching eyes.

I know why ladies mince and strut
And wrap themselves in mimic state:
Despairing prisoners of the world,
Their hearts are hungry to be great.

Song

Where do the sea-birds sleep?
On the waves breaking?
Sprayed by the plumy deep
Sleeping and waking?

When will my thoughts give o'er
Circling and flying?
Must they go evermore
Skimming and crying?

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THE RAILWAYS IN PEACE AND WAR

By Samuel O. Dunn

THE great war will throw light on many important questions. One of these is the question of government ownership versus private ownership and government regulation of railways. For many years the railways of the United States were managed by their owners and officers with little government interference. The results were not satisfactory to the public. The discerning foresaw that government regulation would do harm as well as good. The public became convinced, however, that it would gain more by this policy than it would lose. Effective regulation was, therefore, begun with the passage of the Hepburn rate law by Congress in 1906.

Varying opinions are held regarding the results of the policy since followed. The number of persons who still believe in unregulated private management is small. The number who regard the present system of regulation as satisfactory also is small. The number who favor private ownership subject to better regulation probably constitutes a majority. The number who regard government ownership as the ultimate and best solution of the railway problem also is large. It is probable that the struggle of the future over the railway question will be between those who favor private ownership, subject to public regulation, and those who favor government ownership.

Before the war the question of government regulation versus government ownership was recognized as having various phases, but three were considered of paramount importance, and the war has not changed this. One of these phases is the military. Which policy probably will have the greater tendency to enable the nation successfully to attack its enemies or to defend itself? Another is the economic

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phase. Which policy probably will better promote the economic welfare of the country? Third, there is the political phase. Which policy probably will produce the more favorable effects on the government of the country? Before the present war there was much evidence bearing upon the economic and political phases of the question. There was very little which threw any light on its military phase. There had been no great war in which the service of railways owned and managed by private companies had been directly pitted against the service of railways owned and managed by governments.

The foremost representative of militarism, Germany, had proceeded on the assumption that, primarily for military reasons, railways ought to be in the hands of the state. Austria, the other great Central Power, had done likewise. The railways of Belgium also were government-owned, as were sixty per cent of those of European Russia. On the other hand, in England at the outbreak of the war all the railways were in private hands, while in France five of the seven great companies, having over eighty per cent of the total mileage, also were under private management. It was the railways of these six countries which had to perform the great feats of military transportation in the early stages of the conflict. As to the countries which have since entered it, in Japan, Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey, government ownership preponderates, while in the United States private ownership prevails. In Canada private ownership preponderates; in Australia government ownership.

Railway transportation is no longer merely incidental to military operations. The experience of the last three years has shown that war on the modern scale could not be conducted without railways. Formerly, when an army moved any considerable distance from its base of supplies it had to "live upon the country," and the size of an army which could do this was necessarily small, measured by present standards. Now armies of enormous size can carry on their operations

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long distances from their bases of supplies because railways enable them to draw their supplies from entire countries and, with the aid of steamships, from the entire world. The relative efficiency with which the railways of the combatants render their service has become a factor of vital importance.

Before the great war it was contended by advocates of government ownership that this policy was necessary in order that in war railway operation might be directed with the secrecy, the centralization, and the unity of control essential to the greatest celerity and efficiency of action. The first moves in the world war seemed to support this contention. The mobilization of the German army was conducted with greater celerity and on a larger scale in the early stages than that of the other combatants. But in England and France, although all the railways of the former and most of those of the latter were owned by private companies, there had been worked out in advance and given the force of law plans for centralizing and unifying the management of the railways and co-ordinating their operations with those of the army and navy departments. These plans were almost instantly put into effect and all the available evidence indicates that, on the whole, the English and French railways have given as good an account of themselves as those of Germany.

If they did not do so in the very first days of the war, this probably was due, not to the fact that they were under private management, but to the circumstances that Germany was the aggressor and that in respect, not only to military transportation, but to all other matters affecting the conduct of the war, she was much better prepared than England and France. In fact, before the war began the manager of one of the large English systems predicted that the railways of his country would be able to bear any burden that the government might ever put upon them in connection with military operations; and after the war had been in progress some time, the chairman of one of the largest British systems made a public statement, which stands uncontradicted, that the

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railways were better prepared at the start to perform their part and did perform it better than any department of the government. Now, the management of the British railways during the war cannot properly be called government operation, since it is in the hands of a Railway Executive Committee composed of their own general managers and officered by the same men who were operating them before the war began. Practically the same statement may be made as to the French railways. It is well known that General Joffre has said that "this is a railway war," and has added: "The battle of the Marne was won by the railways of France." It was not the two French state railways, but two of the great private railways, the Northern and the Eastern, which had to render the greatest service to the French armies in the battle of the Marne, as they have had to do in all the subsequent military operations. The most conspicuous failure of railways in the war has been in Russia; and the government-owned railways of Austria have made nothing like so good a showing as the private railways of England and France.

In no other country, perhaps, has the adaptability of private railways to the conditions of war been better illustrated than in the United States. Four days after Congress declared war against Germany, the chief executives of our railways, in response to a suggestion from the Council of National Defense, met in Washington to confer regarding the means they ought to adopt to enable the roads to render to the government and the public during the war the most efficient service. Their meeting was short, but before it adjourned they had resolved to subordinate all their individual interests and competitive rivalries to the object of rendering the maximum amount of useful service to the government and the public. They determined that during the war the railways should be operated as a single national transportation system; and for the carrying out of this plan they created a committee of five railway chairmen and presidents, now known as the "Railroads' War Board," in which was

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vested authority to supervise the management of every line in the country.

In consequence the railways were the first industry to tender to the national government a unified service under a centralized management. They were already almost overwhelmed with a commercial traffic which during the preceding two years had expanded at a rate unprecedented; and on May 1 there was reported the largest car shortage ever known. But on June 1, as a result of the exertions of the railroad managements under the supervision of their War Board, and of the co-operation of public officials and shippers and consignees, the car shortage had been reduced thirty per cent. Since the war began the traffic of the English railways has increased fifty per cent; and that of the French railways serving the zone of military operations has doubled. The entrance of the United States into the war has added greatly to the already enormous traffic with which our railways were burdened. It was in anticipation of this that the government allowed, and, indeed, encouraged our railways to adopt the resolution to eliminate their competitive rivalries, in spite of the fact that when it was adopted it was in derogation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

If we can judge by the experience of our own and other countries thus far, the operation of railways in the war is going to demonstrate that the system of private management subject to public regulation has a flexibility and adaptability and a "punch," which make railways under this system a more potent instrumentality in war than railways owned and operated by a government. This is due to a number of causes. One of them is that private ownership results in stronger and more resourceful men being advanced to the highest places. Another is that it does not involve all the parts of a railway organization in the red tape which renders it so difficult for governmental organizations to act with the freedom and celerity required in great emergencies.

While the war continues, we shall have large economic as

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well as large military problems to deal with; and when it is ended our economic problems will be more numerous and more difficult to solve than they were before it began. Therefore, it is extremely desirable that even while the war is going on the people of the United States should give profound consideration to the economic phases of the question of government ownership versus government regulation.

Now, the service rendered by railways is in the main merely one of the processes of productive industry. Every time they move a ton of goods they as truly add to the value of the goods and to the wealth of the community as does the factory which produces the goods; and the reasons why it is desirable to have transportation produced economically are precisely the same as the reasons why it is desirable to have manufactured goods produced economically.

While, however, efficiency in production is so essential, it is perhaps no more important than equity in distribution. This latter is desirable in itself. It is also desirable as a means of promoting efficiency. Nothing is more conducive to efficiency than the rewarding of people according to their deserts, or is more destructive of it than the opposite practice. Consequently, in studying the question of government regulation versus government ownership we must weigh the effects that these two policies are likely to have on both production and distribution.

The effect which either policy will have on production will depend mainly on its influence on the economy of railway management. The expenses of railways, as of all concerns, are of two kinds, capital expenses—return on investment—and operating expenses. The total return which must be paid on the capital of a railway depends partly on its credit and partly on the amount invested in it. Under public ownership the credit of the government would be used in raising capital. The credit of governments ordinarily is better than that of individuals or corporations. But when the obligations of a government are increased greatly, its credit,

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like that of individuals and corporations, is affected, and the rate of interest it must pay is advanced. The leading governments of Europe are now paying upwards of six per cent. It is ordinarily assumed that a government's credit will not be affected so much when it raises funds to invest in a money-earning concern, such as a railway, as when it raises them for an unproductive purpose, as for carrying on a war. This may be correct. But while revenue-producing concerns owned by a government may earn profits, they may also incur losses. The possibility that under public management the railways of this country would incur losses which would have to be paid from taxes would affect unfavorably the credit of the government. Nevertheless, there doubtless would be for some time a reduction in the total return which would have to be paid on railway capital.

The government of the United States has the best credit in the world, but the purchase of the railways would be an enormous transaction. The investment in their road and equipment is $18,000,000,000. A valuation of them would hardly be less. It was contended before the United States entered the war that it could raise enough capital to acquire the railways by the issuance of 3 per cent bonds at par; and as the return, in interest and dividends, paid by the railway companies on their outstanding bonds and stocks during the last five years, for which we have full statistics, averaged 4.44 per cent, it was estimated that under government ownership a large part of the return paid on capital could be saved. Recent experience has demonstrated the fallaciousness of some of these estimates. The fact is that the amount of capital in the United States seeking investment even on the very best security at low rates of interest is relatively small, and it is probable that, tax and other conditions being equal, there is not a difference of more than one-half of one per cent between the return which the investing public will accept on a government bond, and on a "gilt-edge" security of a large railway company. Therefore, while under gov-

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ernment ownership it would not be necessary to pay so high a rate of return as must be paid to raise capital for railway companies, it is easy to exaggerate the saving which would be effected by substituting the credit of the government for that of private companies.

The total interest on the railway debt would depend at the start on the original cost of the roads and on the rate of interest on the bonds issued. But it would be necessary to continue to make great improvements and to build new lines. This would require new investment. Whether the total interest on the debt incurred in providing these additional facilities would exceed the total return paid on the capital invested in them if they were provided by private companies, would depend largely on whether the government spent more or less on the facilities in question than would private companies, and this would depend on its skill as a manager and the efficiency of its labor. As the skill of the management and the efficiency of the labor of a railway system largely determine its capital expenses, and as they much more largely determine its operating expenses, the advantage which would be derived under government ownership from using the credit of the government in raising capital might be small compared with the gains that might be secured or the losses that might be incurred, according as government management was more or less skilful and economical than public regulation and private management would be.

One of the great disadvantages of the system of public regulation is the division of responsibility it involves between the regulating bodies and the railway managements. In the United States there is a serious division of responsibility between the regulating authorities themselves. The States as well as the nation regulate the companies; and many of the States endeavor to secure special privileges and benefits for their own people regardless of the effects on the railways and on the people of other States.

The greatest essentials to the efficient and economical

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operation of any large concern are far-sighted, skilful, and energetic administration, and efficient labor. One of the most fundamental and important differences between government regulation and government management is that under the former public officials exercise merely the authority of supervision and correction, while under the latter they administer the enterprise. The two functions are unlike. The former is chiefly legislative. The main duty of regulating bodies is to make general rules for the guidance and control of the acts of others. The administrative, or managing, function, on the other hand, is an initiating and executive one. The management of a railway system determines where it will be advantageous and desirable to build extensions and make improvements. It determines according to what ideals and standards the property shall be built, maintained, and operated. It selects and directs the officers. It selects, directs, trains, and disciplines the employees and determines, within limits fixed by law and public opinion, their wages and working conditions. On its judgment, courage, energy, and ability mainly depends the success of the railways, whatever their ownership. The elements and essentials of successful administration are not changed by the transfer of a concern from the ownership of a company to that of the public.

Under public regulation and private ownership the various railways are managed separately. One argument made for government ownership is that large economies could be effected by consolidating them. But out of the very magnitude of the consolidated business might arise some of the most serious obstacles to managing it successfully. There has been within the present generation a great increase in the size of business concerns. The investment represented by single corporations has grown from tens of millions to hundreds of millions and even billions. Large savings have been secured in many cases by increasing the size of business units. But whether there are not laws of economics and human nature

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which cause a relative reduction of efficiency when the size of enterprises and organizations is increased beyond certain undefined limits, is still in doubt. President Hadley has expressed the opinion that "the difficulty of finding men to manage the largest of these enterprises constitutes the greatest bar to their success."

Under government ownership our railway system would constitute a unit vastly transcending any other business unit that ever existed. In mileage, investment, traffic, earnings, expenses, number of employees, and territorial area covered, any other railway system is a pigmy compared with that of the United States. Russia, with 50,000 miles of line in Europe and Asia, has the largest mileage of any country except ours; and the United States has five times the mileage of Russia. The capitalization of the Prussian-Hessian state railways, the largest government railway system under a single management, is $3,000,000,000. The investment in our government railway system would be at least $18,000,000,000, or six times as large.

The problem of developing and working an organization which would centralize authority enough to co-ordinate all parts of this vast system, and which would at the same time decentralize authority sufficiently to enable each part to cope with local conditions and needs, would be the biggest and hardest industrial problem ever presented to the genius and energy of man. Therefore, even though the best judgment and ability of the country were enlisted and allowed to carry on the business without any political or other vitiating form of interference, it is questionable if the advantages which would be gained by consolidation would not be outweighed by disadvantages arising from the unwieldy magnitude of the undertaking.

The results of the attempt which our railways are now making to centralize authority enough to co-ordinate all parts of our system, and thereby secure the benefits of consolidation, while at the same time leaving individual units

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enough authority to deal with local conditions and needs, will doubtless throw much light on both the advantages and the disadvantages of centralized control, with the loss of the benefits, and at the same time the elimination of the wastes, of competition. Perhaps experience will show that it is undesirable to return wholly, or even partially, to the old system under which each railway—not merely because it wanted to, but under compulsion of federal and state laws—handled its business independently of, and often antagonistically to, all other railways. But this, while demonstrating the desirability of greatly modifying our ante-war policy of private ownership and public regulation, would by no means demonstrate that it should be entirely abandoned in favor of complete consolidation under government ownership and management.

The government might put at the head of its railway organization a cabinet minister. This is what is done in most countries where the railways are owned by the public, and is what is done in our own country in the case of the postal department. It might put at its head a board or commission. In any case, it would be essential to efficient administration that all the higher officers should be given and should retain their positions solely because of their preeminent ability and special fitness. Great difficulties would be met in getting and keeping such men. The government would not pay them nearly as much as they could make in private business. However, the honor inherent in public office is more attractive to many able men than a large income, and in spite of small salaries the government might get strong men if appointments and the tenure of office were made to depend entirely on merit. But this statement suggests a difficulty greater than that of salaries. The policies of large private concerns and of the government in selecting important officials differ. There is hardly a high officer of a railway or of an industrial corporation but owes his place to his ability and experience, and knows that his tenure of office

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depends on his integrity and efficiency. There is hardly a high official of the government who does owe his office solely to experience and ability; most of them owe their places to political considerations, and know they will lose them for similar reasons. Besides being able and specially trained men, the managers of any large concern, in order to conduct it successfully, must be free from interference except on business grounds. In view of our almost unvarying experience, there seems to be little reason for believing that the managers of a government railway system would be free from such interference.

With respect to labor, there appears to be no ground for contending that it would be more efficient under government than under private management. Its efficiency depends largely on the energy and skill of the management in training, organizing, and directing it; and reasons have been given for apprehending that the management of our railways under government ownership would be less energetic and skilful than under private ownership. It is probable also that under government ownership labor would be more difficult to train, control, and direct. Under private ownership most employees are taken into the service and retained, discharged, or promoted because of the management's belief in their fitness or unfitness. It is almost certain that under government ownership many of them would owe their places to politics; and men who owe their jobs to politics are more likely to be loyal to their party politicians than to their superior officers. Even civil service rules are not a satisfactory substitute for business methods in dealing with employees. It seems clear that under government management the average efficiency of the employee would be reduced, and that more men would have to be hired to do the same work.

Political considerations, under government ownership, may cause lines to be built and improvements to be made where they are not needed, and prevent them from being provided where they are needed. They may cause contracts

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to be let and purchases to be made to further party instead of public interests. They may cause passenger and freight service to be rendered, not for the benefit of the public, but to placate favored communities. The conclusion that the total cost incurred in furnishing transportation would be increased under government ownership seems inevitable. It is, moreover, supported by the comparative results of government and private railways. There are thirteen countries in the world in which the average capitalization or cost of construction of the railways per mile exceeds the average for the railways of the United States. In ten of these government ownership preponderates, while in only three does private ownership preponderate. The operating expenses of state and private railways disclose facts of similar import. The private railways of France before the war handled more traffic in proportion to their operating expenses than the state railways of that country. The railways of Prussia are the best managed state railways in the world, but they handled less traffic before the war in proportion to their operating expenses than the private railways of France. The private railways of Canada handle more traffic in proportion to their operating expenses than the government-owned Intercolonial. Indeed, the private railways of Canada and the United States move more passengers and freight in proportion to their operating expenses than any other railways in the world, and at the same time pay the highest wages. It may be suggested that the relatively higher expenses of state railways are due to the fact that they give superior service; the facts do not show this.

But, as has already been indicated, even though it be proved that the total expense incurred in furnishing transportation would be more under government ownership than under government regulation, it does not follow that the latter policy is preferable. The comparative effects which the two policies probably will have on the distribution of wealth must also be considered.

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Private management of railways in this country formerly promoted unfair distribution to an extraordinary degree. This was due mainly to two practices. One was unfair discrimination, its most obnoxious and harmful form being secret rebating. The other was financial manipulation. The practice of rebating contributed towards building up big concerns at the expense of little concerns. It gave to those who had, and took from those who had not. The financial legerdemain mentioned tended to enrich a comparatively few investors at the expense of the majority of investors and of the public. If these pernicious practices still continued unabated we should probably have to conclude that government management would contribute more effectively towards an equitable distribution of wealth than private ownership and public regulation. But the most beneficent result of the effective federal regulation of the last ten years has been the almost complete abolition of unfair discrimination. Government management could not possibly have accomplished more along this line; and there is no ground for doubting that under continued government regulation the improvement will be permanent. The reform in the field of finance has not, perhaps, been so complete. But that publicity and an aroused public sentiment have produced great effects is shown by the fact that almost every railway financial transaction which has caused a scandal was begun, and that most of them were consummated, before the present period of effective regulation was entered upon. The improvement made has been achieved in spite of the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission has been given no power to regulate the issuance of railway securities, although at least nineteen States have given such authority to their commissions. With the Interstate Commerce Commission clothed with and intelligently exercising a reasonable authority over the issuance of securities, the management of the financial affairs of all our railways probably would become as conservative and honest as that of most has been for many years.

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However, under either the system of government regulation, or that of government management, there will always be a struggle going on to determine how the burdens and benefits resulting from the development and operation of the railways shall be divided. Under either system travellers and shippers will want low rates, labor will want shorter hours and higher wages, and the owners of the railways, whether capitalists or the public, will want to increase the profits or reduce the deficit. The public welfare demands that this struggle be not allowed to result in the securing by some of those engaged in it of unfair privileges and advantages over the rest. The only authority which can both control and arbitrate the struggle is the government.

But a government is not a mechanical device which automatically registers what is right and wrong, what is fair and unfair, and in the same manner issues and enforces its decrees. Governments are officered by ordinary men; and in a democratic country these men depend for their places on the suffrages of other men. Therefore, under either system those who, in a democratic country, compose the government, will deal with matters affecting railways with some regard to their own political interests. The railway policy most likely to cause equity to be done will be that which tends most strongly to make it to the interest of those in office to hold the balances even between all sections and classes. Under the system of public regulation the regulating officials occupy positions of some detachment with respect to railway affairs; and experience indicates that the pressure brought to bear upon them by the various classes and communities is likely to be such as ordinarily to cause them to deal out approximate justice.

Railways cannot be satisfactorily developed, maintained, and operated under private ownership unless those who invest in them are allowed to derive a reasonable return from their investment; and the arguments that may be marshalled and the pressure that may be exerted for a policy which recog-

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nizes this principle will usually prevail. Furthermore, under our form of government the regulating authorities cannot constitutionally reduce the net income of the railways below a "fair return." At the same time, under public regulation rates and earnings are not likely to be excessive. Experience has shown that those who pay the rates can and will organize and fight effectively for reasonable reductions of them and against unreasonable advances. The employees of private railways have demonstrated that they can get and keep their wages on at least as high an average level as employees of other classes of concerns and of governments themselves. Finally, public officials are likely to be alert and active in compelling private railways to pay to the public their share of taxes.

The situation is radically altered when railways become government property. The government, and the men who compose it, are then changed from arbiters of the struggle to parties to it. The constitutional rule which prevents net income from being reduced below a "fair return" would not apply under government ownership. The authority of the law-making body over the railways would become practically absolute; and it could make any distribution of the burdens and benefits of their development and operation it might see fit. It might nominally give the managers large freedom of action. But what the law-makers have given they can take away. Therefore, there would be frequent appeals from the managers to the law-making body; and the law-makers, and through them the management, would be constantly subjected to political pressure. They would be subjected to pressure by bodies of the employees for higher wages and easier conditions of work. They would be subjected to pressure by organized bodies of shippers for low freight rates, and by organized bodies of commercial travellers, working men, and commuters for low passenger rates. They would be subjected to pressure from communities all over the country for "pork barrel" railway appropriations.

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There is, however, one class which is never organized, except sporadically and temporarily, to influence government in its behalf. This is the taxpayers. It is the largest class of all. But a small body of voters having a single common interest which it has organized itself to promote often exerts more influence on government than a large class whose members do not clearly recognize their common interest and organize especially to promote it. Therefore, the class which under government ownership is least likely to be protected is the taxpayers. Now, most of us pay some taxes directly. All pay them indirectly. They enter into our house rent, into the cost of our clothing, into the prices of everything we eat or drink. Unfortunately, in countries having government ownership the taxes levied to pay the railway deficits are always so mixed up with the prices of goods and with other taxes that those who pay them have no idea what part of them is used to meet the expenses of the government and what to meet the deficit of the railways.

The conclusion that the increased economic burden due to government ownership will be imposed mainly on the taxpayers is supported by experience. It cannot be shown that the average wages paid by state railways are ordinarily higher, under comparable conditions, than those paid by private railways, although under government ownership more men usually are employed to do a given amount of work. It cannot be shown that the passenger rates of state railways usually are relatively lower than those of private railways. On the other hand, their freight rates usually are relatively much higher, and the total amount which has to be paid for the transportation of a given amount of passenger and freight traffic usually is substantially more than on private railways.

Yet while private railways always are required to pay taxes to the public, the rule as to state railways is that taxes have to be collected from the public to make up their deficits. There are some state railways which earn the interest on the

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total investment in them, and even more. This is true, for example, of those of Prussia and Japan. But in Canada, Belgium, Italy, France, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Russia, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, and most other countries the state railways usually have failed to earn their total operating expenses and interest. Under public regulation and private ownership in the United States the railways now pay in taxes to the state and national governments $150,000,000 a year, or 4½ per cent of their total earnings. Under government ownership the States could not tax them without the consent of the federal government. Even though the federal government gave its consent, the public would not be much benefited if the taxes collected by the States merely added an equivalent amount to the taxes which the people would have to pay to the federal government to make up a railway deficit. The burden of taxes which the present war will put upon the American public will be quite heavy enough without having large railway deficits added to it.

Candid and logical consideration of the conditions and influences under which either the policy of government management or that of government regulation must be carried out in this country, of the experience of other countries with other government management of railways, and of our own experience with private management subject to government regulation, can hardly fail, it would seem, to lead us to the conclusion that our policy of government regulation is more likely than government management to produce favorable economic results here. When, in addition, we contemplate the political perils to which government ownership would expose us, the case made against the adoption of that policy in the United States becomes overwhelmingly strong.

For years the railways of this country were in politics very deeply. But almost everywhere the companies have been driven out of politics; and in most parts of the country they now possess hardly a vestige of the influence over govern-

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ment they formerly exercised. This is shown by the amount of regulation to which they have been subjected.

Under public regulation, the chief regulating body, the Interstate Commerce Commission, is practically free from political pressure regarding rates, partly owing to the fact that there are constitutional limits which it is known that it cannot overstep. Under government ownership, there would be no constitutional restrictions on Congress or the commission in the exercise of the rate-making power any more than there are on Congress in the exercise of the tariff-making power. The antagonisms of interest of different classes and sections regarding rates would be even sharper and more numerous than those regarding the tariff. There is danger that, under these conditions, the regulation of rates would become as demoralizing an influence in politics as has been the tariff question.

The annual expenditures of our railways for new construction and permanent improvements, and for equipment and supplies used in current operation, aggregate, under normal conditions, almost one and one-half billions of dollars. Under government ownership the appropriations for these enormous expenditures would be made by Congress. When we consider the log-rolling methods used in connection with appropriations for rivers and harbors, public buildings, and army and naval posts, and the effects produced on politics, how can we doubt that similar methods would be used under government ownership in making the many times larger appropriations for railway purposes, and that like, but greater, effects would be produced by them on politics?

The government now has four hundred thousand employees in its civil service. The acquisition of the railways would add about 1,850,000, making the total at least two and a quarter millions. The employees of the railways now ordinarily look to the railway companies and to arbitration boards, organized under federal law, for improvements in their wages and conditions of work. Only in one case has any large

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body of them gone to Congress for legislation regulating their wages; and the way in which the passage of the Adamson law was secured, and the effects of its enactment, hardly constitute a satisfactory precedent. Under government ownership, however, the employees of the railways would have to look to Congress, just as government employees do now. If Congress did not promptly grant their requests, is it conceivable that civil service rules could prevent such a large body of voters, who together with their friends might hold the balance of political power, from resorting to political action? And what would necessarily be the effects on our politics and government of having such a large body of government employees and voters resort to political action, not to promote the interests of the public, but to promote their own special selfish interests at the expense of the public, their employer? Government regulation has put the railways out of politics. Government ownership would bring them back in, and in a way and to an extent which would cause them to exercise a greater and more malignant influence than they ever have exercised.

The end sought under all conditions and in all countries should be the most honest, efficient, and economical management of the railways practicable. On this depends the service that will be given in peace or war, the rates that will be charged, the financial results that will be gained, and the strain that will be put on political institutions. But the best means which can be used for attaining the desired end vary, according to special conditions in each country. That public regulation and private ownership is a better means than government ownership and management for attaining this end in the United States is a conclusion which, it would seem, must be forced on everyone who studies the matter thoroughly, keeping in mind all the conditions and considerations, whether military, political, or economic, which are pertinent to the subject.

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BLACK-EARTH RUSSIA

By Olive Gilbreath

WHAT the ocean was to the Anglo-Saxon, the Volga was to the early Slav, the "whale-path," the road of adventure. To-day it is to the modern Slav the red thread of romance in the gray monotony of the steppe, the highway of life between the Arctic and the Caspian, the itinerant envoy of the country, one of the ancient and stirring Slav memories. And yet to a non-Slavic traveller recalling the shimmering sands of the Nile or the shadowy gorges of the Yangtze, the Volga may well prove only a dull enigma. As Mr. Arthur Symons has said, "The vision rises within the eyes of the beholder." And for a man to respond to the Volga scene, Russia must lie behind his eyes.

To make the whole journey of the Volga, one must float with the rafts from Ribynsk far to the south to Astrakhan, where the faces fringing the sun-baked plain broaden across the cheeks into the Tartar, and the river, spreading over pale sands, merges with the sea. This greatest of Russian rivers, however, like the Russian steppe offers no wide variety. The genuinely potent names with which to conjure are those of the middle river; and their sound is like their own cathedral bells: Samara, Kostroma, Nizhni-novgorod, and Kazan. Across this middle soil raged the fiercest battles with the Asiatics; from it went tribute to the Grand Khans of the Amur; here were the strongholds of the boyars who, after long strife, finally welded provinces into Velikaya Ryssia, Great Russia. This is Holy Russia, black-earth Russia—the Russia that Turgenev and Tolstoi and Chekhov and Pushkin and Lermontov and Gogol loved. "Nizhni-novgorod, Kostroma, the Volga! Ah, there is the heart of

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Russia!" your Slav will murmur, looking beyond you with a mystical smile.

Nizhni-novgorod is one of the most accessible places at which to join the Volga. A night-express from Moscow—and you may drink your morning coffee in the ancient capital. And now that the luxury of the Russian express has been widely attested, the journey need no longer intimidate. The particular journey herein recorded fell on a white night in June—one of those eerie white nights against which the Russian or Siberian traveller carries a canny blue curtain. Without these blue guards, sleep is out of the question and the senses, pursued by the penetrating light, are as ragged as the beggars staring out of the stations. Verst after verst, hour after hour, the plain unwinds endlessly, monotonously like wool from a skein. A pale incandescence hangs over the earth, fringing objects ghostlily. Trees blur in the half-light and grow phenomenally large; *izbas* and wind-mills scrape the sky. A tremor of primitive terror runs through one's limbs. One calls to the hills for deliverance—but there is not even a rise in the ground! With midnight springs up a delusive promise of respite from the light; a shadow creeps reassuringly over the earth, but it is dusk and not darkness. There is no reprieve. At eleven the sun dips below the horizon; at two-thirty it balances again like a replenished bag, spilling its orange and amethyst flood over the earth. The relentless cycle has begun again; and still the plain unwinds endlessly, monotonously,—brightly now. At seven one reaches Nizhni-novgorod. If it is June, the sun has been up five hours.

Nizhni-novgorod! Even here in the Near East, the name bears an aroma. A Slavic Scheherazade must at some time have told an ennuied Knaz tales of this old Muscovy city at whose gates battered the rival Khans of Kazan. And I daresay the potentate was well entertained. The great Nizhni Fair does not begin until August, but even now there is the indescribable odor and feel of the Oriental bazaar.

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The streets lie in the morning sunshine like a huge deserted stage, ready to quicken into life. Whimsical golden domes; fantastic open booths; Russian houses, white and bare as bird houses; twisted and curling spires,—apple-green, milk-white, and sky-blue; a grotesquerie of color, a motley of East and West such as one sees nowhere outside of Russia. For ten months Nizhni is a desert city; for two a European capital. A month more, the wide-girthed hotel-keeper tells us, and preparations will begin. Beggars will be evicted from their winter quarters; booths and awnings will spring up over night like *yagodi;* by every train wares will pour in from Moscow and Petrograd, Paris and Vienna; barges bearing wood, tallow, and skins will anchor at the wharves; across the sands to the east will appear the long lines of camels, laden with apricots and oils, wools, skins, and furs. Swarthy, turbaned Persians; Circassians in black with silver-hilted daggers; Khirgiz smelling of goats and camels; Turkomans, Sarts, Cherkesses, Shamans, Ostraks, Zinians, Kalmuks, Georgians,—all to barter in the tongues of Babel.

The train, being Russian, had deposited us on the bank of the river opposite our steamer. Approaching the ferry we could see the opposite bank rising rampart-wise and crowned with gleaming apocalyptic domes and spires. Below on the plain, the Volga stretched a gigantic blue "Y," two prongs pointing to the Arctic Sea, and the main river leading sluggishly southward to the Caspian. With the first sight of the Volga, Turgenev's tribute to the Russian language ran through my memory: "O thou great, mighty, powerful, and free!"—a fit apostrophe, too, for this great Russian river. Both sides of the river and the banks below the crotch of the Y were stippled with golden spires and domes like an illuminated missal, and the west bank was dotted with river craft: hulking black barges, mammoth white grain and lumber steamers, and strings of yellow rafts,—no swift shapes but all sturdy and robust like Mother Volga herself.

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The *izvostchik* dashed us up to the river in the manner of a De Quincey stage-coach. The ferry we found almost equally divided between muzhiks and little brown calves, each travelling on a pink ticket, the calves not less quiet than the peasants, who stood bare-headed in the morning sun making the sign of the broad Russian cross. It was a June morning, somnolent and blue; the Volga flowed deep-breasted, mirroring a sky—not luminous like the sky of Japan, nor inscrutable as the electric intensity of Egypt, but near, kind, and compassionate. Whether it was the tranquillity of the morning or the placidity of the peasants, I do not know; I felt laved in peace. A personality long buried stole back from the shadowy past. I seemed to see white curtains blow across me; I wandered in a garden. The wind was in the trees. And then, with a flash, it all came back to me:—those spires and domes were of my childhood's heaven! I saw it all in reality as I had seen it in the dreams of childhood: the castellated walls and pinnacles and the golden streets and the jewelled gates. An aunt of mine had always worn on her forefinger an oblong amethyst stone—the basis of my early anticipation of the joys of Paradise. There among the dark trees must be flashing the amethyst gate and the jasper and the chrysoprase and the "sardine stone,"—whatever that was! And I think the scene must have had something of this meaning to the muzhiks. Being Russian, as Mr. Stephen Graham says, they expected the way to be crowded; and in splendor it nothing lacked.

It was still mid-morning when we landed, bidding the little brown calves adieu, and since it was not yet time for the steamer, we sat down on the terrace above the river to drink tea—smiling amber tea that halves grief and doubles every joy in Russia. Below me, the walls of an ancient Kremlin kept guard towards Asia. And there on that magnificent sweep of terrace hanging above the river, with the wind blowing from the eastern steppe, the most powerful impression of the Volga and of Russia was laid deep in my con-

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sciousness. On all sides the plain spread towards the horizon with the continuity of the sea, a level illimitable wildness; primeval spaces that spoke of the void as it was in the beginning. But it was the monster river that held me fascinated. It was sunning itself and singing a hymn of torrential power, which inspired something akin to terror; it was, as Gorki has said, a huge force "not having as yet created for itself clear aims and desires." Like Russia, unconscious, uncaring, unconquerable; a ruthless protean power having thus far escaped from the subduing which has fallen on man through toil and anguish.

One of the lumber steamers anchored above the caravan pushed off with rings of black smoke and swung out into the river past the massy flat-bottomed boats, the waves foaming white with the paddles. The main current was laden with a string of river craft which the thick water bore as cockle shells; it could have crushed them, too, as cockles! I remembered how at spring thaws, warnings must be flashed ahead that the river had broken bounds, was splintering the black hulks frozen in its surface, and crashing its thunderous, gray-grained way to the sea. Now it poured itself along a deceptive molten blue, but the words of old Ignaat Gordeyeef came back, watching his handsome new lumber steamers crushed against the banks: "Give it to her—now—again—squeeze—crush! Come once more now—r-r-r-ui! See how the Volga is working! It's robust? hey? Mother Volga can rend the whole world apart as one cuts curds with a knife!" And so it could rend the world, "as one cuts curds with a knife," and pass on—vast, unhurrying, uncaring, "Kak moré," the Russians say. "It is as the sea."

But it was something other than old Ignaat's Volga, too, that I felt there on the Nizhni terrace; it was little Foma's river, the silver path to the wondrous kingdoms of Aunt Anfisa's tales, the highway of magicians and heroes. That it was the heart of Russia we had proof, too, through a curious incident. Our English, borne on the air, evidently

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penetrated the ear of an officer passing on the terrace. Without turning his head or altering his ramrod course, he hissed his sentiments unmistakably between his teeth. "It is excessively unpleasant to hear German spoken!" He evidently did not bear out the reputation of his race for being linguists.

"But we are not German! We are English!" we cried simultaneously in our best Russian and with equal feeling.

"Ah, *proschaiete menya!* Forgive my sins!" He returned and removed his cap with a very low bow, and ended by escorting us to the steamer. This was indeed the sensitive heart of Russia!

So glamorous was the river at Nizhni that it seemed a criminal anomaly to take a steamer in the wake of the epic heroes. But a steamer it was—there are few sails on the Volga,—and a steamer not differing widely from the Mississippi boats other than by an adventurous run of bizarre and delicious food. The human element was picturesque enough; not the first deck, but the steerage which showed some fine, patriarchal beards blowing in the wind, and broad faces—half sullen, half submissive. Stolid Great Russians gazed sullenly at the mystery of the Northland; gay Little Russians coquetted, the memory of sunny hills and vineyards in their faces; two Kalmuks squatted, "infra-human in their ugliness"; a group of Tartars in fur caps and *khalatis,* each carrying a strip of carpet for prayers, furnished an animated half hour at sunset. An agitated business, turning towards Mecca for prayers on so winding a stream as the Volga! The one really outstanding feature was the smell of disinfectants, the sign of the typhus which had scourged the river a few weeks before.

But the leave-taking from Nizhni-novgorod! a blue and silver splendor like an act from "Lohengrin"! If ever in the past aeons one has been a knight, all the knightly feeling re-surges through him. The crowd cheers as the steamer pushes majestically out into mid-channel, past the caravans

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of barges and rafts; from among the mysterious trees, the gleaming towers of Camelot strike dazzlingly across the waters; ahead lies the broad blue ribbon and above it gulls are flashing their white wings. For an hour this mood remains. The gulls dip and curve about the steamer; the path beckons mysteriously on; in the west the sun is shining. And then, one by one, the gulls drop back into the blue; the towers glow and disappear; the ramparts descend. The monotony of the steppe has claimed us.

And this is the test of one's response to the Volga, for the Volga is a river of the steppe. It bears the healing of great spaces; there where sky and plain mate, a man may stretch his limbs and feel a giant. But the Russian plain has little of dramatic quality, neither that of Mongolia spreading swiftly to the north, nor even Siberia, epic in its waste. When the world was young, one might have looked to the horizon for fleet horsemen silently appearing and as silently disappearing; but now the horsemen lie with Kublai Khan where

> . . . the Wild Ass
> Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

The Russian plain is the level of life itself, that level portrayed by Chekhov in the "Three Sisters" and heard in every wistful peasant cadence; without plan, prologue, epilogue, or climax—to the Anglo-Saxon, with little zest for the spiritual adventure, the cruelest enigma in life.

This is not to assert that the fabric of the plain is wholly without design, but the design is repeated end on end like the chorus of a peasant melody. On the west bank, solemn forests of pine point the sky, or little maiden birches curtsy in the breeze; a peasant ploughs the black earth, his beard and caftan streaming in the wind—Riepin's Tolstoi. A turn in the highroad, a clearing in the dark forest, and the green roofs and golden domes of a monastery thrust their delicate outlines above the band of trees—strange aerial arabesques. The Volga is essentially Holy Russia, and

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these symbols frequently repeated, become the Volga *motif*. Like Tibetan lamaseries, they shelter thousands of monks: long-bearded Christly-looking men, whose shrines the pilgrims throng. We had such pilgrims on our boat—ragged, anchoritish figures, feet bound in *lapti*, staff in hand; less picturesque than the Chinese pilgrims in yellow, brightening the approaches to the Buddhist shrines, but ancient and gray, with the charm of things eld. They had heard of a holy man to the north, they told us, and they came from beyond the Caspian to seek him. And thus is perpetuated the mystic Slavic quest for God!

Sometimes the steamer tarried; and then we made our way up the broad-cobbled streets to the dusky jewelled interiors and stood there in the shadow of the great pillars while the incense rose in clouds and the organ-bass died away amid the vaulting. I have never failed to be thrilled by the strange hieratic beauty of these shimmering, opulent interiors—the massing of the heavy shadows, the confusion of splendor, half barbaric, wholly worshipful. The Russian service is hauntingly beautiful, and one would return to it with something far deeper than liturgical satisfaction were it not for those other memories. But those other memories—of the Russian priests! Within a side chapel, a group of peasant women who have come from afar—staff in hand and straw-bound feet—are touching their foreheads to the floor and wailing before the Mother of God. We stand silently by, a little awed. But the priest is the victim of no such sentiment. The exaltation of a peasant is a too familiar phenomenon! Moving authoritatively, thick-bodied, black-robed, he evicts the weeping but submissive worshippers *en masse* from the sanctuary; and then with a gracious bow, the niche having been cleared, he invites an *Amerikanka* and an *Anglichanina* to enter and rest their eyes on the bones of the saints—unworthy eyes, far more concerned with the silver casket than had been the adoring eyes of the peasants,—while the peasants stand by the door and mourn.

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Sometimes we reached only the monastery gates where holy men sat as inevitably as crows perched on the golden crosses above. We usually lightened our purses; but the Russian beggar shares the languor of his race, and competing with an Italian or a Chinese rival, would bear an empty bowl. There were purely secular days too when we explored the arcades for sharp up-curving wooden beakers, or Persian-colored scarfs, or damascened daggers from the Caucasus. Sometimes we found turquoise-studded belts of ancient workmanship, and once a bowl of beaten silver, set with uncut jewels and a coin of Catherine the Great. Troikas seldom come, the war having taken toll of the smart third horse that gallops at the side. The peasant of the river town, where fall the echoes of the world, has laid aside his beautiful peasant embroideries and wears products of the looms, which justify a protest against the commercialization of Russia. And yet the scene may not be taken for other than Slavic: *izvostchiks* in vast midnight beards, and girt about with red and blue sashes; slumber-eyed youths in red shirts, carrying balalaikas; dingily fair little Sashas and Ivans in chromatic pinks and blues clinging to the skirts of their full-bosomed young peasant mothers—themselves subjects for Zörn or Bogdanov-Belsky. All moving over the broad flags under arcades—a dress rehearsal for a Russian opera. The only amazement is that the director does not order our two jarring figures off the stage.

It was in the square of Yurievets that one of those tragic fragments which life casts up like driftwood, was flung at our feet. Why should the memory have persisted except, perhaps, as a sensitized moment of insight into reality? A Cossack's leave-taking of his mate; that was all, a million times repeated in a million different *izbas,* in that one summer. But it was more—symbol of woman's ancient and inarticulate grief. These shawled and booted women of the North are too burdened with earth's sorrow to weep; they are like dumb cattle in their woe. The soldier himself was

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openly wiping his eyes on his coarse dusty-brown sleeve, while under both arms he clutched absurdly two enormous loaves of black bread. A dingy little child in its mother's arms fluttered uncomprehending hands in the direction of the steamer; but from the Mongol-cheeked, gray-eyed woman there was no sign. She neither touched her man in farewell, nor offered any of those small caresses by which we seek to mitigate our grief. The sullen silence of the North had laid its finger upon her, but her eyes followed her mate with the wild unreasoning grief of the forest-sprung. She stood still staring, unaware of the baby in her arms, while the steamer moved slowly out into the gray mists. Long after dusk had closed down, I could see her face straining in the gloaming like a mask of despair.

These sturdy, patient women—unconscious vessels of that black-earth force which is Russia! The steamer called only at the larger towns, but we often passed the villages edging out of the forest or lodged between the folds of green: wide-timbered, wide-streeted, sprung from the earth like mushrooms or lichens. In the fields, women were ploughing, uncouth figures from whose broad loins have emerged those multitudinous armies, which swarm myriad-wise across the steppe. And still they bring forth with the fecundity of mother earth. Men and bread! Bread and men! It is well that mother earth teaches patience.

The days on the Volga are as alike as the white towns strung on the Volga chain, and all laden with a sense of life, sluggish and primal and potential. The scent of pines, of new-mown hay, of drying nets, and the fragrance of lilies; brawny red-shirted sailors shouting and splashing each other with water as they scrub the decks; the whistling of grain steamers; the sound of hammers from barges building along the shore; anchor chains rattling as we drop into the wharf where fishermen are unloading their shining catch. It is a robust river life, not unfamiliar, but transposed into strange keys and staged largely.

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The rafts seemed the most essentially Russian part of the Volga. We had seen them before, Gargantuan yellow logs, as delicious looking as taffy, dragged from a forest in Tver and bound together with saplings, each raft bearing a tiny hut for the families who make the journey with the rafts to the sea. Now we met them on the river, peopled with rollicking figures who balanced themselves with long poles and laughed and shouted unintelligible cries to us as the surge of the steamer threatened their foothold. The trackers, *borlaki,* we never saw: debased men of herculean strength, muscles knotting in their hairy throats, thews straining like horses against the dead weight of the barges as Riepin has painted them. They have passed with the sails. But the other figures—on the rafts, in the fishing boats—are their brothers. And never have I felt life emerging so freshly from the black mould.

We had been on the boat some time before we became aware of our own social status—and it was nothing to boast of! The discovery came through a country landowner and his wife from Turgenev's world. The *barin,* a sad-faced giant, was dressed in tall black boots, gray bloomers—evidently made by the fair fingers of the *barina*—and a gray alpaca smock which broke into a full skirt at the back, giving him the appearance of a sulky but unrepentant child. With the *barina* nature was decidedly in arrears: Tartar in type, but hastily done with broad strokes and illy defined as to line and color. She wore a blouse, the buttons of which gaily shirked their duty at the back. And food! It came and went like ammunition for a machine gun. And still they ate through the seventh course of the fifth meal, stolidly, imperturbably, occasionally eying us with the perplexed sadness of the Slav. And then suddenly with a tingling shock, it came to us,—they had mistaken us for Germans! After a hasty consultation of the dictionary, we spoke in Russian. They pushed back their chairs. They left their *riabtchiks*—they left their mushrooms! They had thought

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us Germans! A thousand pardons and a glass of kvass! And they would expect a visit on their estate in Tambov.

More happily we voyaged about the lower decks and made friends among the fish-casks. In the gloom of the sleeping-shelves, it was sometimes difficult between bundled goods and bundled *babas,* but in the sunshine of the decks the old *babas* played their part with relish. Their wrinkled faces peered up at us cannily but friendlily from the layers of shawls; and one ancient crone, an artichoke of petticoats, swept a younger generation of dancers from the floor and showed us a polka. A handsome fair boy strummed a balalaika and another poured out his soul on an accordion. When night had dropped her gray curtain and lighted the low-hanging stars on the plain, the peasant girls would dance as Russians dance—with head, shoulders, eyes; trailing their handkerchiefs, striking the deck with their hands, stamping with their bare feet. Coquetry never learned under a roof: a primitive gambol far removed from the artificial elegancies of the ballet and yet, root and branch, Russian dance. It was not until we had left them to the fish-casks and the bundles that they poured out the woe of a race in brooding, despairing songs, sometimes answered by faint voices from the rafts—an abandon of grief that delights a Slav.

For all the robust daylight life, it is night on the Volga that lingers as most Russian. There is none of the rehearsed picturesqueness of the Nile—*dahabeahs* clustering like giant butterflies, women bearing water-pots silhouetted against the sunset,—but night, unique, magnificent, to be remembered when more theatrical memories have passed. At sunset, spire and dome are touched with a fire as of Revelations; the sky is hung with a silky purple and gold which the river weaves into a shimmering, darkling fabric. Nor does the glory leap up for a moment *in excelsis* and die in a pale evanescence, but the magnificence deepens steadily, continuously into the velvety blackness of night. The water thick, black, and buoyant as oil reflects the stars like luminous

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fringed daisies, and in the sky, withdrawn to greater depth, and in steppe and river there breathes a new and poignant mystery.

A steamer swings out from a bend in the river and blazes its way into the darkness "like a lighted basilica"; barges emerge, slow-sailed and ponderous, their shapes blocking heavily the background of night, spars rocking softly under the starlit heaven; a silent nocturnal pageant. Solitude again lies on the river and plain, brooding with the immensity of the sea. But there are other forms shaping there in the darkness—gray forms dim and indistinct, barely discernible among the shadows of the rivers: the rafts floating, drifting there, riding the swell of the steamer, jostling each other in the eddying current—infinitesimal points of life pitted against the menace of the unknown. It is not difficult to imagine the mists from the steppe there like walls reaching to the sky; sleepless eyes searching the fog, heavy, obscure, soundless, except for the lapping of the water against the logs; muscles taught to turn the unwieldy masses from the jutting banks; brawny arms strained to thrust them from sudden death in the path of the steamers. On the edge of the rafts, tiny brushwood fires signal to us that there are brothers there in the void. Sometimes sounds of a wild carousal float on the night-wind, a debauch of hairy river-giants rebelling against the level of life and the steppe.—Again silence.—A single voice threads out of the darkness, wails despairingly to the stars and sinks back into the void.—Silence.—I know of nothing by which the sense of this whole submerged and despairing life of Russia passes into the soul as by these cries at night from the river.

With the passing of day, the cities become more Oriental, cutting the sky above the river like the cities of a Caliph's dream. It was past sunset, but the sky was still tinted with orange and purple, when we first sighted the domes and spires of Kostroma. Below the great ramparts, the river flowed a nocturnal mystery. For an hour we pushed slowly

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past black barges and colossal lighted steamers and nosed our way under a jewelled bridge which had set a myriad balloons of light afloat on the murky waters below. A lighted slip opened hospitably. The steamer strained and creaked; the anchor chains rattled; the bearded saints shouted and bawled. But I was little conscious of the flare of light and noise in the slip—only of the cascade rising above us, a giant starred citadel—climbing up, up, high into the sky above! What Oriental whimsicalities of outline lying there above the immensity of the river! An ancient Stamboul. Holy Russia by day, but by night Haroun-al-Raschid's own city. It is to wish for Verestchagin with the magic he caught in Japanese temple interiors to paint this Oriental Russia.

Our mission at Kostroma, however, was not Oriental but purely Russian. From under the streaming torches of the pier, a medley of faces gazed reverently up at us as if we were indeed the Lohengrin ship. We were landing one of the great bells for which the city is famous. There were a few caftaned passengers to depart, and then a gangway was cleared across the pier and through the cavernous shadows of the warehouse. Monstrous cables were cast about the bell, slipping far down on its sides, gleaming bronze under the torches, and around its graven base. And then forty men—twenty on a side—threw themselves at the ropes with a sort of religious ecstasy and rhythmical cries of effort, which mark Russia of the East. Perhaps it is an act of devotion to land so large a bell! And trampling and straining and chanting a broken rhythm that caught at one's pulses, they drew the bell down the gangway and through the warehouse, their voices returning from the yawning chasm like a retreating opera chorus. There was a vigorous harmony in its concerted human effort, like the rhythm in the reaching backs and arms of "The Gleaners." The apotheosis of labor! And for a moment I caught the vision of Russia united in a mighty brotherhood.

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THE PARTING

By Lee Wilson Dodd

Muse, we have rhymed of Liberty,
Have damned the Germans, cheered for France,
Exalted Belgium's constancy—
Bowed to the times and circumstance:
But have we given of our best?
Have we not drawn from brackish springs
Dead water? Have we stood the test,
The test that Life, Life only, brings?
Reflected from her eyes, they fade,
Those rhymes of ours; they thin and are
As if they never had been made.
—Poor Muse! and must the blight of war
Destroy in us the seeds of song,
Leave us no hope for flower or fruit?
Must all that touches war go wrong,
Leaf-withered, blasted at the root?
Not all. But, Muse of mine, our hearts
Have not the mighty pulse that shakes
The soul of nations. Song departs
From us, when all we sang of breaks
From all we hoped for—peace on earth,
Good will to men of kindly will,
Beauty. . . . But what is beauty worth
In a crazed world where man must kill
Man, to make Truth come true? Poor Muse,
Bewildered Muse of mine, farewell!
Find thou some Heaven apart! I choose
To labor, not to sing, in Hell.

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THE RED CROSS DOLLAR IN FRANCE

By Howard Copland

WHEN I was a boy, a neighboring town was flooded by a tributary of the Ohio River. Houses were reported carried away, cattle and horses drowned and many people homeless. A subscription was organized in all the near-by towns, and I gave a suit of clothes, a very large fraction of one dollar, and a jackknife. I did not give the knife at first; it was an afterthought. I went out to the express wagon just before it drove off, undid our package, and put the knife in one of the pockets of my old familiar clothes. I scarcely know why I did not tell about it; I suppose it was from fear of intrusion upon my innermost thoughts.

For I had had time to build myself a picture of the recipient of the knife. He was of the size to wear my clothes, and he was floating rapidly down the swollen river on a kind of wooden platform that held also a big dog-kennel, chained to which was a fine black Newfoundland dog. The boy's hair, of the color of my own, was blown by the wind, and there was a certain statuesqueness in his attitude. The boy was never going back to his home. He was to land in a strange city and gain a fortune by selling newspapers. He was to marry a very sweet girl, and the Newfoundland dog was always to be with them. When I rushed out to add the knife, it was on the sudden impulse to give him something with which to defend himself against other newsboys if among them there proved to be any like a boy I knew named "Butch"—a very unscrupulous individual who often threatened violence.

It was just two days before this dream was shattered. During all that time I spent my leisure swaying amid the leaves in the seat I had secured to the higher branches of our

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big elm tree, letting my soul rush out to the soul of that boy on the raft and feeling the keenest pleasure in the gift I had been able to send him—just as at this moment there are doubtless thousands of warm American hearts beating in generous enthusiasm over the gifts they are sending to the chivalrous French soldier they visualize fighting the battle of civilization for them in storm-swept Champagne.

On the third day my father and I drove over to the inundated town. Men with badges on their arms blocked the access to certain streets. They seemed very cross, and I sat in the buggy and held the reins while my father got out to persuade them to let us by. Between the wide-open doors of a big barn, other men equally cross sat at a table covered with papers. The hay-mow behind them was filled almost to the roof with bundles of clothing. It came to me depressingly that my suit of clothes and my knife were merely somewhere in that vast welter of bundles; and I saw that clothes were being given out without any regard to the sizes of the garments, and the people receiving them seemed often quarrelsome and unsatisfied. I listened to odd scraps of information: how a drunken man was supposed to have got his whiskey in exchange for clothing improperly obtained; how the County Commissioners had decided that no official action was required, thanks to the splendid efforts of "Private Initiative"; how the banks of a certain creek must be made stronger henceforth—and I wondered if my own cash contribution was to be merged in that to me unsympathetic undertaking.

Then my father came back and we started home. He said he had tried to get help for an old gardener he knew who had lost his greenhouse and his glass frames, and he asked that the hundred dollars which he had contributed to the fund should be given to this man, but the people at the desk told him that was impossible now. As my father and I drove through the twilight of that evening of early spring, I fancy we were both of us silent, both of us pondering in

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our different ways thoughts not altogether unlike those of the young Sadi Carnot—the great French scientist—more than a century ago when there came to him his first restless gropings towards what he finally formulated as the second great law of thermodynamics, the law of the "degradation of energy." This law avers that although the force of a bullet speeding through the air is "conserved" in the form of heat when it suddenly impinges against the cliff and raises to an infinitesimal fraction of a degree the temperature of the whole rock, yet the force as it existed in the moving projectile was of a superior kind and is once for all "degraded" when changed to the form of heat, so that it can never again be utilized to speed a bullet through the air. Like the speeding bullet, my father's hundred dollars had living force, capable of a thousand kindly things, till he chose to merge it in the cold stony bosom of that massive "fund"!

Of course, one would not always want it otherwise. Distant cities such as Messina and San Francisco have been made to live again by great philanthropic "funds" which nobody would have ever wished to see disintegrated into the thousand trifling offerings that had cost each individual donor so little sacrifice. And I am writing this in France, where for almost all the time since the beginning of the war, I have been employed in Red Cross work of one kind or another—having to do now with the distribution among hospitals over here of contributions from America, contributions that could never have been made to reach their goal in any less massive way.

The source of all this giving is of course the individual home in America—the family's fireside resolution to contribute some object, some small sum of money, to help assuage the sufferings that every warm-hearted breakfast-table in America has been discussing and commiserating every morning of these past horrible three years. Now, all these intimate contributions, these offerings of the very inmost heart, have long before reaching France suffered

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that inevitable "degradation" of their energy of love and sweetness inherent in the very nature of impersonal big "funds." They arrive cumbrous and almost sullen in their enormous mass. It has been the business of those of us who are hospital visitors over here to unchain at this end all that dynamic force of love and kindliness which lies latent in the huge bales and cases that are flung down for us on the wet inhospitable wharf of the bleak steamer-landing.

Some of these huge cases hold hundreds of dainty "surprise-bags," each a be-ribboned little sack containing the things that have been thought most to be desired by a soldier—a small mirror that is ingeniously also a well-garnished pincushion, a comb, a pipe and some tobacco, a bright handkerchief or a pair of socks, sometimes a fountain-pen or a safety-razor or even a wrist-watch, and tucked down in its pleasing depths almost always a tender letter in halting French, pouring out a few words of love and admiration for the soldier who is to receive it. (It has always seemed to me a profanation to pry into such letters.)

Now here the law of the degradation of energy has found no field. Every bit of love put into the sending of those bags, after being merged in the book-keeping of big societies and the holds of salt-crusted ships, springs into life again with its full percentage of efficiency. What I do with such things as these in my baggage in my migrations among military hospitals is to inquire in every ward about the men who are without resources owing to the fact that their homes are in the invaded regions of France and who perchance have had no news of their daughters or wives since the beginning of the war. Every such man gets one of these bags.

In the transformations of thermodynamics there is no efficiency of more than one hundred per cent. But there is a newfangled theory these last few years about intra-atomic energy—unsuspected forces inside the dull lead of the bullet which if released would incredibly surpass the paltry force of its speeding flight. Well, something like that emanates

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from the interior of these surprise-bags—more than even the very kindest hearts that sent them ever put into them! I recall a dying man in a hospital of the fifteenth "Région" a few weeks ago. He just stroked the little bag all day long as it lay on the covers of his bed for three days before his death, taking out all the little objects and putting them back again over and over, one by one. The last words he spoke were, "il faut écrire à cette dame"; and he held the card she had written close to his cheek as if whispering words of love to this person, the first, perhaps, who had shown tenderness to him since the shattering of his little home in the North of France, when he went to the trenches and his wife and daughter were deported into slavery.

But the business of Red Cross distribution is seldom so uncomplicated or so agreeable a task as this. In the great war there is more serious business on hand than giving dainties to soldiers, be they ever so homesick or forlorn. In the midst of coldest winter, a hospital which is employing its every blanket may be suddenly advised of the arrival of an extra hundred men, and requisitions of new material demand a lapse of weeks. By good chance we are enabled to supply in time a hundred nice warm blankets, contributed singly, perhaps, by as many different households in America. Now, the newly-arrived wounded experience no especial emotion when they find awaiting them the woollen covers that are customary to hospital beds; there is nowhere any thrill of gratitude, save perhaps in the breast of some perturbed "officier gestionnaire" who should have foreseen the blanket difficulty months before, and feels that he has escaped an official "wigging" by a very especial act of providence indeed! So those who receive know it not, those who give give to they know not whom; verily from the level of the surprise-bag with its enclosed message and generally a soldier's intimate letter of reply, there has been about the same falling off in the dynamic quality of each dollar spent as in the case of that regretted fraction of a dollar of my boyhood.

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We have to fear two kinds of degradation of the dollar: first, lest it should fail to do a dollar's worth of good over here; second, lest it should fail to respond a dollar's worth to the desires of the donor. And it is always with a heavy heart that one is called upon to sacrifice the latter as the less important. I have had one such case within a week of writing these lines when I caused some fifty dollars of our funds to be spent on a sesquipedalian chemical called, if I remember correctly, trichloracetic acid, which will bring no joy to any French soldier nor even a knowledge of his having benefited by it. That seemed a dreary destination for what had been in America fifty bright individual dollars leaping eagerly from purses as slender as was my own in those days of my boyhood. But a certain "Spécialité" hospital for soldiers with Bright's disease would have been unable to continue making analyses of the urea in the blood without it. It was a large hospital with a continual coming and going of many soldiers invalided back from the front with symptoms of this ailment. Each arrival was put upon first a meat diet and then upon a diet of vegetables, and the corresponding analysis of this element of the blood was necessary to arriving at prompt means of treatment that would perhaps have results for a whole remaining lifetime. Owing to this sudden shortage, the analyses had now ceased; and the treatment of all these men was rendered utterly inferior to what it had been in this particular disease, which demands such energetic measures at its first inception. All silent and unknown to the very men whose lives may have been saved by it, our fifty dollars had done more good than any corresponding amount of surprise-bags or the thousand little, more intimate tokens that bring messages of love so much more gracefully from across the seas.

But in the ever recurring decisions to be made concerning the disposition of the resources furnished us, I think there is always present to our minds the query: "What would the donors of these gifts have desired?" And in all those cases

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where we feel a possible dread that what we are doing would cause a pang of disappointment in those breasts, we harden ourselves to it by the thought that these are critical days for France, and her positive gain should be more prominent in our minds than any regret for America's loss. And too it is permissible to assume that those for whom we are acting would doubtless willingly concur, had they the wider knowledge which can only come from months of experience in the work over here.

Of course, every delegate has his own experiences, and war conditions in France change from month to month. I can only relate some of my experiences and set forth some of my views without in the least being able to guarantee the agreement of fellow-workers with my ideas, and at the risk of being too personal, and perhaps drearily dogmatic. When I compare the great funds of Red Cross administration to the magnitude of a national postal service, I readily identify my own rôle as that of the humble postman who merely delivers from house to house on his own limited beat. My work has been to go to some centre of military hospitals and to find waiting for me there a certain number of tons of Red Cross supplies. It is then my business so to manage that every pair of socks and every undershirt in those bales goes to the very neediest of the wounded soldiers, and that none goes to persons not in need or capable of buying their own.

Now, a flannel shirt that costs one dollar in America would cost almost two dollars over here these days, what with duty, freight, insurance, and current questions of tonnage. That shirt it is our luck sometimes to make worth ten dollars, a hundred dollars, almost any price you will—by the same token that the price of a pair of boots would have been worth to Mark Twain as much as the entire city of St. Louis if he had been possessed of them at the critical moment. Then too if I prove stupid or negligent, the value of that shirt may be reduced lower than the proverbial "thirty cents," as when I am hoodwinked by a scalawag who sells it for liquor.

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Many a shirt or a dollar's worth of woollen sweater has saved a human life, which we quote at five thousand dollars in America, I believe. I recall heading my motor-car across country against a cold sleety rain one bitter day last winter, and meeting a young soldier who accepted the proffered seat by my side. He had just come from the hospital where he had been sent in the heat of the preceding summer, and he had been trudging now through the snow with evidently the same clothes he had worn then. He was an electric-bell hanger from the part of France invaded. He had been invalided out of military service and had asked that the railway ticket always given in such cases should be made out for a town just behind us because he knew of an old employer there. But the establishment, like many others, had been closed since the beginning of the war, and it was on a very faint hope that he was making his way to the next town in search of needed employment. His poor body, long enfeebled by illness and the close air of hospital wards, was shaking so he could hardly speak. Now, in future years when all this horrible war shall have come to be to that once young musketeer but a blurred retrospect, if he has a proper sense of proportion there will emerge from it the memory of a shirt, a sweater, and a few other woollen garments, which will assume monumental proportions. For if he has survived that day, I am sure it was these humble garments that saved his life.

Casual meetings such as this would not suffice to absorb our wares on any large scale, nor do the French soldiers of the right kind care to be receiving alms on the highway. But there they are in their thousands, lying in the military hospitals of France. And these hospitals are not inefficiently run, nor are the necessary requirements lacking; but any great departmental work such as that of the French "Service de Santé" is necessarily like a ponderous steam-roller, whose passage must leave many chinks and spaces unfilled. Individual hardships there are which no one big

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system can care for. It is the work of us visiting delegates of American organizations to minister to these cases.

As long as they are at the front, the life of these men calls for no pity. There is a strange mad gaiety, a wild boisterousness not factitious, that meets everything there with a contented laugh—even death itself. Wounds are not painful, and time and again, I have learned from men whose wounds caused atrocious suffering subsequently that on the day of receiving them there was no pang, nothing but a grateful numbness. As for food, I think the French peasant has never fed so copiously as during these last three years under arms. I who write can testify; during the months I served as member of a volunteer ambulance corps at the front I received my three sous a day like the others, and the ordinary French rations were daily dealt out to us. The beef often walked to camp on its own hoof, and the advent of *rigor mortis* did not always precede its boiling. It took some chewing but its nutritive qualities were unimpeachable; the food was good and simple. Life was like some gorgeous camping trip in the mountains. No, give all the pity that you will to the wives and the mothers of these men from whom they have been torn away, for the shops abandoned and the fortunes ruined, but know that the men up at the front live in a kind of Nirvana that is free from all care and all fear—and free too from all that is unworthy, from mean jealousy, and from the struggle in which one man gains at another's expense.

But the step from this back into the old life, which comes with removal to a hospital and the discovery of oneself regarding through the windows the streets of a town, is almost like awaking from a trance. As soon as the men convalesce, they walk about the crowded streets, staring strangely. They see others earning the old accustomed wage, while for them the sole resource is the paltry pittance of a few sous that makes their daily soldier's pay; and they look blankly at the goods in shops, as impossible to their

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empty pockets as though displayed on the surface of another planet—it is enough to make highway robbers of the very best of them!

I recall a French town with ample parks and shade trees by a stream where for some reason there had been an obstacle to the arrival of shoes for the men in hospital, and it was strictly forbidden that those not properly shod should go out of the building. Here were scores of men who had had their shoes cut off by the surgeon's knife before being brought to the hospital on stretchers, now grown strong and quite able to walk about but condemned for lack of shoes to pass the long summer afternoons in the sultry hospital wards. Fortunate ones with enough money bought themselves some kind of footwear sufficient to pass the sentry. I remember a nice old priest serving as a nurse, who received me in his stockinged feet and explained that he had lent his shoes to one of the men so that he could go out for the first time to the shade by the river. I should have so much liked to furnish shoes to all these poor imprisoned men, but there were none among the wares I had with me; and as available funds for buying them were not so ample that year as now, I had to pass on, leaving the men patient and uncomplaining. But, as I say, it is ever some little crevice or chink left in the path of the great steam-roller of a national administration that presents opportunity for our services.

We in America, with our comfortable thousand leagues of distance from any dangerous neighbors, heard little Red Cross talk before the war. But it was not so in France. Here for the last twenty years it had been felt that some day French women would be called upon to nurse brothers and husbands shot down by the powerful guns that could be seen collecting in every arsenal of Germany. Just as the men of the nation gave three years of their life in preparing to meet this moment, so the women of France had seen the necessity of devoting hours of preparation every year to the organization of that great work of the French Red Cross

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which is now bearing such marvellous flower. Many women there were who for years had laid aside every bit of lint or gauze that promised to be of service as a bandage, and local chapters of the Red Cross existed in every town of any size throughout France. It was fortunate for France that this was so, for in the first great onslaught of the early days of the war the existing military hospitals, adequate only for the number of soldiers who took part in the annual manoeuvres, were crowded to the point of chaos.

Then it was that these women of France saved the situation. In every little town throughout the country, hospitals were organized by them—in school-houses, in town-halls, in skating-rinks, in churches. Most of these hospitals have continued ever since. When they are in charge of a local branch of one of the three great Red Cross societies of France, they are called "auxiliaires" hospitals. They exist by the thousand. The government allows them a stipend of about two francs a day for each wounded soldier cared for by them. That must pay not only for food but for bandages and drugs as well, not to mention such other steady drains as electric light, water, and heating. If the stipend does this, it is due to the fact that all the nursing is volunteer work, and generally the cooking and dish-washing and floor-scrubbing too, and that humble market-women give vegetables, and coal-dealers give fuel, and every family of any consequence is on the list of names responsible for the weekly deficit.

But there is another category still more humble and pathetic than the "auxiliaires" hospitals in its struggles to keep going. In villages too small to have boasted before the war anything so pretentious as a local branch of one of these Red Cross societies, the village priest or some prominent farmer of the region would, perhaps, call a meeting, and in their enthusiasm to do something for France, the villagers would pledge themselves to support a hospital of a dozen, or perhaps a score, of beds. The prime mover becomes the director and the various wives and daughters are

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nurses, laundresses, and cooks. It matters not that these sturdy people pledged themselves to a war of three or four months, and the war has now gone on more than three years; they almost always still stick to the work. This little establishment is called officially a "bénévole" hospital.

Our task of distributing Red Cross wares to hospitals such as these is a very easy one. It is just: "Bon soir, Monsieur le Curé; here are some warm woollens for your wounded men to put on when they are well enough to be about. Here are some bandages, all sealed in these sterilized tin boxes. No, there is nothing at all to pay; thousands of women have been knitting them and making them for you over in America, thousands of miles away. No, there are no thanks due to us from you. It's all the other way around; it's we who thank you for all the work you have been doing for us here in France these three years and more." And the old curé, or the rustic village mayor, looking bewildered as the beautiful flannels, bed linen, and bandages roll out from the automobile, crosses himself piously and stares at me in a kind of speechless awe as if I were a messenger straight out of the sky. Blue-clad men in bandages hobble out of the kitchen, their potato-paring or their dish-washing still in evidence, the whole establishment like one large friendly family begin to press my hand, and I am off across country towards another hospital twenty miles away before the wonderful wares have been even comprehended. Truly, every one of the little "bénévoles" hospitals assures a gilt-edged investment for the American dollar, a dollar which in these cases not only speeds to its mark with all its initial energy but like those "explosive bullets" we hear about, suddenly engenders an unsuspected and increased force when lodged in the bosom of the target.

The "auxiliaires" hospitals are larger, frequently running to five hundred beds, and are sometimes a bit more difficult for us to minister to efficiently. They are in bigger towns where a stay of a day or two is necessary, and where you

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easily get valuable information from local chat. You learn that "Madame la Directrice" is one of those admirable French women with much good sense, equitable and just to all the elements of her big hospital, and thinks only of the well-being of her men. No wiser course is open than to leave your wares entirely for her to distribute. In rarer cases you may be told that the directress is a rather bigoted church-woman, likely to give only to those who go most regularly to mass; or that she is reputed partial to the first-floor wards, at loggerheads with the nurses of the second and apt to deprive them of fair share; or that she is credited with a monkey-like mania for huddling off such contributions into the attic and letting her men go cold in the midst of plenty. Any one of a dozen different reasons may put you on your guard and lead you to make your distribution yourself, sending a request to the head-nurse of each ward to assemble for you those of her patients most in need.

Sometimes you learn that the committee running the hospital are all rich people, quite able to provide for all needs themselves, that a contribution of American wares pleasantly lightens their burden but adds nothing to what the men would receive in any event. A tactful delegate can form a rapid impression on the inspection of such a hospital and depart with much low bowing and shaking of hands, but with his store unimpaired. These "rich" committees are generally made up of worldly people, not born yesterday, sometimes very adroit in the arts of the begging letter-writer, and adepts in the tactics of that "Système D" about which so much has been heard of late. It is spelled in full "Système Débrouillez-vous!" and requires for translation some formula intermediate between "By hook or by crook" and the old-fashioned "Root hog or die"—albeit with the suggestion that the ends are justifyingly ethical ones. "Ma chère," I overheard one directress of a hospital tell another, "when you need supplies just write a very pathetic letter in twenty copies and send off one to each of these twenty addresses." She pro-

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duced a list of very exact addresses of a score of societies in different lands. Of course, it is the very obvious chance for the abuse of this method that has occasioned the complaints about the "overlappings" of various societies, and the arguments for the amalgamation of smaller societies into one big association.

There is another process by which the American dollar attains over here just the value of one dollar and no more. That is in the sending of great consignments of tons of medical dressings and nice warm underclothes to vast military hospitals, neither "auxiliaires" nor "bénévoles" but strictly departmental and hierarchic. It helps the French government by just the amount that those wares cost, which the government might itself have spent in buying them in America. Frequently also it enables the officer in charge to indent at headquarters for supplies needed by his hospital for far less than is required for other hospitals not so favored by us, and sometimes to win an extra stripe on his sleeve for his seemingly more economic management. The men lying wounded in the hospital fare just exactly the same as if the goods had never been sent.

The obstacles besetting our distributions in these strictly military hospitals are as numerous and varied as are the natures of the different men who direct them. I could write a good-sized volume on the wiles and ruses, the tactful peace-offerings of rubber gloves to surgeons, the many recourses to that famous "Système D," all rendered necessary in order to bring to the individual patients something that they otherwise would not have had, and to avoid this engulfing of our supplies in hierarchic government store-rooms that are ever yawning before them. It is often pointed out by prosaic gold-braided officials that these destinations represent the most literal and apposite method by which America can bring aid to France! But if that had been the desire of the individual donors in America, they might have sent their money direct to the French government, or put it into the French

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War Loan. Practical people like Mr. Potash and Mr. Perlmutter see only the exact money value in Christmas presents; but there is a finer, more personal and intimate sentiment breathed into these wares that come to us from America which ought not to meet this fate.

Then there is a category of hospitals installed in buildings which in times of peace were hotels. The hotel-keeper has frequently remained as contracting caterer, deeply brooding, it may well be imagined, over the two-franc-a-day rate of his hundreds of boarders! Such an one, not uninformed of outside events, is apt to send broadcast appeals which curiously centre about the one article of bed linen—an article which he probably thinks will remain with the rest of the furniture when the hotel is given back to him after the war. A few minor experiences with this kind of hospital inspire in the most dove-like visitor a certain wisdom characteristic of the serpent.

There is also the faddist surgeon of a small provincial hospital who has read in his medical journal of some new and expensive apparatus for grafting bone, or some other operation too recondite to have passed the experimental stage; he hankers for that glittering novelty with all the passion of a half-grown boy for a pair of skates with patent fastenings. A little persuasive eloquence in the appeal he writes us and a pathetic description of rebuffs from his unfeeling departmental chiefs are apt likewise to endanger good American dollars in our charge. But these are all minor leakages, soon discovered, and cheap for the money in value rendered to our sharpened wits and keener precautions for the future.

Expressing solely my own personal opinion, I venture the prediction that the work of helping the hospitals will soon cease to centre attention of philanthropic societies to the extent that it has done. I should be the last to desire the present grateful and comforting stream of shirts and socks for soldiers to diminish or to fail; but they have come to fill a disproportionate place in our thoughts in the midst of

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greater wants of fresher and graver importance. As soldiers, whether well or sick, all live in that Nirvana over which no ill can prevail, it might be well to give more of our riches rather to the pitiful cases of those just ceasing to be soldiers. In each of the score of hierarchic "Régions" of France, there exists one bare forbidding "Dépôt" where men by thousands are daily mustered out of service either for wounds or for incurable disabilities. At that instant, the separation allowance of the wife and children stops. All military clothes must be left behind. Free passage on the railway is granted as far as the man's home, but those whose homes were in the invaded parts of France have no place to go at all. For some reason it has not been the custom for Red Cross societies to occupy themselves with the welfare of these men. There seems no way of reaching them short of having a delegate on the spot in each one of the "Régions," who would question them and ascertain what percentage—surely one in twenty, perhaps one in ten—are starting out bewildered and dismayed on a new life, utterly without resources, and frequently with others dependent upon them for support.

An appalling percentage of these men would consist of the sufferers from the great white plague of tuberculosis. Victims of war though they may be, yet they are not necessarily entitled to a pension from the state. A disability to merit that must be proved definitely to be "imputable au service armé," and though a man can cite months of captivity in German prison-camps spent shivering, without shelter, and deprived of all strengthening food, yet French law holds that the disease is not proved to be other than one latent in him previously and disclaims responsibility. To these "réformés numéro deux," as they are technically described, no pension is due, and their dependents receive no indemnity on their death. On this category of sufferers the Rockefeller Foundation with its millions of endowment and the great talents at its disposal is now coming to centre almost its entire attention. Among the orphans of victims of the war

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left without resources, wonderful work has already been done by Americans. And as the armies in France advance, pushing back the invaders from a devastated land, terrible conditions of want and desolation in those regions will make new demands on our pity.

Now these last three categories may well represent a crescendo scale of increasing perils that can threaten with a certain degradation the initial force of our American dollar. The consumptives need help and need it at once. Without that help many will die, are dying now; with it they will be saved. Surrounding the next category, that of the orphans, there is a positive haze of doubts; the question arises whether our millions are perhaps doing for France merely what France otherwise would have come to do for herself, the orphans remaining in the same case and our money merely refreshing a national treasury. But the third category, that of the devastated regions, presents to my imagination a thousand stony walls against which our ricochetting bullets of dollars might strike and so lose much of their keen initial force. The picture comes to my mind again of that day of my boyhood life with its vision of County Commissioners and the hay-mow piled high with clothing, and the dissatisfied country folk going away very querulous and quarrelsome. Then if I picture these badged officials speaking a different language from that of the folk they are trying to content, accustomed to ways of life different from theirs, incapable of thinking their every-day thoughts, I see confusion ahead.

There is about as much human nature in one man as in another, according to David Harum, but it is in especial the French peasant, to my mind, whose share is "more so"! I have grown to love him and his very weaknesses, sharing the intimacy of his domestic life when billeted in his warm feather-mattressed beds many nights of this war, and having had much to do with him for more than a score of years before the war. He has all the self-denying sober virtues of the thrifty Scotchman but essentially—and rather "more so"—

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the latter's persevering subtlety of fine distinctions of resentment and offense. I do not envy the Red Cross commissioner adjudicating the respective claims of such an one and his neighbor in their sharing of a common fund. If the serpent's wisdom must be called in to help the dove-like softness of mere hospital visiting, how much more necessary will it be in this task of defending the American dollar from the perils besetting its flight through a labyrinth of countless hamlets and villages of a country whose very language is not our own! It is not any one man who can do this, nor any board of men sitting in a distant committee-room. I suggest that we must have many local delegates and visitors, familiar with French ways and the French language, all through this region. Every village could be "adopted" by some community in America which might have a representative over here on the spot, and through him almost every individual family in every one of these villages might eventually come to belong to some one family or group of families in America. The enormous development of this system of adoption, as it has been worked out between mutually unacquainted French "godmothers" and French "godsons" since the beginning of the war, is a recognition by the French of the principle of this "degradation of energy," first discovered by one of France's greatest sons.

Of course, we might simply draw some terrific cheque on the enormous bank-account of Red Cross millions and by handing it to France as represented by her government be quit of all the trouble. We have seen the Prince of Wales Fund of England turn over millions of pounds sterling practically outright to the British treasury. Yet it seems to me that a terrible degradation of energy is suffered by the individual sixpences, which little children in the slums of London have given under the glamour of a colored poster depicting a brave soldier wasting away his life apparently for need of just that sum; the warm intimate charges of human love have been used to heighten to an infinitesimal

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fraction of a degree the temperature of the great sums that go merely to pay some budget item which the enormous bookkeeping of the state might just as sufficingly have shifted to another column. There are so many other weightier questions of Red Cross distribution that my contention may seem trifling; but I want to make my little plea for due value to the donor, a plea for the full hundred per cent of transformation not only in the quantity of the force of his contribution, but also in the quality of that force. This can be assured by infinite pains of personal relationship. The drawing of great cheques and the handing over of lump sums is the lazy man's way.

Of the several thousand American automobile ambulances that have carried wounded soldiers from the field of battle these past three years, every one has been driven by an American, and when he finally goes home he can tell the donor just what the car has done. There are plenty of chauffeurs in France, and we might far more easily have sent merely the money that these automobiles cost and let it go at that. But "il faut payer de sa personne" in certain matters. The millionaire does not send a cheque into the trenches; he goes himself. We Americans must come to France in our own persons to accompany our American dollars if we would keep alive in them that sacred spark of love and personal sympathy with which they were originally sped. So I hope that the nascent American Red Cross, with all its recent newfound millions, is going to remain somewhat of a humble intermediary between the individuals who give and the individuals who receive—a sort of kindly and ethical matrimonial bureau to bring together hearts capable of mutual love and then to step tactfully and self-effacingly aside.

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BOOK REVIEWS

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN UNION

The English-Speaking Peoples. By George Louis Beer. The Macm Company. New York. 1917. $1.50.

The imagination easily kindles at the thought of a union of the Eng speaking peoples. Nearly a hundred years ago our great orator of day was moved by the contemplation of the British Empire, "wl morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the ho circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the mar airs of England." Since that day the British Empire has greatly enlar its area, and our possessions have nearly doubled in size. More than o fourth the area, more than one-third the population of the globe, mo than one-third its resources and capitalized wealth, and one-half its m cantile tonnage, now enjoy the protection of one or the other of our fla Before this war revealed the tremendous resources of military pow which can be engendered by a centralization which turns the human bei intellectually and physically into a machine without will, and morally in a beast which disregards all obligations, one might well have dreame that a union of English-speaking peoples could compel peace througho the world. The experiences of the war ought perhaps to have a restrai ing effect on our imaginations and make us more than ever cautious i the field of prophecy.

It is at any rate not the imaginative vision of present results or futur possibilities which most appeals to Mr. Beer. It is the solid argumenta tive power of actual facts, of historical records and statistical tables; and all sober American minds, which tend instinctively to distrust visions and prediction, are given here the materials, drawn from the study of an unusual range of evidence, with which a sound conviction ought to be built. The book is the work of a scholar, and it is, as scholars say, thoroughly documented; every assertion is fortified with citation of the source from which it is derived, and the book, with its numerous references to other books, might easily serve as introduction to the study of a long list of related topics. But it is not primarily addressed to scholars, and it is not a dry-as-dust performance. It is addressed to thinking people who are ready to consider seriously and with care the duty of the nation in this great crisis, and it abounds with fresh suggestions and arguments which are bound to excite interest and open new channels of thought.

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The most suggestive point of this kind in the book, I believe to be the argument that the League to Enforce Peace cannot furnish what we need in the way of international organization after the war, because it cannot raise issues and control the action of nations on grounds of justice and right. It must be limited to action on grounds of legality. It can be created only by treaties between the different members of the League, and these treaties must define and limit the sphere of its operation. They will never include in specific form the right to raise the question of motives. What is necessary, however, in order to meet the real needs of the situation, is some international power which is free to judge of the quality of others' conduct and to determine its own action, not on legal merely but on moral grounds. In the world as it is at present constituted, a power of this kind can be created only by such a union of the English-speaking peoples as their common standards of right and justice render possible. It may be added from the speech of Ambassador Page at Plymouth, England, last August: "No combination of peace-loving nations can be made effective without both branches of our race." It is only necessary for us to agree together that we will enforce in common action the principles which we have each in our respective spheres already been endeavoring to enforce, and the thing is done. Such an agreement would attract at once other nations whose ideals are the same, perhaps from the start all the present Allied nations; and the league to enforce not merely peace but justice would become, not an English-speaking league, but a world league. It is impossible to reproduce here the force of the argument. But it is convincing; certainly it will seem so to anyone who believes with President Wilson that nations should conform to the same standards of conduct as individuals.

Other points are as effectively argued: that if the world had known in 1914 that the United States and the British Empire would act together to protect the sanctity of treaties, this war would not have been begun; that if Germany should be victorious in Europe, the freedom of the world would still be dependent on England and the United States; that upon a knowledge of the cordial sympathy and support of the United States depends the rapidity of the development of self-government in India, now well under way; that upon the world's understanding of our common policy depends the future freedom of Latin America from European domination, and the independence and integrity of China; that "Empire" no longer carries its old meaning in the British world, but that the British Empire has been transformed into the British Commonwealth of Nations; and that in all essential and characteristic features, the two great branches of the English-speaking world are already pursuing a common policy.

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But the appeal of argument is somewhat lifeless unless a touch of the imagination is added. Twenty years ago, before our war with Spain had made us a world power, at the close of an article reviewing Anglo-Saxon expansion in the nineteenth century, the writer of this notice said: "The simple truth is that, great as have been the demands upon the race to create the history of the past in which we rejoice, the demands of the future will be even greater. It is the result of this history, the proper and fitting result, that we are now brought to the supreme test of racial ability. The nineteenth century, truly considered, is but an age of preliminary and introductory expansion. If the genius of the race fail not, . . . then is the achievement of the nineteenth century but a preparing of the way for the vaster expansion of the twentieth—for the founding, not of the empire of the race, but of the united commonwealth of all nations." Events have moved swiftly since that date. The demands of the future have come upon us in rapid succession, and they have been heavier and they have brought wider responsibilities than anyone would have dared to predict. So far we have proved ourselves equal to each new task as it has appeared. But the task which the future now far more clearly demands than in 1897, the task of founding the united commonwealth of nations, which no race but ours is in position to attempt, calls upon us for labors and sacrifices of a new kind. It requires now, not physical exertion nor conflict on the battlefield, but that we lay aside inherited dislike of joining hands with other nations in a common policy, abandon cherished convictions about international relations, and enter upon a new road of advance. To all who believe in these things, Mr. Beer's book is a manual of argument.

G. B. ADAMS.

Yale University.

BRITISH NAVAL STRATEGY

The British Navy at War. By W. Macneile Dixon. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1917. $0.75 net.

This is a handy little book for the general reader who finds it hard to keep in mind a connected account of British naval operations simply from reading the papers. But if one is looking for a critical analysis of these operations, one must turn elsewhere. The book is written by a professor of English, doubtless with an eye to "force" and "ease," but as history it is simply a hymn of praise. The work of the British navy, the author declares, is "an achievement to which we stand too near for

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full appreciation, but to which men of the generations to come will look back with an amazed bewilderment and admiration."

It is unsafe to say what coming generations are going to think and say, particularly as there are such widely divergent views held by naval critics of this generation in regard to the work of the British navy. Undoubtedly there have been magnificent achievements; possibly there has been blundering on a magnificent scale too, as in the ill-starred attack on the Dardanelles. And, while for the present the student of naval warfare may be warned to suspend judgment, he has the right to ask questions as to strategy and tactics and to expect to have them discussed. He is not going to be satisfied with a patriotic rhapsody.

The fact is that among the warmest friends of the English there is an uneasy dissatisfaction with the record of their navy. This feeling is probably unfair, but a book like Professor Dixon's does little to dispel it. Coming down to details, one naturally asks why the Admiralty exposed Cradock to a far superior force known to be in the Pacific, and why they sent such an inadequate reinforcement as the Canopus, which, even if it had arrived in time, could not have averted defeat? Again, in regard to the submarine question, the reader is struck by the fact that the Germans were permitted to occupy Zeebrugge and Ostend, and to mine and fortify them as submarine bases, almost under the shadow of the English cliffs, without molestation by the British navy. In fact all the submarine bases have been practically immune, even when the submarine menace was at its height. There must be some explanation, but what is it?

Still more insistent are the questions raised by the Battle of Jutland. Although not all the returns are available, enough is known for a careful appraisement; and the sketchy, rosy account of Professor Dixon is not satisfying. Oddly enough, he neglects to emphasize a feature of the story which ought to have appealed to him; namely, the superb conduct of Admiral Beatty in every phase of the action. But even in his case, a student of tactics, with all deference and humility, might raise the question why, when he sighted the German High Seas Fleet and had to turn back, he made that turn in succession instead of in line? It would seem that by turning in succession he would expose each of his cruisers to a concentrated fire at the turning point, particularly the ship at the end of the line, a danger that he would have avoided if each ship had turned on her heel. It may be that, at his rate of speed, the manoeuvre of turning in line was impracticable; or that, in the coal and battle smoke that shrouded the cruisers, signalling such a manoeuvre up the line was impossible, and the ships could only follow their leader. In any case, the reason would afford an interesting sidelight on modern tactics.

The crux of this battle lies in the conduct of Admiral Jellicoe. When

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the German fleet was caught in the worst of tactical positions and when the whole British fleet bore down to cut off their retreat, why did Jellicoe allow himself to be bluffed away to the east by a torpedo flotilla? Earlier in the day the same feint had been made against Beatty, and he had countered by a torpedo attack of his own destroyers without swerving a point from his course. We hear much of the "low visibility"; why did not Jellicoe close to better visibility? Why also did he fail to keep touch with the enemy during the night, as the Japanese kept touch with the Russians during two nights in the neighborhood of the Straits of Tsushima? Finally, why did he, the morning after the battle, when his fleet supposedly lay between the Germans and Heligoland, steam away to the northwest and leave them an open door back to their bases?

Unless questions like these are frankly met, one cannot escape the suspicion that, after Beatty had brought the High Seas Fleet to battle, he had created an opportunity to duplicate Trafalgar, but that Jellicoe let that opportunity slip; that it was a Calder rather than a Nelson who commanded the British fleet on that day. There is no use in pretending that such questions are not asked even in England. It is significant that Jellicoe has since given place to Beatty as commander-in-chief.

A book like Professor Dixon's could have been written by a newspaper reporter. From a professor in the University of Glasgow, one would expect something less superficial, something conceived less in the style of Henty and more in the spirit of Mahan.

William O. Stevens.

United States Naval Academy.

THE ART OF THE DARK AGES

Lombard Architecture. By Arthur Kingsley Porter. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1916-7. 4 volumes. $50.00 net.

After the final fall of Rome and the ending of antiquity, architecture ceased in the West, precisely as civilisation ceased. A great empire, a great civilization, destined it would seem to continue indefinitely, and manifestly unsusceptible of destruction or even of serious assault, crumbled, fell into ruin, and in less than a century disappeared. Where the insolence of power, of wealth, and of intellect had met together in the midst of unexampled architectural splendor and majesty, there came a great silence, for the barbarian had passed, and re-passed, together with famine and pestilence, and the wolves howled unchallenged around the palace of the Caesars and through the desolate streets of the capital of the world.

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Five hundred years later the Rome of the emperors had become the Rome of the popes and a new civilization began: world-wide, like that of the Caesars, but now explicitly Christian, and destined to five centuries of supremacy that could rival antiquity in all except the exercise of supreme and centralized political power. This new era was to form for itself its own artistic expression, unique, universal, and equal in scope and quality to that of paganism. In its turn this epoch of five hundred years was to be succeeded by another, as different from its immediate predecessor as that had been to antiquity—the era that began with the Renaissance, and is now drawing to its end in the midst of the greatest war in history and to the accompaniment of a downfall of character and of society comparable only with that which marked the ending of Rome.

Each definite and almost mechanically determined period of five centuries has had its own art to express its own civilization—as was the case before Imperial Rome, so far as history makes record. Of all but one we have had complete and definitive expositions, though that of mediaevalism is of very recent acquisition; until the last few years that one, the epoch of the Dark Ages, has been left in practical oblivion. This is hardly surprising; the five centuries from the deposition of Romulus Augustulus to the crowning of Otho as head of the newly constituted Holy Roman Empire, did not form an inspiring period; and, from any point of view, the art of the West during that time is somewhat unstimulating, at all events in comparison with all that went before, and all that followed down to the latter part of the nineteenth century. As a matter of fact, inspiring elements were not wanting, both in the development of that Benedictine monasticism that was to prove the vitalizing spirit of the Middle Ages, together with the amazing spread of Christianity into heathen countries, and also in the first courageous but sporadic effort of Charlemagne to formulate the new spirit in the form of a consistent state. All this was somewhat vague and illusory, however, and very decidedly cut off from matters of contemporary interest, as these were determined in the last century. Archaeological investigation found a more congenial field in antiquity, constructive thought proceeded onward from the Renaissance, or leaped mediaevalism and the Dark Ages at a bound as an era of little potential value, finding "metal more attractive" in Imperial Rome and in the aristocracies of Greece.

When, early in the nineteenth century, the Middle Ages were re-discovered, the progress (if the process may be so expressed) was backward, from the fifteenth to the thirteenth century, and only in the last few years has it uncovered the twelfth and begun on the eleventh, finding, to the

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amazement of the pioneers, increasing force and value the further one gets away from the Renaissance itself. Mediaeval art and literature are now clearly revealed and adequately expounded; scholastic philosophy is slowly yielding up its unrivalled treasures (though Hugh of St. Victor still remains untranslated), and at last even the social and economic system of the age of the only true "Christian Commonwealth" is coming to engage the attention of students, economists, and sociologists. It is conceivable that by the end of another decade, with the aid of the revealing powers of an unimaginable war, the great epoch of Europe when it was specifically Christian, and organized, if indifferently, on Christian lines, may reveal itself for what it was instead of being accepted for what it was not on the judgment of those who knew nothing about it and therefore meted out to it their contemptuous condemnation.

So far as mediaeval art is concerned, the process of re-discovery has hardly passed very far behind the twelfth century: the architecture of the eleventh has been fairly well scrutinised in France, Germany, and England, but the basis, the work in Italy from 1050 back to the fall of the Western Empire, had been largely ignored (barring Ravenna) until the last generation. It was usually called "Romanesque" and placed in the same category with the round-arched work in southern France, Normandy, and along the Rhine; and the almost universal tendency has been to consider all that portion which was produced prior to the year 1000 as so barbarous as to be unworthy of serious consideration, that which followed for a century and a half as merely a clumsy approach towards Gothic.

It is true the problem was one of extreme difficulty: much of the most important work had perished utterly, much remained only as fragments buried in later work of many centuries. Historical records were few and far between and documents apparently almost non-existent. The glory of fully developed Gothic was very great, and as it slowly revealed itself it aroused such enthusiasm that in comparison Romanesque, Norman, Rhenish, and Lombard all seemed even more inferior and tentative than they were. As a matter of fact, all this round-arched work, prior to the twelfth century, was of incomparable archaeological value, and frequently of distinguished beauty; in it is to be traced the slow and logical development of almost the entire Gothic structural system, while the art now definitely known as Lombard, not only was the most pregnant of these possibilities that were later, in the North, to become the actualities of the Christian style of architecture, but was also a consistent and clearly defined school of design, perfectly differentiated from the other schools of Burgundy, southern France, Normandy, and the Rhine.

The first recognition of some part of this truth was made in 1828,

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and from then on for fifty years one Italian after another endeavored to add something to the slowly growing body of opinion. Cordero was the first to begin the dating of the remaining monuments in accordance with the facts, Claricetti the first to pronounce the churches of Ravenna to be prototypes of the work of Justinian in Constantinople, and to find in S. Benigne of Dijon the connecting link between the Lombard of Italy and the Norman of France. De Dartein's drawings and Cattaneo's monograph, the latter appearing in 1888, made a still further advance in the recording and analyzing of Lombard architecture, and Rivoira's great work on all the art of the Dark Ages and the early Middle Ages brought the subject to a level of importance commensurate with its merits. With the latter both structural and artistic analysis were carried further than ever before, and along sounder lines, but even with him the matter of dates was largely conjectural, and as a result orderly sequence and exact deductions were impossible. Mr. Porter has set for himself the task of clearing up these dark and infinitely difficult questions, and the result now appears in the form of the most careful, scholarly, and learned work dealing with architecture that has thus far been produced in America.

The work is published by the Yale University Press in three quarto volumes, with a box of two hundred and forty-four plates, and in paper, typography, and *format*, is a model of bookmaking. Only one criticism is possible, and that is on the presentation of the plates; these, which consist of a great mass of folio sheets, unbound, each containing four or five illustrations, bear numbers only, and the task of sorting them out as one reads, identifying them from a key sheet, and getting them back again into the box, is almost insuperable.

As for the book itself, one stands aghast before its evidences of herculean labor, persistent delving into endless and unsuspected archives, wide and comprehensive erudition, power of collating and organization, and keen, constructive, critical ability. The only phrase that can well be applied is "monumental," and both archaeology and letters in America gain a new and a lasting glory from this really amazing work. Manuscripts, codices, records of all sorts have been unearthed and searched through and through; inscriptions discovered and deciphered; the innumerable citations are given both in Latin and in translation, and inscriptions appear in substantially their original arrangement of words and letters. The whole work is not only a scholarly and exact demonstration of the growth of architecture in Italy from the middle of the Dark Ages to the opening out of true mediaevalism, it is also a compendium of documents in the case of the development of Christian civilization in Italy.

The first volume is for the general reader, and for the average archi-

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tect, the most interesting. The second and third are alphabetical lists of the hundreds of churches, most of them hitherto unknown, where Mr. Porter has discovered vestiges of work undoubtedly of the period with which he deals. In each case he describes the particular work, picks out its original elements, refers to all drawings and descriptions hitherto published (if any), and then gives the documents and references and inscriptions he has discovered which bear either on its story or its dates of construction. Apart from their archaeological value, these ancient records, now brought to light, give a vivid and living impression of mediaeval society hardly to be obtained from formal histories. Probably this alphabetical arrangement is necessary, but one cannot help wishing that the vast amount of material might also be arranged chronologically simply for the purpose of giving a sequent view of the historical development of mediaeval Italian society.

For the student, the scholar, and the archaeologist, these volumes are treasure-houses of new and absorbing material, but the first volume is of course of more general interest, since in it is developed the author's theory of the Lombard style, and the part it played as an expression of civilization and as the precursor of the great Christian style of architecture that was later to be finally worked out in the North.

The author is not a romanticist: he treats the entertaining and persuasive legend of the Comacini with some disdain, though, of course, he cannot disprove it, and it still remains for those to accept who will. He strongly emphasizes the secular nature of the builders in opposition to those who have held that during the Middle Ages the clerics were the dominating influence. His sense of the structural quality in architecture is sound and acute, and it is a vast relief to be able to get away, for once, from that superficial point of view which formed its judgments on the basis of variations in ornament and on purely aesthetic considerations. Almost for the first time the quality of masonry—form of blocks, methods of coursing, manner of jointing, textures of surfaces—is given its proper value, both archaeologically and artistically. Assymetry also is dealt with frankly and convincingly, and the scrupulous aversion of all the master-builders to "the barbarity of mechanical exactitude" is strongly emphasized. This—to us—curious and apparently wilful irregularity, that refuses all right lines and true angles and rigid verticals and horizontal courses (first dealt with intelligently by Professor Goodyear) is strikingly shown in nearly all Mr. Porter's carefully measured plans; and when so seen it seems almost to approach anarchy,—although actually the result of a fine sense of revolt against anything that might approach the mechanistic. One feels, however, that in the case of the Lombard builders, the almost frenzied irregularity was the result of

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exaggerations natural to a time of declining culture, and that when the curve began to rise again, about the year 1000, a return was made to a finer and more subtle scale of variations which persisted thereafter until the very end of mediaevalism.

One of the most valuable things in this volume is the demonstration of the structural development that furnished the ultimate Gothic with nearly all its essential elements. The old idea that the Gothic structural system, the most nervous, complex, organic, and highly developed in the whole history of architecture, sprang full-fledged from the brain of the twelfth century, together with its aesthetic form as well,—finds no support. The compound pier, the alternating system, the domed and ribbed vault, the chevet with its ambulatories, almost all indeed except flying buttresses and window tracery, may be followed back step by step to this building of the Dark Ages in Italy. As a matter of fact, the great Gothic organism is simply the apotheosis, the final co-ordination and perfection, of a long series of structural developments, eagerly if clumsily undertaken by the unlearned master-masons of North Italy. Indeed, even the norm of the flying buttress itself may be found here, though it became alive and operative only in the hands of the Normans at Caen, and achieved its majority at Noyon.

Mr. Porter has been very successful in recovering the names of many of the great master-builders and in identifying their work. In his earlier volumes on "Mediaeval Architecture" (in France) he revealed once more names deserving of honor but long forgotten during the barbarism of the later Renaissance; and here also, he restores Lanfranco of Modena to his rightful position as the greatest architect of the eleventh century. Abbot William of Volpiano, on the other hand, suffers some diminution of a growing prestige, and hardly receives fair treatment. It is true that the great Abbey of St. Benigne he built at Dijon has perished, all but its crypt, utterly destroyed by the maniacs of the French Revolution, as they destroyed (amongst myriads of others) both Cluny and Jumièges, the three structures being perhaps the most priceless monuments in the history of the development of Christian architecture in the North. It is true also that Raoul Glaber's statements as to Abbot William are in very general terms, and true, finally, that the few fragments that still remain at Dijon are hardly explicit as to their Lombard origin. Nevertheless, William was a Cluniac abbot; he came from Lombardy, and built St. Benigne, going thence into Normandy as Abbot of Fécamp; the development of Norman architecture was wholly under Cluniac control, and Fécamp was the centre of influence; Jumièges was constructed by a master-mason trained at Fécamp; Duke William's abbeys at Caen were erected under the inspiration of Lanfranc, also an alumnus

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of Fécamp; and St. Benigne *was* the first great church in the North, and its crypt still remains an even more highly developed work than anything that followed for a century and more. The fair inference then is that the Lombard abbot of the Order of Cluny did actually and in Dijon effect the first recorded stage in the transfer from South to North of the body of accomplishment already achieved by his own people, so laying the foundation for what at last was to have issue in Jumièges, St. Denis, Noyon, Chartres, and the crowning but perished glory of Rheims.

Back of Charlemagne Mr. Porter does not go: the tracing of origins, further than Ravenna and Constantinian Rome, forms no part of his task. In a sense this results in a certain loss to the reader who would like to see just how the basilican style of Rome, simple, formal, and traditional, grew into the complex and novel scheme of the Exarchate. Mediaeval art is the clear and exclusive product, as it is the logical and perfect expression, of the North; even the Lombards were but transplanted Northmen. They had, however, something to work on besides the severe formalism of pagan and early Christian Rome. Ravenna, like Byzantium, implies a long era of extra-Italian transition and this, as Dr. Butler of Princeton has so conclusively shown, is to be found in Syria. What we call Southern Romanesque and Byzantine art was undoubtedly the indigenous product of the dioceses of Damascus and Antioch which had been given local modifications on the Bosporus or along the marshes of the Romagna, and later was played upon and given a new line of organic development by the northern tribes who had poured down from the shores of the Baltic, to establish their dominion over the moribund empire and to take in charge the destinies of Europe for a thousand years. Perhaps later Mr. Porter (if he accepts the thesis) may take up this most important problem and elucidate it as clearly as he has done in the case of the great nexus between Ravenna and Normandy.

The last half of this most lucid and stimulating first volume is given to an extraordinarily intensive study of twelfth-century ornament, sculpture, mosaic, frescoes, and of the scheme of iconography of the period. Here also the author's industry and unconquerable avidity for delving in detail, show themselves conspicuously, together with that synthetic power which enables him to co-ordinate the results of his potent and persistent research. The chapters on "The Mirror of Nature," "The Mirror of Science," "The Mirror of Morals," and "The Mirror of History," form an invaluable and almost impeccable showing of early mediaeval iconography, by far the most logical and concise of any thus far attempted. Nothing, apparently, has escaped Mr. Porter's

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eye, no minutest detail of worn or defaced carving, no fragment of shattered mosaic, no film of perishing fresco. In these chapters one sees how intense was the mental activity of the twelfth century, how intimate the knowledge of the Scriptures and the legends of the Saints, how keen and quick the perceptions, how subtle and yet direct the sense of symbolism. Everything is living and vivid, and the dramatic sense is as active as the decorative. A great century throughout all Europe, as well as its predecessor, and nowhere greater than in Italy itself. The commanding glory and supreme achievement of the thirteenth century have rather blinded us to what went immediately before, but this century could never have been but for the twelfth, as this in its turn is merely a continuation, with increased power, of what had been initiated in the eleventh.

The final impression one gains from this most important book, like that which follows from any independent research, is one of an enormous vitality working itself out through an amazing activity of brain and hand. Antiquity had died of its own luxury, inertia, and self-satisfaction; a new, clean blood had entered the veins of a moribund world, and the result was a new life, far more exactly a "renaissance" than that artificial and self-conscious and somewhat hectic phenomenon that five centuries later assumed the title. The re-birth of civilization is (or was) a very real thing, but it is to be found in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, just as the cresting of this civilization reveals itself in the thirteenth. The difference between the real and the false is to be found in the contrast between these grave, masterly, and puissant buildings of the Lombard master-masons and the devastation meted out to them by the secularism and infidelity of the seventeenth century, the indignities heaped on them by the barocco amateurs of the eighteenth, and the final degradation and destruction imposed by the "restorers" of the nineteenth. The curve that sprang so lightly into the air about the year 1000 reached a commanding height in its majestic trajectory, but for many generations now the parabola has been sinking lower and lower with an ever sharper line of descent, until at last it is almost possible to calculate the final moment of its absorption in the plane of matter through which it sprang, as the eternal force of gravitation drags it ever lower, while its proud manifestations dissolve and disappear under the annihilating blows of a war that is at the same time a judgment and a purgation.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

Boston.

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THE VANDALS IN BELGIUM

Pictures of Ruined Belgium. By Louis Berden; text by Georges Verdamaine. The John Lane Company. New York. 1917. $3.00.

This handsome but distressing book is the result of a project, conceived and executed by a Belgian architect, to give the world a pictorial record of the devastation wrought by the Germans in their invasion of his country. It makes real to those who do not read systematically, or whose imagination has not enabled them to visualize the war, the effect of artillery and incendiarism upon a land rich in noble architecture. We would gladly know what adventures M. Louis Berden had during the eighteen months he spent following the track of the destroyers, but beyond the fact that he was captured by some German soldiers at Dinant, and bought himself off for a hundred marks, we learn nothing of his experience. The French text and its accompanying English version are confined to an account of the deeds of the invaders, while the artist has been content to tell with his pencil a story which does not include anything of his own.

These sketches are reproductions of seventy-two pen-and-ink drawings that testify to Belgian ruin, from Liége to Antwerp and northeastward to the sea. Lierre, Louvain, Namur, Dinant, Termonde, Malines, Charleroi, Vilvorde, Berghem—names made familiar by the news of those first few weeks of the war,—are repeated many times each to identify scenes of vandalism that are painfully alike in character. In these faithful representations in black and white of what look like Pompeian streets after excavation, there can be little variety. If M. Berden had not selected positions which permit generally the introduction of a Gothic spire, some Flemish façade, or other work by the artistic builders of a bygone age, his effort would have been even less interesting than it is, for he draws like an architect, avoiding impressionism and even atmosphere, and his pictorial evidence is not a little dry. It seems, however, to be what lawyers call the exhibit in the case, and as such it is perfectly convincing. When we have turned over the nearly four score realistic drawings of waste and desolation, of brick encumbered streets, of shattered towers, blackened walls, and yawning house-fronts, there is no need to read the printed account of what occurred in Belgium in 1914 and 1915.

However, M. Georges Verdamaine, who was, and perhaps is, the art critic of "L'Indépendance Belge," has taken the trouble to place alongside Berden's pictures the story of what went on while the German army

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was engaged in impressing the Belgians with its assumed invincibility. From the expressions he uses the writer of the text cannot be termed impartial. He plainly speaks his abhorrence of what he has to relate and his hatred of those who perpetrated it. But what he has written is based upon official reports and documents furnished him by the secretary of the Belgian Record Office in London, and he expressly states that he has avoided all tendency to enhance the interest of his recital lest he might in so doing weaken the indictment. In his pages we find so many accounts which are exactly what eyewitnesses have long ago transmitted to our press and magazines, or so many mere amplifications of events which we have already learned in outline, that our feeling is one of confidence in the truth of this more detailed statement. Otherwise, doubt could well assert itself,—unless, indeed, we hold that there must be truth in what, like the stories of Louvain and of Dinant and of Termonde, is too strange for fiction.

For a simple, almost matter of fact narration of a series of crimes, this one can be recommended to the general reader. He will find in it plenty of murder, arson, and ingenious cruelty—things the Anglo-Saxon discusses without blushing; but M. Verdamaine, perhaps warned by his publisher, has almost entirely suppressed reference to sins against chastity, to sadistic manifestations, and to the perfectly authenticated orgies of filth indulged in by the invaders of Belgium and northern France. The charge is, therefore, not complete; but it is enough. The book is one to have, partly for its present interest, and partly lest we forget and come some day to feel that Niobe showed poor taste, that Rachel mourning for her children was a bore, and that Belgium, Poland, Serbia, Armenia, and Rumania have had sympathy from us in sufficient amount.

The dedication of "Pictures of Ruined Belgium" is, "to the relatives of Edith Cavell and of Captain Fryatt, both foully done to death by the Germans. Their lot has been shared by Belgium." The word "foully" is applied to Belgium because Belgium expected, in the face of treaties, no such dishonest proposition as was made to her, and no such punishment as she has had to undergo for properly rejecting it. The relations between her and Germany had till July, 1914, been most friendly. All Belgian business was open to Germany, and Belgium welcomed the German everywhere socially and commercially, professionally and scholastically. Belgium's feeling towards Germany then and now is best expressed by Maeterlinck, who says in "Les Débris de la Guerre": "I loved Germany and counted many friends within her borders, but now whether dead or alive—they are, for me, in the grave. I believed Ger-

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many to be a great, upright, and generous nation, and I ever found welcome and kindness there. But there are crimes which blot out the past and close the avenues of the future."

CHARLES C. CLARKE.

Yale University.

THOREAU AND OLD CONCORD

The Life of Henry David Thoreau. By Frank B. Sanborn. $4.00 net. Henry Thoreau as Remembered by a Young Friend. By Edward Waldo Emerson. $1.25 net. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1917.

It is not easy to view Sanborn's new Life of Thoreau with the detachment that is as essential, in criticism, as sympathy. The last follower of the "practical-mystical philosophy miscalled Transcendentalism" died while the book was in press, and more vivid than the book itself is the memory of the man himself, even the physical man—tall, almost towering, and thin, yet surprisingly erect; gray, yet with the gray of youth rather than of age; and with those sparkling, comprehending eyes that one who met him could never forget. One thinks of him as the genial host of the riverside house in Concord amid all the relics and memories of a day that is gone, and refuses to judge his book impersonally.

And yet one cannot but confess that it is not a wholly satisfactory piece of writing—is by no means the "final and definitive biography" that the publishers proclaim it to be. Authority it has, of course, and the mellow charm of a vigorous individualist in his old age. On the other hand, it is full of digression and prosy circumstantiality; more full of them than Sanborn's smaller biography of thirty-five years ago. The new matter has been wedged in, in great blocks, rather than incorporated. Thoreau does not get born till page 35, and all of these first pages are given to his ancestors, who are dealt with again in a later chapter, and once again in the appendix. More serious is the fact that above one-fourth of the entire five hundred pages is given to the reprinting (with very readable running comments) of the "themes" that Thoreau wrote while at Harvard. Serious, too, considering the attention given to the youth of Thoreau, is the lack of a clearly-focussed picture of the kind of boy he was and the home life in which he found himself, or of a clear account of his education. Later chapters emphasize his career as a man of letters, writing being, as Sanborn says, "his chief business in life"; but, after all, it was part of Thoreau's philosophy to have no engrossing business, to be free of all vocations, that he might

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the more truly live—observe the outward and experience the inward. Of the outward, there is an adequate description in its human aspect (the friends and the former acquaintances), but outward nature is virtually ignored, doubtless on the assumption that on this topic nothing new was to be said. There is, indeed, a chapter on the week on the rivers, and a long chapter on "The Journeyings of Thoreau," but it is clear to any reader of Thoreau that what really counted to *him* was not this touch-and-go contact with alien scenes, but the happy intimacy that nature granted to him as her constant votary in Middlesex County, Massachusetts. Of the inward, there is a good deal that is valuable and interesting—fresh insight into Thoreau the author, much detail regarding his intellectual life such as lists of books read, a stirring relation of how his moral constitution was revealed by the slavery problem and John Brown's death; yet nowhere is there a critical analysis of his "philosophy," either of man or of nature.

For these reasons, Sanborn's Life is less satisfactory than Henry Salt's, which has the virtue of proportion, emphasis, focus, definite purpose; is less satisfactory, in some respects, than the earlier book by Sanborn. Yet it is far from superfluous. Of little use to one who does not know Thoreau, it is a treasury of Thoreauisms to those who already know him well. Detail regarding Thoreau's ancestry abounds; those many pages on the "College Essays" contain much that a close reader of Thoreau will find significant; unfamiliar forms of familiar poems are given; the notebook written in Minnesota, where Thoreau all but saw the feeding buffalo, is here made easily accessible; and the illustrations are extremely interesting. For such reasons Sanborn's new Life deserves pre-eminence among the books about Thoreau in this centenary year.

And there is another reason. No one else, save perhaps Dr. Emerson, can write about Thoreau and the old Concord with so constant a sense of reality. Frank Sanborn has for many years had a way of giving out parenthetically precise information of a reminiscent kind; letting it, so to speak, utter itself in whispers while he was engaged elsewhere. This habit manifests itself in his last book charmingly. We do not feel that we are reading a book, we are holding a conversation, or rather listening to a diverse monologue, embroidered with images and events of a bygone civilisation, enriched with wise comment and application, very much as if we sat, once more, before the peering eyes of the author himself in his house by the silent Concord. Here, for example, he remembers sitting at table with "Henry":

Mrs. Thoreau, his mother, was, next to Madam Hoar, the mother of the Judge and the Senator, the most talkative person in Concord in

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my time—a very good talker, too, if there was time to listen. Thoreau always found time. Often have I sat at the family dinner table engaged in talk with the son, as we sat on opposite sides of the board, facing each other, with the silent father between us at the head of the table, which, as the room was furnished, was the east end. Mrs. Thoreau, who helped to the puddings at the west end, catching some word in our conversation which interested her, would take up that theme and go on with it; often relating things to the credit of her son or other members of her family. Henry would sit silent and attentive, during the long interruption; then, as the last period closed, he would bow slightly to his mother, and resume our dialogue exactly where it had been stayed.

Sanborn knew Thoreau intimately during the last ten years of his life. Dr. Emerson knew him much earlier, soon after Ralph Waldo Emerson became aware of the presence in Concord of this "noble, manly youth," as he described him to Carlyle, "full of melodies and inventions." In the years when Emerson's children were growing up, Thoreau was "the best kind of an older brother"; telling them fireside stories drawn from the past or straight from nature, leading them to the best huckleberries and to the enchantments of wood and river, playing games with delight rather than with condescension. "Then," writes Dr. Emerson, "he would make our pencils and knives disappear, and redeem them presently from our ears and noses; and last, would bring down the heavy copper warming-pan from the oblivion of the garret and unweariedly shake it over the blaze till reverberations arose within, and then opening it, let a white-blossoming explosion of popcorn fall over the little people on the rug." Everywhere, as in this pretty picture, Dr. Emerson shows his well-loved "older brother" as a kind, honest, noble nature—the total impression, indeed, is far removed from the severely stoical Thoreau of Emerson's otherwise unexceptionable memoir. Contentiousness, his one serious personal disability, prevented what might have been a perfect relation with his friends; with women and children, however, and with the humble folk that he met on his walks, he was "single, gentle, friendly, and amusing." To such people Dr. Emerson, as a country physician, has had ready access, and he has recorded their opinions of Thoreau more fully than anyone else. Sam Staples, for example, has his portrait painted at full length in these readable pages,—Sam Staples, constable and jailor, who, before arresting Thoreau when he refused to pay his taxes, said, "I'll pay your tax, Henry, if you're hard up": "not understanding, as he found by Henry's refusal, and, later, by Mr. Alcott's, that ''Twas nothin' but principle.' He always liked and respected Thoreau, but when he told me the story he added, 'I wouldn't have done it for old man Alcott.'"

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Nobody has written more charmingly about Thoreau the man than has Dr. Emerson in this little book.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

University of North Carolina.

FRESH MATERIAL ABOUT SHELLEY

Shelley in England. By Roger Ingpen. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1917. 2 volumes. $5.00 net.

Some time before Shelley was expelled from Oxford, his eager intellect had been swept from any possible anchorage by the high tide of romanticism. After a disappointment in love, his letters tell us that he "slept with a loaded pistol, and some poison, but did not die"; and again that he had not slept at all, but had "been most of the night pacing a churchyard." In the hectic state of mind that these confessions betoken, he began cutting Gordian knots in the gravest problems of life. The conventional remonstrances of his commonplace kindred and friends only strengthened his self-confidence; and his intense moral enthusiasm, which was his most striking and life-long characteristic, bestowed upon his futile thinkings a romantic consecration. Thus the most modest and self-denying of men became for a time a moral rebel and an intellectual prig; and he highly resolved to regulate his life by the principles subsequently proclaimed in "Queen Mab":

> . . . The man
> Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys.
> Power, like a desolating pestilence,
> Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
> Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
> Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
> A mechanized automaton.

When a boy cleaves to opinions of this sort with religious zeal, and devotes all his genius and all his folly to the practical exploitation of them, what is an anxious father to do? Such was the problem thrust upon Timothy Shelley; and he found the worst possible solution. Indeed, if Percy Shelley was of all men the most pathetically unfit to be a rebel, Timothy was the most unfit to reclaim one. He dearly loved his erring son, but advice from sundry quarters convinced him that he must "be firm"; and to be firm became the burden of all his resolutions. Unfortunately, the well-meaning but stupid gentleman, having some inkling of his own incompetency, engaged his solicitor to be

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firm for him; and Whitton saw to it that there should be no relenting. The boy's letters to his father were actually forwarded unopened to the lawyer; and the lawyer penned cruel answers. Young Shelley, who had at first been courteous enough, became highly indignant and in time outrageously insolent; and it would have been impossible to snatch the fat from the fire, even if anybody had been wise enough to try.

Mr. Ingpen, with the aid of the Shelley-Whitton papers, gives a detailed account of this melancholy business. New light is thrown on Shelley's money affairs, on the really sordid distress to which he was subjected, and on the condition of extreme mental excitement in which he committed his worst errors. It is now easier than it was to perceive the oneness of the two Percy Shelleys—to detect the "beautiful angel" of self-sacrificing love even in the odious destroyer of homes. Mr. Ingpen also gives us a few new glimpses of the later family history for which we are grateful—as, for example, of the pathetic expiation that poor Timothy suffered. The book will be indispensable to the real student of Shelley, but it does not aim to be a self-sufficient biography for the general reader. The author has so rigorously "refrained from moralising, or attempting any detailed criticism of Shelley's literary work," that his narrative is at times colorless. It tells who were the witnesses of Shelley's marriage, who were the trustees of his grandfather's will, and how and when his annuities were paid to him, or withheld; but of the great things about Shelley, which lend interest even to such trifling details, Mr. Ingpen has preferred to say very little. He studies the morning star only with instruments of precision.

The book is marred by occasional confusions and slight inaccuracies; as when Shelley's emigrant ancestor is said to have "settled in Newark, New England"; or when the composition of "Julian and Maddalo" is inconsistently assigned on one page to 1818 at Este and on another to 1819 at Leghorn. But these are minor blemishes. For a more serious fault of the book the author is probably not to blame. It has been manufactured on an extravagant scale, and it costs too much. For example, twenty pages are reproduced in fac-simile from the note-book in which Shelley wrote "Adonais." These are curious and interesting, but irrelevant to the main purpose of the book. "Adonais" was written in 1821, three years after Shelley had left England for ever. These fac-similes will be a precious luxury for those who know how to value them; but why thrust them upon the student of "Shelley in England"? For one or two magazine articles, containing all that is pertinent and new in these sumptuous volumes, one would have felt unstinted gratitude.

Charlton M. Lewis.

Yale University.

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THE HARBINGER OF THE SPACIOUS TIMES

Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit; Euphues and his England, by John Lyly. Edited by Morris William Croll and Harry Clemons. E. P. Dutton & Company. New York. 1916. $2.25 net.

The divine *comédienne* who signals exits and entrances upon the literary stage played John Lyly a roguish trick when she thrust him on at the precise bisection of his Queen's reign. With his charming thin wit and foppish elegance, he would have made a fine appearance in the comfortable obscurity of the first two Elizabethan decades, but he stands dazed and purblind across the path of the coming splendor. It was all new light and life for his robuster colleague Spenser; but for Lyly it was indeed "out of God's blessing into a warm sun," where his delicate laurels wilted along with his temporal hopes and expectations. Yet if pathetic, he is still a notable and gracious figure, and he holds a claim to honor which his giant followers neither desired nor were able to supplant. He is the first real personality in English drama and the first great stylist in English prose.

Of late years Lyly has received more homage than at any time since the first early triumph he so long outlived. Indeed, it might have been questioned whether the present generation had anything further to offer him after Mr. Bond's definitive three volumes of text and commentary and M. Feuillerat's monumental biography. Notwithstanding, the editors of the present volume have done a worthy service. The elephantine tomes of Bond and Feuillerat are not lightly to be acquired or handled; they frustrate rather ironically poor Lyly's aspiration, "Euphues had rather be shut in a lady's casket than open in a scholar's study." Mr. Croll and Mr. Clemons give us "Euphues," which remains Lyly's most characteristic and successful work, in an eminently purchasable, portable, and readable form, with admirable notes at the foot of each page, and—as their publishers trumpet to the world—for the first time in recorded history in modernized spelling. There may be those who will deprecate the last innovation, holding with Charles Lamb that "The Anatomy of Melancholy" (and "Euphues") should be read in their old guise on aesthetic as well as scholarly considerations. The experiment should not be decried, however, if it actually increases the number of readers of the book, for Lyly's place at the very core of the cultural movement which produced Shakespeare and Bacon makes it almost an educational necessity to enlarge his now limited appeal.

The democratic purpose of the edition does not extend to the introduction, in which Professor Croll aims at only the sturdiest scholars. In some fifty closely reasoned pages he develops the thesis that the so-called

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Euphuistic style is not essentially a heritage from classical antiquity through the sixteenth-century humanists, but rather a slow development from the mediaeval ornate Latin (and English) prose. The point is effectively made, and students of rhetoric will be grateful for an excellently lucid summary of recent investigations concerning rhyme-prose and its congeners. Readers of Lyly ought, however, to remember that, whatever its underlying affinities and unconscious borrowings, the style of Lyly is, as his contemporaries quickly recognised, a very original one, and that it is in a peculiar degree Lyly himself. Modern literary genealogists have been prone to becloud this fact, but Mr. Croll's essay should not lead to serious misapprehension because he is scrupulous to omit specifically from his discussion the mannerisms most strikingly characteristic of the author—his well-known use of Plinian natural history, his antitheses, and the like.

A distinction unfair to Lyly seems to be made in emphasizing Euphuism as a matter of sound rather than thought. The distinction is generally dangerous, I suppose, in literary criticism, but especially so in the case of men who identify themselves with their manner of writing as completely as do Lyly and Sir Thomas Browne. Again Professor Croll, here following Feuillerat, appears to make too much of Lyly's alleged change of intellectual attitude after the publication of the first part of "Euphues" and to overstress the *bourgeois* ideal of that work. Should we not remember that the court to which Lyly attached himself in 1579 was itself, with its dominant Cecils, Walsinghams, and Bacons, rather *bourgeois* or provincial than aristocratic?

The notes are not only convenient to the reader, but admirable in content. The gleaning after Bond could not, of course, be very extensive, but the work is by no means perfunctory. Particular praise belongs to the elucidation of Lyly's constant allusions to proverbial wisdom, a field of which Mr. Clemons has unusual command. A misunderstanding of the text occurs on page 92: "though Curio be old huddle and twang '*Ipse* he' . . ." The note and punctuation indicate that the editors take "twang" as a verb. Reference to the New English Dictionary, "Twang sb. 3," with the parallel passage there cited from "Sir John Oldcastle," makes it quite clear that "huddle and twang" is a compound term of reproach. Hence, "twang" should be followed by a comma. The only evidence of positive carelessness (is it the compositor's?) which I have noted occurs where we are told that Burghley's sister-in-law was "the wife of *Nathaniel* Bacon." It was of course Sir Nicholas who begot Francis Bacon; Nathaniel belongs to Virginian history.

Tucker Brooke.

Yale University.

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A MANY-SIDED AMERICAN

The Life and Times of David Humphreys. By Frank Landon Humphreys. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1917. 2 volumes. $7.50 net.

David Humphreys served as an officer through the American Revolution, part of the time on the staff of General Washington. After peace was declared, he was sent to Europe as secretary of a commission to solicit the governments of Europe to enter into treaties of commerce with the United States. When Washington became President, Humphreys became his secretary and a member of his household. In 1789 he was a member of a Commission on Indian Affairs, and he journeyed to the wilderness to treat with the Indians. Afterwards Washington sent Humphreys on a secret diplomatic journey to Portugal, and later he became successively minister to Portugal and Spain. On his return to America after many years abroad, he imported into this country a shipload of Merino sheep. By thus improving the breed of New England sheep, he roused the energies of New England to the manufacture of woollen cloth. Added to these achievements, Humphreys was a poet.

Here is a subject for a valuable and interesting biography, and in its preparation there is evidence of persistent scholarship. The records are closely read. The background of historical events, doubtless, is drawn with fidelity to fact. And yet this biography is not interesting. This is partly the fault of the subject, David Humphreys. The records of his life are largely his letters, and he was not an engaging writer. His letters are too much like reports. They are coldly informational. He pumped out facts—doubtless this was quite proper, but it makes dull reading. The State Department at Washington received these letters only at great intervals, but they lie thick before the reader.

The chief trouble with the biography is that it is too long. One stout volume might have been filled agreeably, but two stout volumes are too many. The narrative is stretched out like a trombone upon a lower tone. Much might have been cut or shortened to the betterment of the book. To be particular: there is a list, quite superfluous, of David Humphreys's classmates at Yale. There are words complete of songs of a college brotherhood. There are the words of a parody by a rival brotherhood. There is too complete a description of his graduation. The names of all forty-eight men who served in Captain Humphreys's company are given that they may be rescued from oblivion. There is a picture of the label used on woollens from Humphreys's mill. The letters and speeches of Humphreys, when the content is irrelevant, are quoted with a too insistent faithfulness. The biographer's descriptions, somewhat senti-

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mental and lacking in strength—the English is worn and rubbed,—are yet too complete. He describes thus one of the houses that served as Washington's headquarters: "The house was built in a very substantial manner with brick front. It was two stories high, and had a double pitched roof. On the first floor was a hall twelve feet wide and thirty feet deep, with two rooms on each side of it. The house was fifty feet wide. It was standing in excellent repair a few years ago. The southeast room over the first floor is still known as Washington's room. It is a spacious apartment with elaborately carved wooden cornices and wainscoting around the walls and panelled and carved woodwork above the fireplace. It is said to have been papered at Washington's expense. This was the room used as his office and sitting room. He occupied for himself and his military staff four rooms, two on the first and two on the second floor." We can see the careful biographer with his tape-line, although by an inadvertence he missed the measures of the spacious apartment upstairs. He would count the steps of the Washington monument or the number of freight cars in a train—proper amusements in their way, but not matters for biographical writing.

There is another defect that mars the book. You suspect as you read that its author resents the comparative ignorance of the general reader about the achievements of David Humphreys: And therefore somewhat too loudly he asserts his merits. It rouses a suspicion—unfounded it is true—that the portrait goes on tip-toe beyond its just stature. Undeservedly the author is felt to resemble a mother who praises most her ugly daughter.

CHARLES S. BROOKS.

New York City.

NATIONALISM AND NATIONALITY IN IRELAND

Literature in Ireland. By Thomas MacDonagh. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.75. Ireland's Literary Renaissance. By Ernest A. Boyd. John Lane Company. $2.50. The Insurrection in Dublin. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company. $1.00. The Irish Home-Rule Convention. By George W. Russell ("A. E."), Sir Horace Plunkett, and John Quin. The Macmillan Company. $0.50. New York. 1916-1917.

The Irish literary movement has been so "written up" that one looks with some dismay on the appearance of two more books on the subject. George Moore gave us, at great length, the history of the dramatic revival—after the imp's manner. Lady Gregory broods maternally over

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"our" Irish theatre. Encyclopaedic young Frenchmen have written theses on Synge. Mr. Yeats in these later days dreams over his childhood and youth and emerges from his reverie to polish an old line or to delete a comma from the edition of 1897. Meanwhile two books—both of them by Irishmen—are written about Yeats. "A. E." is appraised in a "Contemporary Irishmen" series or something of the kind. An American author has just given us yet another record of that much observed phenomenon "The Celtic Dawn." The air is thick with summaries and estimates and compliments. One gets the impression that the movement is dead, that we are reading the obituary notices and watching the distribution of the souvenirs.

One might fear, then, that more books would be but a further useless elaboration of the obsequies. Yet the fear is groundless. Both MacDonagh and Boyd take us out of the rather stifling atmosphere of literary provincialism, away from "intimate" appreciation, personal anecdote, and local standards, into the freer air of first principles, definitions, and comparative criticism. Both start from the contention that Anglo-Irish is to be regarded as a definitely independent form of literature. They protest against its being treated merely as a branch of English literature. With the passing of Gaelic in the nineteenth century as a literary medium, English has become the language through which Irish ideals and Irish ways of feeling and of thought are finding expression. But the spirit expressed is not the spirit of England, and "English as we speak it in Ireland" has rhythms and ways of speech which justify a separate treatment. Both writers, therefore, seek a criterion of Irish national literature by means of which they may test the qualifications of works claiming that distinction and compare the worth of those which survive. The list of Irishmen that both authors exclude is unorthodox: Swift and Sheridan, Burke and Goldsmith in one age, Oscar Wilde and Shaw in a later, because neither in sentiment nor in manner of expression is there anything specifically Irish about their work.

But although Boyd and MacDonagh limit their subject in much the same way, their standards of what constitutes Anglo-Irish literature differ significantly. MacDonagh is obviously anxious to achieve a "scientific" treatment. He will have none of the psycho-mythology of Matthew Arnold, with his Celtic note. What he prefers to call the Irish mode in poetry, for example, is whatever exhibits the influence of distinctive Irish versification, Irish music, and Irish ways of speech; and in considering what value Gaelic literature may have for future work he holds us to the four marks of simplicity, clarity, sincerity, and aggressiveness. It is obvious that much which is informed with the Irish spirit falls outside his survey. As usual with the "scientific" treatment of literature,

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we purchase a doubtful accuracy at the expense of a wide range of appreciation. One has only to study the collection of poems illustrative of the Irish mode at the end of this volume to see how the field has suffered by being thus narrowed. In justice to MacDonagh it must be said that he was aware of this criticism. "One can easily say," he writes, "of a poem like Mangan's 'My Dark Rosaleen' that it is essentially Irish, that it has some indefinable quality not found elsewhere. Frankly I am afraid to rely on these indefinable qualities." And we should also remember that these studies of his were "experimental." He was trying to make clear that a man's being born or having worked in Ireland no more entitles him to be regarded as an Irish writer than the grotesque brogue and external appearance of the stage Irishman has made him into a national type. MacDonagh was contending against a popular misconception about the literature of his country. He was opposing vagueness; therefore for the moment what he needed was accuracy. He was more concerned about what work he should exclude than he was about what he should take in.

Mr. Boyd's standard is more liberal, though not any less precise than MacDonagh's. By the time that English had definitely supplanted Gaelic in Ireland, a source of inspiration genuinely native was found to give it material. For Mr. Boyd the Irish literary renaissance proper starts not with Tom Moore nor even with Mangan or Ferguson, but with the publication in 1878 of Standish O'Grady's "History of Ireland." Thus Mr. Boyd writes: "With his proud affirmation of belief in the ancient deities, and his wonderful evocation of the past, Standish O'Grady revealed to his countrymen the splendor of their own idealism, and restored to them their truly national tradition. All eyes were now turned towards the shining land of heroic story and legend, the footsteps of all were directed upon the path which led back to the sources of Irish nationality."

Most readers, however, will probably be less interested in following out the impetus which O'Grady gave to workers in other fields, to men like Sigerson and Douglas Hyde and T. W. Rolleston, than in discovering what Mr. Boyd has to say when he comes to Yeats and "A. E." and Synge and the younger Irish writers. It is in his handling of these that Mr. Boyd is at his best. He is a born critic, and he is consistently and notably illuminating. Thus his comparison of the mysticism of Yeats with that of "A. E." is a kind of treatment that makes one determine to go back to their works and test it all for oneself. His statement that "Synge was a realist only in such a sense of the term as would embrace a Cervantes or the creator of Tartarin," together with his judgment that in "Deirdre" Synge came nearer to finding himself than in any of his earlier plays, is as suggestive as it is novel. His contrast between the

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interest which Synge had in the peasant with that which finds expression in the plays of Padraic Colum adds to our understanding of both. Mr. Boyd does not elaborate his criticisms, but he gives us hints and suggestions which are not only exciting but positively dangerous. For he awakens, in one reader at least, every instinct of predatory journalism. One would like to take these fruitful indications, work them out, and pass them off as the children of one's own insight. The free play of this creative criticism is all the more remarkable in that the book is so largely informative. It is an authoritative history, and there is hardly any work, however slight, of the authors considered whose contents Mr. Boyd does not briefly summarize.

He makes one distinction which adds strength to his work: the distinction between the spirit of nationalism and the spirit of nationality. The former is a political sentiment, noisy, partisan, and aggressive. Opposition is its life. The latter is a more positive love of country, compatible enough with other loves. Patriotism of the first kind Mr. Boyd believes to be a spurious source of literary inspiration. That is why, for example, he refuses to consider the work of the poets of "The Nation" and prefers to emphasize the expressions of a national enthusiasm at once genuine and generous. MacDonagh's work suffers from the lack of this distinction. He appraises more highly than it deserves the poetry of mere revolt, and in several places, by a sort of perversity, he calls work Irish merely because it is vehemently patriotic. In doing so he really departs from the criterion which he laid down for himself. "And it is well too," he says, "that here still that cause which is identified, without under-thought of commerce, with the cause of God and right and freedom, the cause which has been the great theme of our poets, may any day call the poets to give their lives in the old service." Passages like this, with their suggestions that God is anti-British, are like a breath of political passion vitiating the clearer air of literary judgment. The fact that MacDonagh heard the call and gave his life in the old service is all the more lamentable when one considers that his very effort to show that Anglo-Irish literature was a reality gave evidence of a different kind of loyalty.

James Stephens's "Insurrection in Dublin" is not a history of the rebellion. It is the record of the impressions of one extraordinarily sensitive observer. For the most part he shows us Dublin swirling in a mist of rumor and vague surmise; but every now and then the curtain lifts to reveal a vivid picture: "I spoke to the man with the revolver. . . . This young man did not appear to me to be acting from his reason. He was doing his work from a determination implanted previously, days, weeks perhaps, on his imagination. His mind was—where? It was not

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with his body. And continually his eyes went searching widely, looking for spaces, scanning hastily the clouds, the vistas of the streets, looking for something that did not hinder him, looking away for a moment from the immediacies and rigors which were impressed where his mind had been." Mr. Stephens has also caught the small human items which necessarily escape the nets of the official historians.

About half of "The Irish Home-Rule Convention" consists of "An American Opinion" by Mr. John Quin, a sane and sympathetic judgment which ought to secure an impartial hearing for the book in this country. The rest is made up of two notable documents: "Thoughts for a Convention" by Mr. George W. Russell and "A Defense of the Convention," a speech made last summer by Sir Horace Plunkett. The former was the outcome of a discussion "among a group whose members represented all extremes in Irish opinion." "True understanding," says the author, "is to see ideals as they are held by men between themselves and Heaven; and in this mood I will try, first of all, to understand the position of Unionists, Sinn Feiners, and Constitutional Nationalists as they have been explained to me by the best minds among them. . . . When this is done we shall see if compromise . . . be not possible in an Irish State." Mr. Russell and those he speaks for believe that the solution is to be found in making Ireland a member of "the commonwealth of dominions within the Empire," and he argues his case with a justice and a vision rarely found in these matters. Sir Horace Plunkett appeared on a political platform for the first time in fifteen years to plead with the critics of the convention and to urge the doubters and the malcontents to make their opinions felt from within the convention rather than from without. For, he says, "the call has come for men of no party to work together with men of all parties in the field of politics."

Sir Horace Plunkett and Mr. Russell have done much for Ireland by creating and developing the co-operative system among the farmers. But the debt which Ireland owes them is greater than that. Politics has been the curse of Irish life because the violent partisanship, which seems to be part of the system, has created misunderstanding between men of different classes and creeds where it did not exist and has fomented it where it did. The men whose professed aim has been a united Ireland have, consciously or unconsciously, done the most to make that impossible. Mr. George Russell and Sir Horace Plunkett have provided Irishmen with an opportunity to meet and work together on a plane above the region of official animosities. They have done in the economic life what the creators of the Irish literature have done in the sphere of art—given a common ground to distracted men. And because they have always been aware of the national scope of their work they are peculiarly fitted at

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this time to address their countrymen on behalf of national unity. The great hope for the future which waits upon the performance of the Home-Rule Convention is that Ireland may have been informed and guided by the spirit which shines out in these appeals.

CHARLES A. BENNETT.

Yale University.

TWO THEORIES OF THE STATE

Studies in the Problem of Sovereignty. By Harold J. Laski. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1917. $2.50 net.

Mr. Laski has given us in this stimulating book a critical discussion, conceived in a highly philosophic vein, of the state in its relations to the parts or groups of which it is composed. Primarily the purpose of his study is to place in critical juxtaposition the two opposing theories of the state—the monistic and the pluralistic. As historical background for his discussion he presents aspects of the conflict between state and church in Great Britain during the nineteenth century, the doctrines of de Maistre, and certain phases of the struggle which Bismarck waged with the South German Catholics.

The opening chapter exposes the chief issues involved in the whole problem of the state's sovereignty. It admits the temptation that bids us make our state an absolute unity and outlines the theory of the state that would have "all groups within itself . ... to be but ministrants to its life." The contemporary importance of this theory is not minimized. The author admits the reality and the force of the state's personality, the compelling nature of the doctrine that the state must triumph, and that its unity is logically necessary. He frankly recognizes the widespread character of the notion that "what the absolute is to metaphysics, that is the state to political theory."

Mr. Laski is obviously fearful of the universal acceptance of this monistic doctrine, and, while preserving his critical attitude, is concerned to put before us the opposing pluralistic theory which questions the moral pre-eminence of the state, and refuses to admit that the state is more fundamentally unified than each of the groups of which it is composed. His method is to present certain aspects of history which illustrate the difficulties and dangers attendant upon a strict application of the monistic doctrine. In his second chapter he goes to the ecclesiastical history of Scotland and finds in the secession of 1843 a notable instance of the kind of dilemma into which the state forces itself when claiming absolute sovereignty over a group within itself. There was a conflict

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between two societies—the church and the state. Where did the sovereignty lie? Was the church a creature of the state or independent? If the latter was the case, and a difference arose, as in 1843, between the two powers, where did the decision rest? The author is not concerned to supply us with a specific constructive solution, but it is clear that his argument would follow the doctrine that society is or should be essentially federalistic and that complete sovereignty cannot be confined to any one of its constituent parts.

A similar conflict between a group and the state which tends towards all-absorption is discussed in the third chapter, which deals with the political theory of the Oxford movement. Here, as in the case of the Disruption of 1843 in the Established Church of Scotland, an attempt was made to work out a doctrine which would give the church the general organization of a perfect society. The "somewhat chaotic antagonism" of Newman and the Tractarians to the moral pre-eminence of the state was less consistent and logical than the effort of Chalmers, but both protested that state and church were essentially distinct from one another, that each was a self-sufficing society into the province of which the other might not wander. This protest against the all-absorptive state was vigorously resisted by Parliament and the courts. But whatever one's opinion as to the outcome of the conflict, in Mr. Laski's judgment the victory was not with the state. The history of the Oxford movement, he believes, shows that the state "cannot from a stunted theory of its sovereign power, attempt the fusion of church customs with its own, but must rather leave her free to work out, as she best may, the problems that confront her." If only the state will understand that "the degree of her freedom will be the measure of her progress," the tragedies of Oxford will not have been in vain.

The fourth chapter deals with the theory of the Catholic revival in England. The main lines of the Romanist renaissance are traced during the twenty years which followed Catholic Emancipation until it culminates in the creation of Wiseman as cardinal-archbishop of Westminster and the papal brief of September 29, 1850, re-establishing the hierarchy. Then follows a description of the claims of the Ultramontanes, apparently increasing with the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the Encyclical "Quanta Cura" and its accompanying Syllabus in 1866, and finally the dogma of Infallibility in 1870. Here again the question at issue is the problem of sovereignty in its most acute phase—that of church and state. The growth of Ultramontanism forced the issue of which the crux was the relations of sovereignty to allegiance on the one hand, and to conscience on the other. According to the monistic doctrine of societies, which argues the absolute sovereignty whether of

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church or of state, the conflict is unavoidable and the difficulty insurmountable. But if, as Newman urges in his debate with Gladstone, there are degrees of obedience and they determine the nature of sovereignty, the difficulty largely vanishes. We may still remain loyal members of each society. In our relations to the church, conscience must be the real arbiter of conduct. As citizens of the state we may refuse to recognize in it absolute moral sovereignty. "To acquiesce in its sin, to judge it by criteria other than those of individual action is to place authority before truth." Nor will such a doctrine lead necessarily to anarchy. "It is sheer tragedy that men should be unwilling to realize that the majesty of the state is in no wise diminished by a frank recognition of its imperfections."

In the chapter that follows, Mr. Laski selects for study the ideas of de Maistre and Bismarck, as being the strongest presentations of the monistic doctrine in recent times; and he is not sorry to discover that each met obstacles which proved insurmountable. With fine acumen he points out that despite the obvious antithesis of outlook between the two, they aimed fundamentally at the same goal. The one was the apostle of the old mediaeval theocracy; the other was the uncompromising antagonist of the Ultramontane theory, and did more than any man of his time to make of his state a "kind of modern Baal, to which the citizen must bow a heedless knee." But at bottom the thought is essentially the same: where de Maistre speaks of the papacy, Bismarck speaks of the German empire. "Each saw in a world of individualization the guarantee of disruption and evolved a theory to secure its suppression. Each loved passionately the ideal of unity since that seemed to them both the surest guarantee of survival. Each saw truth as one and therefore doubted the rightness of a sovereignty that was either fallible or divisible; and each in the end came to the realization that his theories were inconsistent with the facts of life."

Mr. Laski's book, which concludes with notes upon the problem of sovereignty in its relation to federalism and centralization, is one that will be welcomed warmly by historians; it will be equally appreciated by all those who, like the author, believe that an attitude "which makes the boundaries of authority commensurate with the bounds of mind is at war with the instincts most pregnant with human good." He has given us a scholarly and invigorating historical review of the significant events and theories which he selects as background for his discussion. He has also given timely warning to us, as citizens, of the dangers of an "implicit acceptance of a certain grim Hegelianism which has swept us unprotestingly on into the vortex of a great All which is more than ourselves."

CHARLES SEYMOUR.

Yale University.

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OUR NEWEST POSSESSIONS

The Danish West Indies. By Waldemar Westergaard. With an Introductory Chapter by H. Morse Stephens. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1917. $2.50 net.

Time was when Danes and Norwegians held control of the sea, and as bold corsairs and traders forced upon their western neighbors the first lessons in ocean navigation and foreign trade. The first oversea commerce in northern Europe was established by them; and the first colonial empire with important trade emporiums and flourishing towns was called into being by their love of commerce and municipal organization. In time formidable rivals—the great commercial monopoly of the Hanseatic League—appeared to contest their naval supremacy. Their early energy was already on the decline, and as they were unable to meet successfully the new competitors, their power waned, their commerce dwindled, and they were all but driven from the sea, which had once been their path to greatness. With the decay of commerce and navigation followed a long period of general stagnation in which the united kingdoms of Denmark and Norway played a very inconspicuous part in European affairs.

But their favorite occupation of trading and seafaring revived with th return of national vigor. Towards the opening of the sixteenth century King Hans, in the latter part of his reign, re-built the Danish-Norwegia navy. His successors showed similar interest in the development o shipping, and the two kingdoms became once more a formidable maritim and naval power. King Christian the Fourth, who ascended the thron towards the close of the century, was himself an experienced seama He hired shipbuilders in Holland, and sought with enthusiasm to regai for his realms their lost prestige at sea. He saw the importance o oversea commerce to the countries of the North, and he realised that the failure to maintain their maritime efficiency had led to economic deca and national stagnation. King Christian was an ambitious and energet man. The memories of the past, and no less the great maritime ente prises of other nations, which led to the chartering of powerful co mercial companies and the planting of colonies, made him resolve to w for his own kingdoms a fair share of the honors and profits of su promising ventures. Many of Norway's early colonial possessions— Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroe Islands,—were still colonies under t crown; and other possessions, he believed, might be acquired in oth regions. In harmony with the spirit of the age, expeditions were sent o to re-establish communications with the old Norse colonies in Greenlan and a Greenland trading company was organised. Attempts were ma

to find the much sought Northwest Passage, and mercantile companies were chartered to trade with Iceland, the East India Islands, China, Japan, and the West Indies. Possession was gained of Tranquebar on the Coromandel coast, and later the island group now known as the Virgin Islands in the West Indies became royal Danish colonies. Thus the two Northern kingdoms entered the lists as rivals of the great maritime nations in trade and colonial empire-building.

The transfer to the United States of the Virgin Islands in the West Indies marks the close of Denmark's colonial policy, inaugurated three centuries ago, and creates new interest in the part she has played in European commercial and colonial expansion. Through the acquisition of these islands, the United States has superseded Denmark, as it already had superseded Russia and Spain, as a builder of colonial empire. The islands have become a part of American domain, and their history has become American history—a chapter hitherto quite unknown to the American public. It is very fortunate that Professor Westergaard has been able to place in the hands of the public an exhaustive and authoritative history of these islands from the beginning to the day of their transfer. His work is written in a clear and vigorous style, and is a valuable contribution to American historical literature. It is based on rich source material, and bears throughout the character of exact scholarship. The account given in the introductory chapter of the size, climate, physical features, and natural resources of the islands will be of great aid to all who desire a knowledge of these new American possessions. Of no less interest to all students of history is the well-written survey dealing with the organization and activities of the great mercantile companies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the part played by Denmark and Norway in that international contest for dominion. The writer has thrown much additional light upon the history of these companies, and a distinctly new factor is made available in the study of their organization and methods of operation through a careful analysis of Denmark's colonial policy. In order to gain so firm a footing that commercial factories could be founded in the New World, the Danish government created a chartered mercantile company with monopoly of trade in the West Indies. The efforts of this company to plant colonies bear a striking resemblance to similar efforts made by other nations in different parts of America. Their jostling of doughty and not too conscientious commercial rivals; the arbitrary rule of governors, stern, heady, violent, often as devoid of respect for the common principles of law and justice as they were for the instructions of company directors, now dealing angry blows in an effort to control the jetsam and flotsam of humanity which constituted the early population of the colony, and now "going it" blindly in some mad effort

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to satisfy their own cupidity and unbridled passions,—these are features which the skilful pen of the author has made most interesting reading. After the first stormy period of their existence as mere trading posts, the Danish settlements in the West Indies became well-established plantation colonies deriving their chief income from the negro slave trade and the cultivation of sugar. The author devotes considerable space to the discussion of their fiscal history. The relation of the planters to the stockholders and managers of the company receives special attention, and a vivid description is given of the importation of slaves from Africa, of the bloody negro uprising in St. John, and in general of the relation between whites and blacks in the colonies.

The venture in the West Indies did not prove as profitable as had been expected either for the company stockholders or for the government. From 1721 till 1788 no dividends were declared to the shareholders, and Privy Councilor Plessen stated, according to the author, "that the lands of the company are too small and its inhabitants too few and that the colonial administration is on too limited a scale and has not from the beginning been established upon a sufficiently well-ordered footing or upon a plan properly suited to carry on commerce successfully with these lands." The purchase of the island of St. Croix from the French in 1788 gave new impetus to the planting industry. But despite this, the islands remained of small commercial and economic importance to Denmark, and the opposition to their sale to the United States which finally developed rested on purely sentimental grounds.

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